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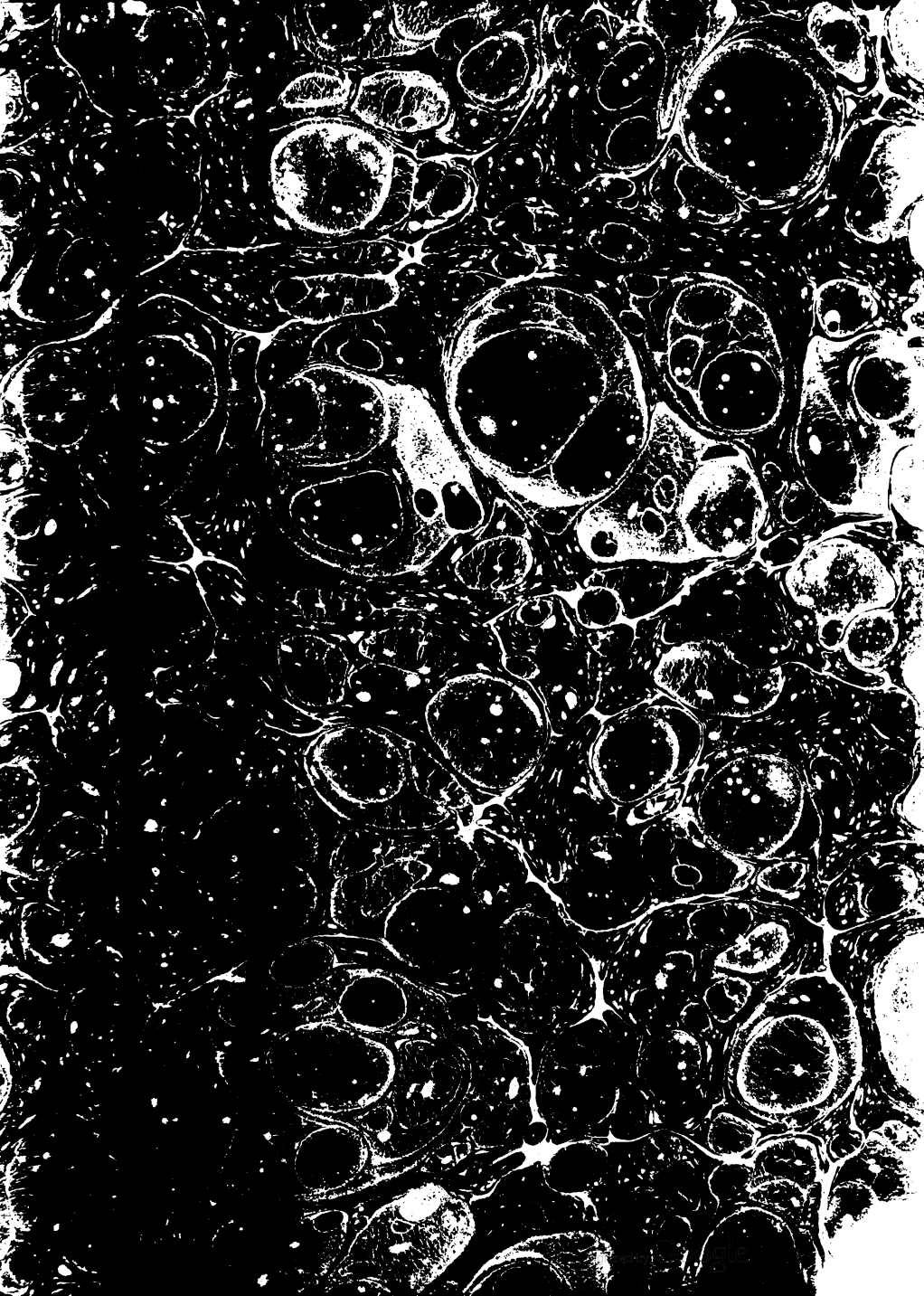

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MISCELLANIES,

BY

Henry Fielding Esq;

VOL. II.

A JOURNEY from this WORLD to the Next, &c.

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A

JOURNEY

FROM THIS

WORLD to the next, &c.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the enſuing Pages were really the Dream or Viſion of ſome very pious and holy Perſon; or whether they were really written in the other World and ſent back to this, which is the Opinion of many, (tho' I think, too much inclining to Superſtition;) or laſtly, whether, as infinitely the greateſt Part imagine, they were really the Production of ſome choice Inhabitant of *New Bethlehem*, is not neceſſary nor eaſy to determine. It will be abun-

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dantly ſufficient, if I give the Reader an Account by what means they came into my poſſeſſion.

MR. *Robert Powney*, Stationer, who dwells oppoſite to *Catharine-Street* in the *Strand*, a very honeſt Man, and of great Gravity of Countenance; who, among other excellent Stationary Commodities, is particularly eminent for his Pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar Goodneſs that my Manuſcripts have by any means been legible: this Gentleman, I ſay, furniſhed me ſome time ſince with a Bundle of thoſe Pens, wrapt up with great Care and Caution, in a very large Sheet of Paper full of Characters, written as it ſeemed in a very bad Hand. Now, I have a ſurprizing Curioſity to read every thing which is almoſt illegible; partly, perhaps, from the ſweet Remembrance of the dear *Scrawls*, *Skrawls*, or *Skrales*, (for the Word is variouſly ſpelt) which I have in my youth received from that lovely part of the Creation for which I have the tendereſt Regard; and partly from that Temper of Mind which makes Men ſet an immenſe Value on old Manuſcripts ſo effaced,

Buſtos

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Buſtos ſo maimed, and Pictures ſo black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore peruſed this Sheet with wonderful Application, and in about a Day's time diſcovered that I could not underſtand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. *Powney*, and inquired very eagerly, whether he had not more of the ſame Manuſcript. He produced about one Hundred Pages, acquainting me that he had ſaved no more: but that the Book was originally a huge Folio, had been left in his Garret by a Gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other Satisfaction for nine Months Lodging. He proceeded to inform me, that the Manuſcript had been hawked about (as he phraſed it) among all the Bookſellers, who refuſed to meddle; ſome alledged that they could not read, others that they could not underſtand it. Some would have it to be an atheiſtical Book, and ſome that it was a Libel on the Government; for one or other of which Reaſons, they all refuſed to print it. That it had been likewiſe ſhewn to the R—— Society, but they ſhook their Heads, ſaying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That hearing the Gentleman was gone to the *Weſt-Indies*,

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and believing it to be good for nothing elſe, he had uſed it as waſte Paper. He ſaid, I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily ſorry for what was miſſing, as I ſeemed to ſet ſome value on it.

I DESIRED him much to name a Price: but he would receive no conſideration farther than the Payment of a ſmall Bill I owed him, which at that time he ſaid he looked on as ſo much Money given him.

I PRESENTLY communicated this Manuſcript to my Friend Parſon *Abraham Adams*, who after a long and careful Peruſal, returned it me with his Opinion, that there was more in it than at firſt appeared, that the Author ſeemed not entirely unacquainted with the Writings of *Plato:* but he wiſhed he had quoted him ſometimes in his Margin, that I might be ſure (ſaid he) he had read him in the Original: for nothing, continued the Parſon, is commoner than for Men now-a-days to pretend to have read *Greek* Authors, who have met with them only in Tranſlations, and cannot conjugate a Verb in *mi*.

To

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To deliver my own Sentiments on the Occaſion, I think the Author diſcovers a philoſophical Turn of Thinking, with ſome little knowledge of the World, and no very inadequate Value of it. There are ſome indeed, who from the Vivacity of their Temper, and the Happineſs of their Station, are willing to conſider its Bleſſings as more ſubſtantial, and the whole to be a Scene of more conſequence than it is here repreſented: but without controverting their Opinions at preſent, the Number of wiſe and good Men, who have thought with our Author, are ſufficient to keep him in countenance; nor can this be attended with any ill Inference, ſince he every where teaches this Moral, That the greateſt and trueſt Happineſs which this World affords, is to be found only in the poſſeſſion of Goodneſs and Virtue; a Doctrine, which as it is undoubtedly true, ſo hath it ſo noble and practical a Tendency, that it can never be too often or too ſtrongly inculcated on the Minds of Men.

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A

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Author dies, meets with Mercury, *and is by him conducted to the Stage which ſets out for the other World.*

ON the firſt of *December* 1741 *, I departed this Life, at my Lodgings in *Cheapſide*. My Body had been ſome time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, leſt it ſhould by any accident return to

 Life:

* Some doubt whether this ſhould not be rather 1641, which is a Date more agreeable to the Account given of it in the Introduction: but then there are ſome Paſſages which ſeem to relate to Tranſactions infinitely later, even within this year or two.—To ſay the truth, there are Difficulties attend either Conjecture; the Reader may take which he pleaſes.

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Life: this is an Injunction impoſed on all Souls by the eternal Law of Fate, to prevent the Inconveniencies which would follow. As ſoon as the deſtined Period was expired (being no longer than till the Body is become perfectly cold and ſtiff) I began to move; but found my ſelf under a Difficulty of making my eſcape, for the Mouth, or Door, was ſhut; ſo that it was impoſſible for me to go out at it, and the Windows, vulgarly called the Eyes, were ſo cloſely pulled down by the Fingers of a Nurſe, that I could by no means open them. At laſt, I perceived a Beam of Light glimmering at the top of the Houſe, (for ſuch I may call the Body I had been incloſed in) whither aſcending, I gently let my ſelf down through a kind of Chimney, and iſſued out at the Noſtrils.

No Priſoner diſcharged from a long Confinement, ever taſted the Sweets of Liberty with a more exquiſite Reliſh, than I enjoyed in this delivery from a Dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty Years, and with much the ſame kind of Regard I caſt * my Eyes backwards upon it. My

* Eyes are not perhaps ſo properly adapted to a ſpiritual Subſtance: but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to uſe corporeal Terms to make our ſelves the better underſtood.

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My Friends and Relations had all quitted the Room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below-ſtairs about my Will, there was only an old Woman left above, to guard the Body, as I apprehend. She was in a faſt Sleep, occaſioned, as from her Savour it ſeemed, by a comfortable Doſe of Gin. I had no pleaſure in this Company, and therefore as the Window was wide open, I ſallied forth into the open Air: but to my great aſtoniſhment found my ſelf unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the Body conceived of Spirits; however, I came ſo lightly to the Ground, that I did not hurt my ſelf; and though I had not the Gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither Feathers nor Wings) I was capable of hopping ſuch a prodigious way at once, that it ſerved my turn almoſt as well.

I Had not hopped far, before I perceived a tall young Gentleman in a Silk Waiſtcoat, with a Wing on his left Heel, a Garland on his Head, and a Caduceus in his right Hand*. I thought I had ſeen this Perſon before,

* This is the Dreſs in which the God appears to Mortals at the Theatres. One of the Offices attributed to this God by the Ancients, was to collect the Ghoſts as a Shepherd doth a Flock of Sheep, and drive them with his Wand into the other World.

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before, but had not time to recollect where, when he called out to me, and aſked me how long I had been departed. I anſwered, I was juſt come forth. You muſt not ſtay here, replied he, unleſs you had been murthered; in which caſe, indeed, you might have been ſuffered to walk ſome time: but if you died a natural Death, you muſt ſet out for the other World immediately. I deſired to know the Way. O, cried the Gentleman, I will ſhew you to the Inn whence the Stage proceeds: For I am the Porter. Perhaps you never heard of me, my Name is *Mercury*. Sure, Sir, ſaid I, I have ſeen you at the Play-Houſe. Upon which he ſmiled, and without ſatisfying me, as to that Point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and ſoon found myſelf in *Warwick-Lane*; where *Mercury* making a full Stop, pointed at a particular Houſe, where he bad me enquire for the Stage, and wiſhing me a good Journey, took his Leave, ſaying, he muſt go ſeek after other Cuſtomers.

I ARRIVED juſt as the Coach was ſetting out, and found I had no occaſion for Enquiry:

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quiry: for every Perſon ſeemed to know my Buſineſs, the Moment I appeared at the Door: The Coachman told me, his Horſes were to, but that he had no Place left; however, tho' there were already ſix, the Paſſengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and aſcended without much Ceremony. We immediately began our Journey, being ſeven in Number; for as the Women wore no Hoops, three of them were but equal to two Men.

PERHAPS, Reader, thou may'ſt be pleaſed with an Account of this whole Equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, ſee any ſuch. The Coach was made by an eminent Toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial Subſtance, that being the Matter of which it was compounded. The Work was ſo extremely fine, that it was entirely inviſible to the human Eye. The Horſes which drew this extraordinary Vehicle were all Spiritual, as well as the Paſſengers. They had, indeed, all died in the Service of a certain Poſt-Maſter; and as for the Coachman, who was a very thin Piece of immaterial Subſtance, he had the Honour, while alive, of driving the *Great Peter*, or *Peter* the

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the *Great*, in whoſe Service his Soul, as well as Body, was almoſt ſtarved to death.

SUCH was the Vehicle in which I ſet out, and now thoſe who are not willing to travel on with me, may, if they pleaſe, ſtop here; thoſe who are, muſt proceed to the ſubſequent Chapters, in which this Journey is continued.

CHAP. II.

In which the Author firſt refutes ſome idle Opinions concerning Spirits, and then the Paſſengers relate their ſeveral Deaths.

IT is the common Opinion, that Spirits like Owls can ſee in the dark; nay, and can then moſt eaſily be perceived by others. For which Reaſon, many Perſons of good Underſtanding, to prevent being terrified with ſuch Objects, uſually keep a Candle burning by them, that the Light may prevent their ſeeing. Mr. *Locke*, in direct oppoſition to this, hath not doubted to aſſert that you may ſee

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ſee a Spirit in open Day-light full as well as in the darkeſt Night.

It was very dark when we ſat out from the Inn, nor could we ſee any more than if every Soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way, before any one offered to open his Mouth: Indeed, moſt of the Company were faſt aſleep *: But as I could not cloſe my own Eyes, and perceived the Spirit, who ſat oppoſite me, to be likewiſe awake, I began to make Overtures of Converſation, by complaining *how dark it was.* 'And extremely cold too, anſwered my Fel-'low-Traveller, tho' I thank God, as I have 'no Body, I feel no Inconvenience from it: 'But you will believe, Sir, that this froſty 'Air muſt ſeem very ſharp to one juſt iſſued 'forth out of an Oven: for ſuch was the 'inflamed Habitation I am lately departed 'from. How did you come to your End, 'Sir? ſaid I. I was murdered, Sir, anſwered 'the Gentleman. I am ſurprized then, re-'plied I, that you did not divert yourſelf 'by walking up and down, and playing 'ſome

* Thoſe who have read of the Gods ſleeping in *Homer*, will not be ſurprized at this happening to Spirits.

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'ſome merry Tricks with the Murderer.
'Oh, Sir, return'd he, I had not that Pre-
'vilege, I was lawfully put to death. In
'ſhort, a Phyſician ſet me on fire, by
'giving me Medicines to throw out my Diſ-
'temper. I died of a hot Regimen, as they
'call it, in the Small-Pox.

ONE of the Spirits at that Word ſtarted up, and cried out, 'The Small-Pox! bleſs 'me! I hope I am not in Company with 'that Diſtemper, which I have all my 'Life with ſuch Caution avoided, and have 'ſo happily eſcaped hitherto!' This Fright ſet all the Paſſengers who were awake into a loud Laughter; and the Gentleman recollecting himſelf with ſome Confuſion, and not without bluſhing, aſked Pardon, crying, 'I proteſt I dreamt that I was alive. 'Perhaps, Sir, ſaid I, you died of that Diſtem-'per, which therefore made ſo ſtrong an Im-'preſſion on you. No, Sir, anſwered he, I 'never had it in my Life; but the continual 'and dreadful Apprehenſion it kept me ſo 'long under, cannot I ſee be ſo immediately 'eradicated. You muſt know, Sir, I avoided 'coming to *London* for thirty Years together,

'for

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'for fear of the Small-Pox, till the moſt ur-
'gent Buſineſs brought me thither about five
'Days ago. I was ſo dreadfully afraid of
'this Diſeaſe, that I refuſed the ſecond Night
'of my Arrival to ſup with a Friend, whoſe
'Wife had recovered of it ſeveral Months
'before, and the ſame Evening got a Sur-
'feit by eating too many Muſcles, which
'brought me into this good Company.'

'I WILL lay a Wager, cried the Spirit, who
'ſat next him, there is not one in the Coach
'able to gueſs my Diſtemper.' I deſired the Favour of him, to acquaint us with it, if it was ſo uncommon. 'Why, Sir, (ſaid he) I
'died of Honour.'— Of Honour, Sir! repeated
'I, with ſome ſurprize. Yes, Sir, anſwered the
'Spirit, of Honour, for I was killed in a Duel.'

'FOR my Part, ſaid a fair Spirit, I was in-
'oculated laſt Summer, and had the good
'fortune to eſcape with a very few Marks
'in my Face. I eſteemed myſelf now per-
'fectly happy, as I imagined I had no Re-
'ſtraint to a full Enjoyment of the Di-
'verſions of the Town; but within a few
'days after my coming up, I caught cold
'by

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'by over-dancing myſelf at a Ball, and laſt 'night died of a violent Fever.'

AFTER a ſhort Silence, which now enſued, the fair Spirit who ſpoke laſt, it being now Day-light, addreſſed herſelf to a Female, who ſat next her, and aſked her to what Chance they owed the Happineſs of her Company. She anſwered, ſhe apprehended to a Conſumption: But the Phyſicians were not agreed concerning her Diſtemper, for ſhe left two of them in a very hot Diſpute about it, when ſhe came out of her Body. 'And pray, Madam, ſaid the ſame Spirit, to the ſixth Paſſenger, 'How came you to leave the other World?' But that female Spirit ſcrewing up her Mouth, anſwered, ſhe wondered at the Curioſity of ſome People; that perhaps Perſons had already heard ſome Reports of her Death, which were far from being true: That whatever was the Occaſion of it, ſhe was glad at being delivered from a World, in which ſhe had no Pleaſure, and where there was nothing but Nonſenſe and Impertinence; particularly among her own Sex, whoſe looſe Conduct ſhe had long been entirely aſhamed of.

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THE beauteous Spirit perceiving her Queſtion gave offence, purſued it no farther. She had indeed all the Sweetneſs and Good-humour, which are ſo extremely amiable (when found) in that Sex, which Tenderneſs moſt exquiſitely becomes. Her Countenance diſplayed all the Cheerfulneſs, the Good-nature, and the Modeſty, which diffuſeſuch Brightneſs round the Beauty of *Seraphina* *, awing every Beholder with Reſpect, and at the ſame time raviſhing him with Admiration. Had it not been indeed for our Converſation on the Small-Pox, I ſhould have imagined we had been honoured with her identical Preſence. This Opinion might have been heightened by the good Senſe ſhe uttered, whenever ſhe ſpoke; by the Delicacy of her Sentiments, and the Complacence of her Behaviour, together with a certain Dignity, which attended every Look, Word and Geſture; Qualities, which could not fail making an Impreſſion on a Heart † ſo capa-

* A particular Lady of Quality is meant here; but every Lady of Quality, or no Quality, are welcome to apply the Character to themſelves.

† We have before made an Apology for this Language, which we here repeat for the laſt time: Tho' the Heart may, we hope, be metaphorically uſed here with more Propriety, than when we apply thoſe Paſſions to the Body, which belong to the Soul.

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ble of receiving it as mine, nor was ſhe long in raiſing in me a very violent Degree of ſeraphic Love. I do not intend by this, that ſort of Love which Men are very properly ſaid to *make* to Women in the lower World, and which ſeldom laſts any longer than while it is *making*. I mean by ſeraphic Love, an extreme Delicacy and Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, of which my worthy Reader, if thou haſt no Conception, as it is probable thou may'ſt not, my endeavour to inſtruct thee would be as fruitleſs, as it would be to explain the moſt difficult Problems of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, to one ignorant of vulgar Arithmetic.

To return therefore to Matters comprehenſible by all Underſtandings: The Diſcourſe now turned on the Vanity, Folly, and Miſery of the lower World, from which every Paſſenger in the Coach expreſſed the higheſt Satisfaction in being delivered: Tho' it was very remarkable, that notwithſtanding the Joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the Accident which occaſioned it as a Thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave Lady herſelf, who was the forwardeſt

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wardeſt in teſtifying her Delight, confeſt inadvertently, that ſhe left a Phyſician by her Bed-ſide. And the Gentleman, who died of Honour, very liberally curſed both his Folly, and his Fencing. While we were entertaining ourſelves with theſe Matters, on a ſudden a moſt offenſive Smell began to invade our Noſtrils. This very much reſembled the Savour, which Travellers, in Summer, perceive at their Approach to that beautiful Village of the *Hague*, ariſing from thoſe delicious Canals, which, as they conſiſt of ſtanding Water, do at that time emit Odours greatly agreeable to a *Dutch* Taſte, but not ſo pleaſant to any other. Thoſe Perfumes, with the Aſſiſtance of a fair Wind, begin to affect Perſons of quick olfactory Nerves at a League's diſtance, and increaſe gradually as you approach. In the ſame manner, did the Smell I have juſt mentioned, more and more invade us, till one of the Spirits looking out of the Coach-Window, declared we were juſt arrived at a very large City; and indeed he had ſcarce ſaid ſo, before we found ourſelves in the Suburbs, and at the ſame time, the Coachman being aſked by another, informed us, that the Name of this Place was *the City*

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of Diſeaſes. The Road to it was extremely ſmooth, and excepting the abovementioned Savour, delightfully pleaſant. The Streets of the Suburbs were lined with Bagnio's, Taverns, and Cooks Shops; in the firſt we ſaw ſeveral beautiful Women, but in tawdry Dreſſes, looking out at the Windows; and in the latter, were viſibly expoſed all kinds of the richeſt Dainties: but on our entring the City, we found, contrary to all we had ſeen in the other World, that the Suburbs were infinitely pleaſanter than the City itſelf. It was, indeed, a very dull, dark, and melancholy Place. Few People appeared in the Streets, and theſe, for the moſt part, were old Women, and here and there a formal grave Gentleman, who ſeemed to be thinking, with large Tie-wigs on, and amber-headed Canes in their Hands. We were all in hopes, that our Vehicle would not ſtop here; but to our ſorrow, the Coach ſoon drove into an Inn, and we were obliged to alight.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

The Adventures we met with in the City of Diſeaſes.

WE had not been long arrived in our Inn, where it ſeems we were to ſpend the Remainder of the Day, before our Hoſt acquainted us, that it was cuſtomary for all Spirits, in their Paſſage through that City, to pay their Reſpects to that Lady *Diſeaſe*, to whoſe Aſſiſtance they had owed their Deliverance from the lower World. We anſwered, we ſhould not fail in any Complacence, which was uſual to others; upon which our Hoſt replied, he would immediately ſend Porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the Room, before we were attended by ſome of thoſe grave Perſons, whom I have before deſcribed in large Tie-Wigs, with amber-readed Canes. Theſe Gentlemen are the Ticket-Porters in this City, and their Canes are the *Inſignia*, or Tickets denoting their Office. We informed them of the ſeveral Ladies, to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a ſudden they all ſtared at one another,

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and left us in a Hurry, with a Frown on every Countenance. We were ſurprized at this Behaviour, and preſently ſummoned the Hoſt, who was no ſooner acquainted with it, than he burſt into a hearty Laugh, and told us the Reaſon was, becauſe we did not ſee the Gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the Cuſtom of the Place. We anſwered with ſome Confuſion, we had brought nothing with us from the other World, which we had been all our Lives informed was not lawful to do. 'No, no, 'Maſter, replied the Hoſt, I am apprized of 'that, and indeed it was my Fault. I ſhould 'have firſt ſent you to my Lord * *Scrape*; 'who would have ſupplied you with what you 'want.' My Lord *Scrape* ſupply us! ſaid I, 'with Aſtoniſhment: Sure you muſt know 'we cannot give him Security; and I am 'convinced he never lent a Shilling without 'it in his Life.' No, Sir, anſwered the Hoſt, 'and for that Reaſon he is obliged to do it 'here, where he is ſentenced to keep a Bank, 'and to diſtribute Money *gratis* to all Paſſen-'gers. This Bank originally conſiſted of 'juſt

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyrical Part of this Work, ſome particular Perſon is always meant, but in the ſatirical no body.

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'juſt that Sum, which he had miſerably 'hoarded up in the other World, and he is 'to perceive it decreaſe viſibly one Shilling a 'day, 'till it is totally exhauſted; after which, 'he is to return to the other World, and per- 'form the Part of a Miſer for ſeventy Years; 'then being purified in the Body of a Hog, 'he is to enter the human Species again, and 'take a ſecond Trial.' Sir, ſaid I, you tell me 'Wonders: But, if his Bank be to decreaſe 'only a Shilling a day, how can he furniſh all 'Paſſengers?' The reſt, anſwered the Hoſt, is 'ſupplied again; but in a manner, which I 'cannot eaſily explain to you.' I apprehend, 'ſaid I, this Diſtribution of his Money is in- 'flicted on him as a Puniſhment; but I do not 'ſee how it can anſwer that end, when he 'knows it is to be reſtored him again. Would 'it not ſerve the Purpoſe as well, if he parted 'only with the ſingle Shilling, which it ſeems is 'all he is really to loſe?' Sir, cries the Hoſt, 'when you obſerve the Agonies with which 'he parts with every Guinea, you will be 'of another opinion. No Priſoner condemn- 'ed to Death ever begged ſo heartily for 'Tranſportation, as he, when he received his 'Sentence, did to go to Hell, provided he

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'might carry his Money with him. But you 'will know more of these Things, when 'you arrive at the upper World; and now, if 'you please, I will attend you to my Lord's, 'who is obliged to supply you with what-'ever you desire.'

WE found his Lordship sitting at the upper End of a Table, on which was an immense Sum of Money, disposed in several Heaps, every one of which would have purchased the Honour of some Patriots, and the Chastity of some Prudes. The moment he saw us, he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our Business. Mine Host accosted him with a familiar Air, which at first surprized me, who so well remembred the Respect I had formerly seen paid this Lord, by Men infinitely superiour in Quality to the Person who now saluted him in the following manner: 'Here you, Lord, and be 'dam—d to your little sneaking Soul, tell 'out your Money, and supply your Betters 'with what they want. Be quick, Sirrah, or 'I'll fetch the Beadle to you. Don't fancy 'yourself in the lower World again, with 'your Privilege at your A—.' He then shook

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ſhook a Cane at his Lordſhip, who immediately began to tell out his Money with the ſame miſerable Air and Face, which the Miſer on our Stage wears, while he delivers his Bank-bills. This affected ſome of us ſo much, that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been ſufficient to fee the Porters, had not our Hoſt, perceiving our Compaſſion, begged us not to ſpare a Fellow, who in the midſt of immenſe Wealth had always refuſed the leaſt Contribution to Charity. Our Hearts were hardened with this Reflection, and we all filled our Pockets with his Money. I remarked a poetical Spirit in particular, who ſwore he would have a hearty Gripe at him: 'For, ſays he, the Raſcal not only refuſed to 'ſubſcribe to my Works; but ſent back my 'Letter unanſwered, tho' I'm a better 'Gentleman than himſelf.'

We now returned from this miſerable Object, greatly admiring the Propriety, as well as Juſtice of his Puniſhment, which conſiſted, as our Hoſt informed us, merely in the delivering forth his Money; and he obſerved we could not wonder at the Pain this gave

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him, ſince it was as reaſonable that the bare parting with Money ſhould make him miſerable, as that the bare having Money without uſing it ſhould have made him happy.

OTHER Tie-wig Porters, (for thoſe we had ſummoned before refuſed to *viſit* us again) now attended us; and we having feed them the inſtant they entered the Room, according to the Inſtructions of our Hoſt, they bowed and ſmiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever Diſeaſe we pleaſed.

WE ſat out ſeveral Ways, as we were all to pay our Reſpects to different Ladies. I directed my Porter to ſhew me to the *Fever on the Spirits*, being the Diſeaſe which had delivered me from the Fleſh. My Guide and I traverſed many Streets, and knocked at ſeveral Doors, but to no purpoſe. At one we were told, lived the *Conſumption*; at another, the *Maladie Alamode*, a *French* Lady; at the third, the *Dropſy*; at the fourth, the *Rheumatiſm*; at the fifth, *Intemperance*; at the ſixth, *Misfortune*. I was tired, and had exhauſted my Patience, and almoſt my Purſe; for I gave my Porter a new Fee at every Blunder he made: when my Guide, with a ſolemn Countenance,

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tenance, told me, *he could do no more*; and marched off without any farther Ceremony.

He was no ſooner gone, than I met another Gentleman with a Ticket, *i. e.* an amber-headed Cane in his Hand. I firſt fee'd him, and then acquainted him with the Name of the Diſeaſe. He caſt himſelf for two or three Minutes into a thoughtful Poſture, then pulled a piece of Paper out of his Pocket, on which he writ ſomething in one of the oriental Languages, I believe; for I could not read a Syllable: he bad me carry it to ſuch a particular Shop, and telling me *it would do my Buſineſs*, he took his Leave.

Secure, as I now thought myſelf of my Direction, I went to the Shop, which very much reſembled an Apothecary's. The Perſon who officiated, having read the Paper, took down about twenty different Jars, and pouring ſomething out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a Bottle, having firſt tied a Paper round a the Neck of it, on which were written three or four Words, the laſt containing eleven Syllables. I mentioned the Name of the Diſeaſe

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eaſe I wanted to find out; but received no other anſwer, than that he had done as he was ordered, and the Drugs were excellent.

I BEGAN now to be enraged, and quitting the Shop with ſome anger in my Countenance, I intended to find out my Inn: but meeting in the way a Porter, whoſe Countenance had in it ſomething more pleaſing than ordinary, I reſolved to try once more, and clapt a Fee into his Hand. As ſoon as I mentioned the Diſeaſe to him, he laughed heartily, and told me I had been impoſed on: for in reality, no ſuch Diſeaſe was to be found in that City. He then enquired into the Particulars of my Caſe, and was no ſooner acquainted with them, than he informed me that the *Maladie Alamode* was the Lady, to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my Reſpects to her.

THE Houſe, or rather Palace, of this Lady, was one of the moſt beautiful and magnificent in the City. The Avenue to it was planted with Sycamore Trees, with Beds of Flowers on each ſide; it was extremely pleaſant, but ſhort. I was conducted through

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a magnificent Hall, adorned with ſeveral Statues and Buſtoes, moſt of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true Antiques; but was informed they were the Figures of ſeveral modern Heroes, who had died Martyrs to her Ladyſhip's Cauſe. I next mounted through a large painted Stair-Caſe, where ſeveral Perſons were depictured in Caracatura; and upon enquiry, was told they were the Portraits of thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves againſt the Lady in the lower World. I ſuppoſe, I ſhould have known the Faces of many Phyſicians and Surgeons, had they not been ſo violently diſtorted by the Painter. Indeed, he had exerted ſo much Malice in his Work, that I believe he had himſelf received ſome particular Favours from the Lady of this Manſion: It is difficult to conceive a Groupe of ſtranger Figures. I then entered a long Room hung round with the Pictures of Women of ſuch exact Shapes and Features, that I ſhould have thought my ſelf in a Gallery of Beauties, had not a certain ſallow Paleneſs in their Complexions given me a more diſtaſteful Idea. Through this, I proceeded to a ſecond Apartment, adorned, if I may ſo call it, with the Figures

of

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of old Ladies. Upon my ſeeming to admire at this Furniture, the Servant told me with a Smile, that theſe had been very good Friends of his Lady, and had done her eminent ſervice in the lower World. I immediately recollected the Faces of one or two of my Acquaintance, who had formerly kept Bagnio's: but was very much ſurprized to ſee the Reſemblance of a Lady of great Diſtinction in ſuch Company. The Servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other Anſwer than that his Lady had Pictures of all degrees.

I WAS now introduced into the Preſence of the Lady herſelf. She was a thin, or rather meagre Perſon, very wan in the Countenance, had no Noſe, and many Pimples in her Face. She offered to riſe at my entrance, but could not ſtand. After many Compliments, much Congratulation on her ſide, and the moſt fervent Expreſſions of Gratitude on mine, ſhe aſked me many Queſtions concerning the Situation of her Affairs in the lower World; moſt of which I anſwered to her intire Satisfaction. At laſt with a kind of forced Smile, ſhe ſaid, I ſuppoſe the *Pill* and

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and *Drop* go on ſwimmingly. I told her, they were reported to have done great Cures. She replied, ſhe could apprehend no danger from any Perſon, who was not of regular Practice; for however ſimple Mankind are, ſaid ſhe, or however afraid they are of Death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a Noſtrum. She then expreſt great pleaſure at the Account I gave her of the Beau-Monde. She ſaid, ſhe had, herſelf, removed the Hundreds of *Drury* to the Hundreds of *Charing-Croſs*, and was very much delighted to find they had ſpread into *St. James's*; That ſhe imputed this chiefly to ſeveral of her dear and worthy Friends, who had lately publiſhed their excellent Works, endeavouring to extirpate all Notions of Religion and Virtue; and particularly to the deſerving Author of the *Batchelor's Eſtimate*, to whom, ſaid ſhe, if I had not reaſon to think he was a Surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary Views, I could never ſufficiently own my Obligations. She ſpoke likewiſe greatly in approbation of the Method ſo generally uſed by Parents, of marrying Children very young, and without the leaſt affection between the

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Parties; and concluded by ſaying, that if theſe Faſhions continued to ſpread, ſhe doubted not, but ſhe ſhould ſhortly be the only Diſeaſe who would ever receive a Viſit from any Perſon of conſiderable Rank.

WHILE we were diſcourſing, her three Daughters entered the Room. They were all called *by hard Names*, the eldeſt was named * *Lepra*, the ſecond *Chœras*, and the third *Scorbutia*. They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help obſerving the little reſpect they paid their Parent; which the old Lady remarking in my Countenance, as ſoon as they quitted the Room, which ſoon happened, acquainted me with her Unhappineſs in her Offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themſelves to be her Children, though ſhe ſaid ſhe had been a very indulgent Mother, and had plentifully provided for them all. As Family Complaints generally as much tire the Hearer, as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this Subject, I reſolved to put an end to my Viſit; the

* Theſe Ladies, I believe, by their Names, preſided over the *Leproſy*, *King's-Evil*, and *Scurvy*.

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and taking my leave, with many Thanks for the Favour ſhe had done me, I returned to the Inn, where I found my Fellow-Travellers juſt mounting into their Vehicle. I ſhook hands with my Hoſt, and accompanied them into the Coach, which immediately after proceeded on its Journey.

CHAP. IV.

Diſcourſes on the Road, and a Deſcription of the Palace of Death.

WE were all ſilent for ſome Minutes, till being well ſhaken into our ſeveral Seats, I opened my Mouth firſt, and related what had happened to me after our Separation in the City we had juſt left. The reſt of the Company, except the grave female Spirit, whom our Reader may remember to have refuſed giving an Account of the Diſtemper, which occaſioned her Diſſolution, did the ſame. It might be tedious to relate theſe at large, we ſhall therefore only mention a very remarkable Inveteracy, which the *Surfeit* declared to all the other Diſeaſes, eſpecially to

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the Fever, who ſhe ſaid, by the Roguery of the Porters, received Acknowledgements from numberleſs Paſſengers, which were due to herſelf. 'Indeed (ſays ſhe) thoſe *cane-headed* 'Fellows (for ſo ſhe called them, alluding, I 'ſuppoſe, to their Ticket) are conſtantly 'making ſuch Miſtakes: there is no Gratitude 'in thoſe Fellows; for I am ſure they have 'greater Obligations to me, than to any other 'Diſeaſe, except the Vapours.' Theſe Relations were no ſooner over, than one of the Company informed us, we were approaching to the moſt noble Building he had ever beheld, and which we learnt from our Coachman, was the *Palace of Death*. Its Outſide, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its Structure was of the Gothic Order: vaſt beyond Imagination, the whole Pile conſiſting of black Marble. Rows of immenſe Yews form an Amphitheatre round it of ſuch Height and Thickneſs, that no Ray of the Sun ever perforates this Grove; where black eternal Darkneſs would reign, was it not excluded by innumerable Lamps, which are placed in Pyramids round the Grove. So that the diſtant Reflection they caſt on the Palace, which is plentifully gilt with Gold on the outſide,

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outſide, is inconceivably ſolemn. To this I may add, the hollow Murmur of Winds conſtantly heard from the Grove, and the very remote Sound of roaring Waters. Indeed, every Circumſtance ſeems to conſpire to fill the Mind with Horrour and Conſternation as we approach to this Palace. Which we had ſcarce time to admire, before our Vehicle ſtopped at the Gate, and we were deſired to alight in order to pay our Reſpects to his moſt mortal Majeſty, (this being the Title which it ſeems he aſſumes.) The outward Court was all full of Soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much reſembled the State of an earthly Monarch, only more magnificent. We paſt through ſeveral Courts, into a vaſt Hall, which led to a ſpacious Stair-caſe, at the bottom of which ſtood two Pages, with very grave Countenances; whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent Undertakers, and were in reality the only diſmal Faces I ſaw here: for this Palace, ſo awful and tremendous without, is all gay and ſpritely within, ſo that we ſoon loſt all thoſe diſmal and gloomy Ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the ſtill Silence maintained among the Guards and Attendants

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reſembled rather the ſtately Pomp of Eaſtern Courts, but there was on every Face ſuch Symptoms of Content and Happineſs, that diffuſed an Air of Cheerfulneſs all round. We aſcended the Stair-caſe, and paſt through many noble Apartments, whoſe Walls were adorned with various Battle-pieces in Tapiſtry, and which we ſpent ſome time in obſerving. Theſe brought to my mind thoſe beautiful ones I had in my Life-time ſeen at *Blenheim*, nor could I prevent my Curioſity from enquiring where the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Victories were placed; (for I think they were almoſt the only Battles of any Eminence I had read of, which I did not meet with :) when the Skeleton of a Beef-eater ſhaking his Head, told me, a certain Gentleman, one *Lewis* the 14th, who had great Intereſt with his moſt mortal Majeſty, had prevented any ſuch from being hung up there; beſides, (ſays he) his Majeſty, hath no great Reſpect for that Duke, for he never ſent him a Subject, he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a ſingle Subject by his means, but he loſt 1000 others for him. We found the Preſence-Chamber, at our Entrance, very full, and a Buz ran through it, as in all Aſſemblies before'

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before the principal Figure enters: for his Majeſty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the Room were two Perſons in cloſe Conference, one with a ſquare black Cap on his Head, and the other with a Robe embroidered with Flames of Fire. Theſe, I was informed, were a Judge long ſince dead, and an Inquiſitor-General. I overheard them diſputing with great Eagerneſs, whether the one had hanged, or the other burnt the moſt. While I was liſtning to this Diſpute, which ſeemed to be in no likelihood of a ſpeedy Deciſion, the Emperor entred the Room, and placed himſelf between two Figures, one of which was remarkable for the Roughneſs, and the other for the Beauty of his Appearance. Theſe were, it ſeems, *Charles* the 12th of *Sweden*, and *Alexander* of *Macedon*. I was at too great a Diſtance to hear any of the Converſation, ſo could only ſatisfy my Curioſity by contemplating the ſeveral Perſonages preſent, of whoſe Names I informed myſelf by a Page, who looked as pale and meagre as any Court Page in the other World, but was ſomewhat more modeſt. He ſhewed me here two or three *Turkiſh* Emperors, to whom his moſt mortal Majeſty ſeemed to

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expreſs much Civility. Here were likewiſe ſeveral of the *Roman* Emperors, among whom none ſeemed ſo much careſſed as *Caligula*, on account, as the Page told me, of his *pious* Wiſh, that he could ſend all the *Romans* hither at one blow. The Reader may be perhaps ſurprized, that I ſaw no Phyſicians here; as, indeed, I was myſelf till informed that they were all departed to the City of Diſeaſes, where they were buſy in an Experiment to purge away the Immortality of the Soul.

IT would be tedious to recollect the many Individuals I ſaw here: but I cannot omit a fat Figure well dreſt in the *French* Faſhion, who was received with extraordinary Complacence by the Emperor, and whom I imagined to be *Lewis* the 14th himſelf; but the Page acquainted me he was a celebrated *French* Cook.

WE were at length introduced to the Royal Preſence, and had the Honour to kiſs Hands. His Majeſty aſked us a few Queſtions, not very material to relate, and ſoon after retired.

WHEN

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WHEN we returned into the Yard, we found our Caravan ready to ſet out, at which we all declared ourſelves well pleaſed; for we were ſufficiently tired with the Formality of a Court, notwithſtanding its outward Splendor and Magnificence.

CHAP. V.

The Travellers proceed on their Journey, and meet ſeveral Spirits, who are coming into the Fleſh.

WE now came to the Banks of the great River *Cocytus*, where we quitted our Vehicle, and paſt the Water in a Boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the reſt of our Journey; and now we met, for the firſt time, ſeveral Paſſengers travelling to the World we had left, who informed us they were Souls going into the Fleſh.

THE two firſt we met were walking Arm in Arm in very cloſe and friendly Conference; they informed us, that one of them was in-

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tended for a Duke, and the other for a Hackney Coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the Place where we were to depoſite our Paſſions, we were all ſurprized at the Familiarity, which ſubſiſted between Perſons of ſuch different Degrees, nor could the grave Lady help expreſſing her Aſtoniſhment at it. The future Coachman then replied with a Laugh, that they had exchanged Lots: for that the Duke had with his Dukedom drawn a Shrew of a Wife, and the Coachman only a ſingle State.

As we proceeded on our Journey, we met a ſolemn Spirit walking alone with great Gravity in his Countenance: our Curioſity invited us, notwithſtanding his Reſerve, to aſk what Lot he had drawn. He anſwered with a Smile, he was to have the Reputation of a wiſe Man with 100000 *l.* in his Pocket, and that he was practicing the Solemnity, which he was to act in the other World.

A LITTLE farther we met a Company of very merry Spirits, whom we imagined by their Mirth to have drawn ſome mighty Lot, but on

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on enquiry, they informed us they were to be Beggars.

THE farther we advanced, the greater Numbers we met, and now we diſcovered two large Roads leading different Ways, and of very different Appearance; the one all craggy with Rocks, full as it ſeemed of boggy Grounds, and every where beſet with Briars, ſo that it was impoſſible to paſs through it without the utmoſt Danger and Difficulty; the other, the moſt delightful imaginable, leading through the moſt verdant Meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful Flowers; in ſhort, the moſt wanton Imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithſtanding which, we were ſurprized to ſee great Numbers crouding into the former, and only one or two ſolitary Spirits chuſing the latter. On enquiry we were acquainted that the bad Road was the way to *Greatneſs*, and the other to *Goodneſs*. When we expreſt our ſurprize at the Preference given to the former, we were acquainted that it was choſen for the ſake of the Muſic of Drums and Trumpets, and the perpetual Acclamations of the Mob; with which, thoſe who

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who travelled this way, were conſtantly ſaluted. We were told likewiſe, that there were ſeveral noble Palaces to be ſeen, and lodged in on this Road, by thoſe who had paſt through the Difficulties of it, (which indeed many were not able to ſurmount) and great Quantities of all ſorts of Treaſure to be found in it; whereas the other had little inviting more than the Beauty of the way, ſcarce a handſome Building, ſave one greatly reſembling a certain Houſe by the *Bath*, to be ſeen during that whole Journey; and laſtly, that it was thought very ſcandalous and mean-ſpirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to paſs by the other.

WE now heard a violent Noiſe, when caſting our Eyes forwards, we perceived a vaſt Number of Spirits advancing in purſuit of one, whom they mocked and inſulted with all kinds of Scorn. I cannot give my Reader a more adequate Idea of this Scene, than by comparing it to an *Engliſh* Mob conducting a Pick-pocket to the Water; or by ſuppoſing that an incenſed Audience at a Play-houſe had unhappily poſſeſs'd themſelves of the miſerable

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miſerable damned Poet. Some laughed, ſome hiſs'd, ſome ſquawled, ſome groaned, ſome bawled, ſome ſpit at him, ſome threw dirt at him. It was impoſſible not to aſk who or what the wretched Spirit was, whom they treated in this barbarous manner; when, to our great Surprize, we were informed that it was a King: we were likewiſe told, that this manner of Behaviour was uſual among the Spirits, to thoſe who drew the Lots of Emperors, Kings, and other great Men, not from Envy or Anger, but mere Deriſion and Contempt of earthly Grandeur; That nothing was more common, than for thoſe who had drawn theſe great Prizes, (as to us they ſeemed) to exchange them with Taylors and Coblers; and that *Alexander the Great* and *Diogenes* had formerly done ſo; he that was afterwards *Diogenes* having originally fallen on the Lot of *Alexander*.

And now on a ſudden, the Mockery ceaſed, and the King Spirit having obtained a Hearing, began to ſpeak as follows: for we were now near enough to hear him diſtinctly.

'Gentlemen,

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'GENTLEMEN,

'I AM juſtly ſurprized at your treating me 'in this manner; ſince whatever Lot I have 'drawn, I did not chuſe: if therefore it be 'worthy of Deriſion, you ſhould compaſ-'ſionate me, for it might have fallen to any 'of your ſhares. I know in how low a 'Light the Station to which Fate hath aſ-'ſigned me is conſidered here, and that, 'when Ambition doth not ſupport it, it be-'comes generally ſo intolerable, that there is 'ſcarce any other Condition for which it is 'not gladly exchanged: for what Portion, in 'the World to which we are going, is ſo 'miſerable as that of Care? Should I there-'fore conſider my ſelf as become by this 'Lot eſſentially your Superiour, and of a 'higher Order of Being than the reſt of my 'Fellow-Creatures: Should I fooliſhly ima-'gine my ſelf without Wiſdom ſuperiour to 'the Wiſe, without Knowledge to the Learn-'ed, without Courage to the Brave, and with-'out Goodneſs and Virtue to the Good and 'Virtuous; ſurely ſo prepoſterous, ſo abſurd 'a Pride, would juſtly render me the Object 'of Ridicule. But far be it from me to en-

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'tertain it. And yet, Gentlemen, I prize 'the Lot I have drawn, nor would I ex- 'change it with any of your's, ſeeing it is in 'my eye ſo much greater than the reſt. 'Ambition, which I own my ſelf poſſeſt of, 'teaches me this. Ambition, which makes 'me covet Praiſe, aſſures me, that I ſhall en- 'joy a much larger Proportion of it than can 'fall within your power either to deſerve or 'obtain. I am then ſuperiour to you all, 'when I am able to do more good, and when 'I execute that Power. What the Father 'is to the Son, the Guardian to the Orphan, 'or the Patron to his Client, that am I to 'you. You are my Children, to whom I will 'be a Father, a Guardian, and a Patron. 'Not one Evening in my long Reign (for ſo 'it is to be) will I repoſe my ſelf to reſt, 'without the glorious, the heart-warming Con- 'ſideration, that thouſands that Night owe 'their ſweeteſt Reſt to me. What a delici- 'ous Fortune is it to him whoſe ſtrongeſt Ap- 'petite is doing good, to have every day the 'Opportunity and the Power of ſatisfying it! 'If ſuch a Man hath Ambition, how happy 'is it for him to be ſeated ſo on high, that 'every Act blazes abroad, and attracts to him 'Praiſes

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'Praiſes tainted with neither Sarcaſm nor 'Adulation; but ſuch as the niceſt and moſt 'delicate Mind may reliſh? Thus therefore, 'while you derive your Good from me, 'I am your Superiour. If to my ſtrict Di- 'ſtribution of Juſtice you owe the Safety of 'your Property from domeſtic Enemies: If 'by my Vigilance and Valour you are pro- 'tected from foreign Foes: If by my Encou- 'ragement of genuine Induſtry, every Science, 'every Art which can embelliſh or ſweeten 'Life is produced and flouriſhes among you; 'will any of you be ſo inſenſible or ungrate- 'ful, as to deny Praiſe and Reſpect to him, by 'whoſe Care and Conduct you enjoy theſe 'Bleſſings? I wonder not at the Cenſure 'which ſo frequently falls on thoſe in my Sta- 'tion: but I wonder that thoſe in my Station ſo 'frequently deſerve it. What ſtrange Perverſe- 'neſs of Nature! What wanton Delight in 'Miſchief muſt taint his Compoſition, who 'prefers Danger, Difficulty and Diſgrace, by do- 'ing evil, to Safety, Eaſe and Honour, by doing 'good? who refuſes Happineſs in the other 'World, and Heaven in this, for Miſery there, 'and Hell here? But be aſſured, my Intentions 'are different. I ſhall always endeavour the

'Eaſe

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'Eaſe, the Happineſs, and the Glory of my 'People, being confident that by ſo doing, I 'take the moſt certain Method of procuring 'them all to my ſelf.'—He then ſtruck directly into the Road of *Goodneſs*, and received ſuch a Shout of Applauſe, as I never remember to have heard equalled.

He was gone a little way, when a Spirit limped after him, ſwearing he would fetch him back. This Spirit, I was preſently informed, was one who had drawn the Lot of his Prime Miniſter.

CHAP. VI.

An Account of the Wheel of Fortune, with a Method of preparing a Spirit for this World.

We now proceeded on our Journey, without ſtaying to ſee whether he fulfilled his Word or no; and without encountering any thing worth mentioning, came to the Place where the Spirits on their Paſ-

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ſage to the other World were obliged to decide by Lot the Station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monſtrous Wheel, infinitely larger than thoſe in which I had formerly ſeen Lottery Tickets depoſited. This was called the WHEEL OF FORTUNE. The Goddeſs herſelf was preſent. She was one of the moſt deformed Females I ever beheld; nor could I help obſerving the Frowns ſhe expreſt when any beautiful Spirit of her own Sex paſſed by her, nor the Affability which ſmiled in her Countenance on the Approach of any handſome Male Spirits. Hence I accounted for the Truth of an Obſervation I had often made on Earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handſome Men, nor more unfortunate than handſome Women. The Reader may be perhaps pleaſed with an Account of the whole Method of equipping a Spirit for his Entrance into the Fleſh.

FIRST then, he receives from a very ſage Perſon, whoſe Look much reſembled that of an Apothecary, (his Warehouſe likewiſe bearing an affinity to an Apothecary's Shop) a ſmall Phial inſcribed, THE PATHETIC POTION, *to be taken juſt before you are born.* This

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This Potion is a Mixture of all the Paſſions, but in no exact Proportion, ſo that ſometimes one predominates and ſometimes another; nay, often in the hurry of making up, one particular Ingredient is as we were informed left out. The Spirit receiveth at the ſame time another Medicine called the NOUSPHORIC DECOCTION, of which he is to drink *ad Libitum*. This Decoction is an Extract from the Faculties of the Mind, ſometimes extremely ſtrong and ſpirituous, and ſometimes altogether as weak: for very little Care is taken in the Preparation. This Decoction is ſo extremely bitter and unpleaſant, that notwithſtanding its Wholeſomeneſs, ſeveral Spirits will not be perſuaded to ſwallow a Drop of it; but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it: by which means ſome who were not diſguſted by the Nauſeouſneſs, drank double and treble Portions. I obſerved a beautiful young Female, who taſting it immediately from Curioſity, ſcrewed up her Face and caſt it from her with great diſdain, whence advancing preſently to the Wheel, ſhe drew a Coronet, which ſhe clapped up ſo eagerly, that I could not diſtinguiſh the Degree; and indeed, I

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obſerved ſeveral of the ſame Sex, after a very ſmall ſip, throw the Bottles away.

As ſoon as the Spirit is diſmiſſed by the Operator, or Apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the Wheel, where he hath a Right to extract a ſingle Lot: but thoſe whom Fortune favours, ſhe permits ſometimes ſecretly to draw three or four. I obſerved a comical kind of Figure who drew forth a Handful, which when he opened, were a Biſhop, a General, a Privy-Counſellor, a Player and a Poet Laureate, and returning the three firſt, he walked off ſmiling with the two laſt.

EVERY ſingle Lot contained two or more Articles, which were generally diſpoſed ſo as to render the Lots as equal as poſſible to each other.

On one was written *Earl*,
Riches,
Health,
Diſquietude.

On

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On another, *Cobler*,
Sickneſs,
Good-Humour.

On a Third, *Poet*,
Contempt,
Self-Satisfaction.

On a Fourth, *General*,
Honour,
Diſcontent.

On a Fifth, *Cottage*,
Happy-Love.

On a Sixth, *Coach and Six*,
Impotent jealous Husband.

On a Seventh, *Prime-Miniſter*,
Diſgrace.

On an Eighth, *Patriot*,
Glory.

On a Ninth. *Philoſopher*,
Poverty,
Eaſe.

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On a Tenth, *Merchant*,
Riches,
Care.

And indeed the whole ſeemed to contain ſuch a Mixture of Good and Evil, that it would have puzzled me which to chuſe. I muſt not omit here, that in every Lot was directed, whether the Drawer ſhould marry or remain in Celibacy, the married Lots being all marked with a large Pair of Horns.

WE were obliged, before we quitted this Place, to take each of us an Emetic from the Apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly Paſſions, and preſently the Cloud forſook our Eyes, as it doth thoſe of *Æneas* in *Virgil* when removed by *Venus*, and we diſcerned Things in a much clearer Light than before. We began to compaſſionate thoſe Spirits who were making their Entry into the Fleſh, whom we had till then ſecretly envied, and to long eagerly for thoſe delightful Plains which now opened themſelves to our Eyes, and to which we now haſtened with the utmoſt Eagerneſs. On our way,

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way, we met with ſeveral Spirits with very dejected Countenances: but our Expedition would not ſuffer us to aſk any Queſtions.

At length, we arrived at the Gate of *Elyſium*. Here was a prodigious Croud of Spirits waiting for Admittance, ſome of whom were admitted and ſome were rejected: for all were ſtrictly examined by the Porter, whom I ſoon diſcovered to be the celebrated Judge *Minos*.

CHAP. VII.

The Proceedings of Judge Minos, *at the Gate of* Elyſium.

I Now got near enough to the Gate, to hear the ſeveral Claims of thoſe who endeavoured to paſs. The firſt, among other Pretenſions, ſet forth, that he had been very liberal to an Hoſpital; but *Minos* anſwered, *Oſtentation*, and repulſed him. The ſecond exhibited, that he had conſtantly frequented his Church, been a rigid Obſerver of Faſt-

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Days. He likewiſe repreſented the great Animoſity he had ſhewn to Vice in others, which never eſcaped his ſevereſt Cenſure; and as to his own Behaviour, he had never been once guilty of Whoring, Drinking, Gluttony, or any other Exceſs. He ſaid, he had diſinherited his Son for getting a Baſtard.——Have you ſo, ſaid *Minos*, then pray return into the other World and beget another; for ſuch an unnatural Raſcal ſhall never paſs this Gate. A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident Countenances, ſeeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not paſs, they had no Expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to Earth; which was the Fate of all who were repulſed, they being obliged to take a farther Purification, unleſs thoſe who were guilty of ſome very heinous Crimes, who were huſtled in at a little back Gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the Bottomleſs Pit.

THE next Spirit that came up, declared, he had done neither Good nor Evil in the World: for that ſince his Arrival at Man's Eſtate, he had ſpent his whole Time in ſearch of

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of Curioſities; and particularly in the Study of Butterflies, of which he had collected an immenſe Number. *Minos* made him no Anſwer, but with great Scorn puſhed him back.

THERE now advanced a very beautiful Spirit indeed. She began to ogle *Minos* the moment ſhe ſaw him. She ſaid, ſhe hoped there was ſome Merit in refuſing a great Number of Lovers, and dying a Maid, tho' ſhe had had the Choice of a hundred. *Minos* told her ſhe had not refuſed enow yet, and turned her back.

SHE was ſucceeded by a Spirit, who told the Judge, he believed his Works would ſpeak for him. What Works? anſwered *Minos*. My Dramatic Works, replied the other, which have done ſo much Good in recommending Virtue and puniſhing Vice.—Very well, ſaid the Judge, if you pleaſe to ſtand by, the firſt Perſon who paſſes the Gate, by your means, ſhall carry you in with him: but if you will take my Advice, I think, for Expedition ſake, you had better return and live another Life upon Earth. The Bard grumbled at this, and replied, that beſides

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his Poetical Works, he had done ſome other good Things: for that he had once lent the whole Profits of a Benefit Night to a Friend, and by that Means had ſaved him and his Family from Deſtruction. Upon this, the Gate flew open, and *Minos* deſired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at firſt, he might have ſpared the Remembrance of his Plays. The Poet anſwered, he believed, if *Minos* had read his Works, he would ſet a higher Value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but *Minos* puſhed him forward, and turning his Back to him, applied himſelf to the next Paſſenger; a very genteel Spirit, who made a very low Bow to *Minos*, and then threw himſelf into an erect Attitude, and imitated the Motion of taking Snuff with his right Hand.—*Minos* aſked him, what he had to ſay for himſelf? He anſwered, he would dance a Minuet with any Spirit in *Elyſium:* that he could likewiſe perform all his other Exerciſes very well, and hoped he had in his Life deſerved the Character of a perfect *fine Gentleman. Minos* replied, it would be great pity to rob the World of ſo *fine a Gentleman*, and therefore deſired him to take the other Trip.

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Trip. The Beau bowed, thanked the Judge, and ſaid he deſired no better. Several Spirits expreſſed much Aſtoniſhment at this his Satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed, he had not taken the Emetic above mentioned.

A MISERABLE old Spirit now crawled forwards, whoſe Face I thought I had formerly ſeen near *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. He entertained *Minos* with a long Harangue of what he had done *when in the Houſe*; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a ſingle Inſtance of any one good Action. *Minos* ſtopt the Career of his Diſcourſe, and acquainted him, he muſt take a Trip back again.—What, to S——Houſe, ſaid the Spirit in an Extaſy? But the Judge without making him any Anſwer, turned to another, who with a very ſolemn Air and great Dignity, acquainted him, he was a Duke.——To the Right about, Mr. Duke, cried *Minos*, you are infinitely too great a Man for *Elyſium*; and then giving him a Kick on the B——ch, he addreſſed himſelf to a Spirit, who with Fear and Trembling begged he might not go to the Bottomleſs Pit: he ſaid, he hoped

Minos

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Minos would consider, that tho' he had gone astray, he had suffered for it, that it was Necessity which drove him to the Robbery of eighteen Pence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged: that he had done some good Actions in his Life, that he had supported an aged Parent with his Labour, that he had been a very tender Husband and a kind Father, and that he had ruined himself by being Bail for his Friend. At which Words the Gate opened, and *Minos* bid him enter, giving him a slap on the Back as he past by him.

A GREAT Number of Spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same Claim, and that the Captain should speak for them. He acquainted the Judge, that they had been all slain in the Service of their Country. *Minos* was going to admit them, but had the Curiosity to ask who had been the Invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back Gate for him. The Captain answered, they had been the Invaders themselves, that they had entered the Enemies Country, and burnt and plundered several Cities.—And for what Reason? said *Minos*.—By the Command of

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of him who paid us, ſaid the Captain, that is the Reaſon of a Soldier. We are to execute whatever we are commanded, or we ſhould be a Diſgrace to the Army, and very little deſerve our Pay. You are brave Fellows indeed, ſaid *Minos*, but be pleaſed to face about, and obey my Command for once, in returning back to the other World: for what ſhould ſuch Fellows as you do, where there are no Cities to be burnt, nor People to be deſtroy'd? But let me adviſe you to have a ſtricter Regard to Truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other Countries the Service of your own. The Captain anſwered, in a Rage, D——n me, do you give me the Lye? and was going to take *Minos* by the Noſe, had not his Guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his Followers back the ſame Road they came.

Four Spirits informed the Judge, that they had been ſtarved to death through Poverty; being the Father, Mother, and two Children. That they had been honeſt, and as induſtrious as poſſible, till Sickneſs had prevented the Man from Labour. — All that is very true, cried a grave Spirit, who ſtood

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ſtood by: I know the Fact; for theſe poor People were under my Cure.—You was, I ſuppoſe, the Parſon of the Pariſh, cries *Minos*; I hope you had a good Living, Sir. That was but a ſmall one, replied the Spirit: but I had another a little better.—Very well, ſaid *Minos*, let the poor People paſs.—At which the Parſon was ſtepping forwards with a ſtately Gait before them; but *Minos* caught hold of him, and pulled him back, ſaying, Not ſo faſt, Doctor; you muſt take one ſtep more into the other World firſt; for no Man enters that Gate without Charity.

A VERY ſtately Figure now preſented himſelf, and informing *Minos* he was a Patriot, began a very florid Harangue on public Virtue, and the Liberties of his Country. Upon which, *Minos* ſhewed him the utmoſt Reſpect, and ordered the Gate to be opened. The Patriot was not contented with this Applauſe---he ſaid, he had behaved as well in Place as he had done in the Oppoſition; and that, tho' he was now obliged to embrace the Court-Meaſures, yet he had behaved very honeſtly to his Friends, and brought as many in as was poſſible.—Hold a moment, ſays *Minos*, on

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ſecond Conſideration, Mr. *Patriot*, I think a Man of your great Virtue and Abilities will be ſo much miſs'd by your Country, that if I might adviſe you, you ſhould take a Journey back again. I am ſure you will not decline it, for I am certain you will with great Readineſs ſacrifice your own Happineſs to the public Good. The Patriot ſmiled, and told *Minos*, he believed he was in jeſt; and was offering to enter the Gate, but the Judge laid faſt hold of him, and inſiſted on his Return, which the Patriot ſtill declining, he at laſt ordered his Guards to ſeize him, and conduct him back.

A SPIRIT now advanced, and the Gate was immediately thrown open to him, before he had ſpoken a Word. I heard ſome whiſper,—*That is our laſt Lord Mayor.*

IT now came to our Company's turn. The fair Spirit, which I mentioned with ſo much Applauſe, in the Beginning of my Journey, paſt through very eaſily; but the grave Lady was rejected on her firſt Appearance, *Minos* declaring, there was not a ſingle Prude in *Elyſium*.

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THE Judge then addreſs'd himſelf to me, who little expected to paſs this fiery Trial. I confeſs'd I had indulged myſelf very freely with Wine and Women in my Youth, but had never done an Injury to any Man living, nor avoided an Opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little Virtue more than general Philanthropy, and private Friendſhip.—I was proceeding, when *Minos* bid me enter the Gate, and not indulge myſelf with trumpeting forth my Virtues. I accordingly paſt forward with my lovely Companion, and embracing her with vaſt Eagerneſs, but ſpiritual Innocence, ſhe returned my Embrace in the ſame manner, and we both congratulated ourſelves on our Arrival in this happy Region, whoſe Beauty, no Painting of the Imagination can deſcribe.

CHAP. VIII.

The Adventures which the Author met on his firſt Entrance into Elyſium.

WE purſued our way through a delicious Grove of Orange-Trees, where I ſaw infinite Numbers of Spirits, every one of

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of whom I knew, and was known by them: (for Spirits here know one another by Intuition.) I preſently met a little Daughter, whom I had loſt ſeveral Years before. Good Gods! what Words can deſcribe the Raptures, the melting paſſionate Tenderneſs, with which we kiſs'd each other, continuing in our Embrace, with the moſt extatic Joy, a Space, which if Time had been meaſured here as on Earth, could not be leſs than half a Year.

THE firſt Spirit, with whom I entered into Diſcourſe, was the famous *Leonidas* of *Sparta*. I acquainted him with the Honours which had been done him by a celebrated Poet of our Nation; to which he anſwered, he was very much obliged to him.

WE were preſently afterwards entertained with the moſt delicious Voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a Violin, equal to Signior *Piantanida*. I preſently diſcovered the Muſician and Songſter to be *Orpheus* and *Sappho*.

OLD *Homer* was preſent at this Conſort, (if I may ſo call it) and Madam *Dacier* ſat

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in his Lap. He aſked much after Mr. *Pope*, and ſaid he was very deſirous of ſeeing him: for that he had read his *Iliad* in his Tranſlation with almoſt as much delight, as he believed he had given others in the Original. I had the Curioſity to enquire whether he had really writ that Poem in detached Pieces, and ſung it about as Ballads all over *Greece*, according to the Report which went of him? He ſmiled at my Queſtion, and aſked me whether there appeared any Connection in the Poem; for if there did, he thought I might anſwer myſelf. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the Cities, which contended for the Honour of his Birth, he was really born? To which he anſwered.---Upon my Soul I can't tell.

VIRGIL then came up to me, with Mr. *Addiſon* under his Arm. Well, Sir, ſaid he, how many Tranſlations have theſe few laſt Years produced of my *Æneid?* I told him, I believed ſeveral, but I could not poſſibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. *Trapp*'s.---Ay, ſaid he, that is a curious Piece indeed! I then acquainted him with the Diſcovery made by Mr. *Warburton* of the

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the *Eleuſinian* Myſteries couched in his 6th Book. What Myſteries? ſaid Mr. *Addiſon*. The *Eleuſinian*, anſwered *Virgil*, which I have diſcloſed in my 6th Book. How! replied *Addiſon*. You never mentioned a word of any ſuch Myſteries to me in all our Acquaintance. I thought it was unneceſſary, cried the other, to a Man of your infinite Learning: beſides, you always told me, you perfectly underſtood my meaning. Upon this I thought the Critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aſide to a very merry Spirit, one *Dick Steele*, who embraced him, and told him, He had been the greateſt Man upon Earth; that he readily reſigned up all the Merit of his own Works to him. Upon which, *Addiſon* gave him a gracious Smile, and clapping him on the Back with much Solemnity, cried out, *Well ſaid, Dick.*

I THEN obſerved *Shakeſpeare* ſtanding between *Betterton* and *Booth*, and deciding a Difference between thoſe two great Actors, concerning the placing an Accent in one of his Lines: this was diſputed on both ſides with a Warmth, which ſurprized me in *Elyſium*, till I diſcovered by Intuition, that every Soul

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retained its principal Characteriſtic, being, indeed, its very Eſſence. The Line was that celebrated one in *Othello*;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,

according to *Betterton.* Mr. *Booth* contended to have it thus;

Put out the Light, and then put out the *Light.*

I could not help offering my Conjecture on this Occaſion, and ſuggeſted it might perhaps be,

Put out the Light, and then put out thy *Light.*

Another hinted a Reading very *ſophiſticated* in my Opinion,

Put out the Light, and then put out thee, *Light*;

making Light to be the vocative Caſe. Another would have altered the laſt Word, and read,

Put out thy Light, and then put out thy Sight.

But

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But *Betterton* ſaid, if the Text was to be *diſturbed*, he ſaw no reaſon why a Word might not be changed as well as a Letter, and inſtead of *put out thy* Light, you might read *put out thy* Eyes. At laſt it was agreed on all ſides, to refer the matter to the Deciſion of *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, who delivered his Sentiments as follows: 'Faith, Gentlemen, 'it is ſo long ſince I wrote the Line, I have 'forgot my Meaning. This I know, could 'I have dreamt ſo much Nonſenſe would 'have been talked, and writ about it, I would 'have blotted it out of my Works: for I am 'ſure, if any of theſe be my Meaning, it doth 'me very little Honour.'

He was then interrogated concerning ſome other ambiguous Paſſages in his Works; but he declined any ſatisfactory Anſwer: Saying, if Mr. *Theobald* had not *writ about it* ſufficiently, there were three or four more new Editions of his Plays coming out, which he hoped would ſatisfy every one: Concluding, 'I marvel nothing ſo much as that Men will 'gird themſelves at diſcovering obſcure Beau-'ties in an Author. Certes the greateſt and 'moſt pregnant Beauties are ever the plaineſt

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'and moſt evidently ſtriking; and when 'two Meanings of a Paſſage can in the leaſt 'ballance our Judgements which to prefer, 'I hold it matter of unqueſtionable Certainty, 'that neither of them are worth a farthing.'

FROM his Works our Converſation turned on his Monument; upon which, *Shakeſpeare* ſhaking his Sides, and addreſſing himſelf to *Milton*, cried out; 'On my word, Brother *Mil-* 'ton, they have brought a noble Set of Poets 'together, they would have been hanged erſt 'have convened ſuch a Company at their 'Tables, when alive.' 'True, Brother, an- 'ſwered *Milton*, unleſs we had been as inca- 'pable of eating then as we are now.'

CHAP. IX.

More Adventures in Elyſium.

A CROUD of Spirits now joined us, whom I ſoon perceived to be the Heroes, who here frequently pay their Reſpects to the ſeveral Bards, the Recorders of their Actions. I now ſaw *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes*, addreſſing

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addreſſing themſelves to *Homer*, and *Æneas* and *Julius Cæſar* to *Virgil*: *Adam* went up to *Milton*, upon which I whiſpered Mr. *Dryden*, that I thought the Devil ſhould have paid his Compliments there, according to his Opinion. *Dryden* only anſwered, I believe the Devil was in me, when I ſaid ſo. Several applied themſelves to *Shakeſpeare*, amongſt whom *Henry* V. made a very diſtinguiſhing Appearance. While my Eyes were fixed on that Monarch, a very ſmall Spirit came up to me, ſhook me heartily by the Hand, and told me his Name was THOMAS THUMB. I expreſſed great Satisfaction in ſeeing him, nor could I help ſpeaking my Reſentment againſt the Hiſtorian, who had done ſuch Injuſtice to the Stature of this Great little Man; which he repreſented to be no bigger than a Span; whereas I plainly perceived at firſt ſight, he was a full Foot and a half, (and the 37th Part of an Inch more, as he himſelf informed me) being indeed little ſhorter than ſome conſiderable Beaus of the preſent Age.

I ASKED this little Hero, concerning the Truth of thoſe Stories related of him, *viz.* of the Pudding, and the Cow's Belly. As to

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the former, he ſaid it was a ridiculous Legend, worthy to be laughed at; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was ſome Truth in it: nor, had he any reaſon to be aſhamed of it, as he was ſwallowed by Surprize; adding with great Fierceneſs, that if he had had any Weapon in his Hand, the Cow ſhould have as ſoon ſwallowed the Devil.

He ſpoke the laſt Word with ſo much Fury, and ſeemed ſo confounded, that perceiving the Effect it had on him, I immediately waved the Story, and paſſing to other Matters, we had much Converſation touching Giants. He ſaid, So far from killing any, he had never ſeen one alive; that he believed thoſe Actions were by miſtake recorded of him, inſtead of *Jack* the Giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the Race. I aſſured him to the contrary, and told him I had myſelf ſeen a huge tame Giant, who very complacently ſtaid in *London* a whole Winter, at the ſpecial Requeſt of ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies; tho' the Affairs of his Family called him home to *Sweden*.

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I Now beheld a ſtern-looking Spirit leaning on the Shoulder of another Spirit, and preſently diſcerned the former to be *Oliver Cromwell*, and the latter *Charles Martel*. I own I was a little ſurprized at ſeeing *Cromwell* here; for I had been taught by my Grandmother, that he was carried away by the Devil himſelf in a Tempeſt: but he aſſured me on his Honour, there was not the leaſt Truth in that Story. However, he confeſſed he had narrowly eſcaped the Bottomleſs Pit; and, if the former Part of his Conduct had not been more to his Honour than the latter, he had been certainly ſouſed into it. He was nevertheleſs ſent back to the upper World with this Lot,

Army.
Cavalier.
Diſtreſs.

He was born for the ſecond Time, the day of *Charles* II's Reſtoration, into a Family which had loſt a very conſiderable Fortune in the Service of that Prince and his Father for which they received the Reward very often

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conferred by Princes on real Merit, *viz.* —— ooo. At 16, his Father bought a ſmall Commiſſion for him in the Army, in which he ſerved without any Promotion all the Reigns of *Charles* II. and of his Brother. At the Revolution he quitted his Regiment, and followed the Fortunes of his former Maſter, and was in his Service dangerouſly wounded at the famous Battle of the *Boyne*, where he fought in the Capacity of a private Soldier. He recovered of this Wound, and retired after the unfortunate King to *Paris*, where he was reduced to ſupport a Wife, and ſeven Children, (for his Lot had Horns in it) by cleaning Shoes, and ſnuffing Candles at the Opera. In which Situation after he had ſpent a few miſerable Years, he died half-ſtarved and broken-hearted. He then reviſited *Minos*, who compaſſionating his Sufferings, by means of that Family, to whom he had been in his former Capacity ſo bitter an Enemy, ſuffered him to enter here.

My Curioſity could not refrain aſking him one Queſtion, *i. e.* Whether in reality he had any deſire to obtain the Crown? He ſmiled and ſaid, No more than an Eccleſiaſtic hath

to

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to the Mitre, when he cries *Nolo Epiſcopari*. Indeed, he ſeemed to expreſs ſome Contempt at the Queſtion, and preſently turned away.

A VENERABLE Spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great Hiſtorian *Livy*. *Alexander the Great*, who was juſt arrived from the Palace of Death, paſt by him with a Frown. The Hiſtorian obſerving it, ſaid, 'Ay, 'you may frown: but thoſe Troops which 'conquered the baſe *Aſiatic* Slaves, would have 'made no Figure againſt the *Romans*.' We then privately lamented the Loſs of the moſt valuable Part of his Hiſtory, after which he took occaſion to commend the judicious Collection made by Mr. *Hooke*, which he ſaid was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning *Echard*'s, he gave a Bounce, not unlike the going off of a Squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to ſatisfy my Curioſity in one Point, Whether he was really ſuperſtitious or no? For I had always believed he was, till Mr. *Leibnitz* had aſſured me to the contrary. He anſwered ſullenly, --- 'Doth Mr. *Leibnitz* know my 'Mind better than myſelf?' and then walked away.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

The Author is ſurprized at meeting Julian *the Apoſtate in* Elyſium; *but is ſatisfied by him, by what means he procured his Entrance there.* Julian *relates his Adventures in the Character of a Slave.*

AS he was departing, I heard him ſalute a Spirit by the Name of Mr. *Julian* the Apoſtate. This exceedingly amazed me: for I had concluded, that no Man ever had a better Title to the Bottomleſs Pit than he. But I ſoon found, that this ſame *Julian* the Apoſtate was alſo the very individual Arch-Biſhop *Latimer*. He told me, that ſeveral Lyes had been raiſed on him in his former Capacity, nor was he ſo bad a Man as he had been repreſented. However, he had been denied Admittance, and forced to undergo ſeveral ſubſequent Pilgrimages on Earth, and to act in the different Characters of a Slave, a Jew, a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, a Beau, a Monk, a Fidler, a wiſe Man, a King, a Fool,

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Fool, a Beggar, a Prince, a Stateſman, a Soldier, a Taylor, an Alderman, a Poet, a Knight, a Dancing-Maſter, and three times a Biſhop before his Martyrdom, together with his other Behaviour in this laſt Character, ſatisfied the Judge, and procured him a Paſſage to the bleſſed Regions.

I TOLD him, ſuch various Characters muſt have produced Incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I ſuppoſed he did, and had Leiſure, I ſhould be obliged to him for the Recital. He anſwered, he perfectly recollected every Circumſtance; and as to Leiſure, the only Buſineſs of that happy Place was to contribute to the Happineſs of each other. He therefore thanked me for increaſing his, in propoſing to him a Method of pleaſing mine. I then took my little Darling in one Hand, and my Favourite Fellow-Traveller in the other, and going with him to a ſunny Bank of Flowers, we all ſat down, and he began as follows:

'I SUPPOSE, you are ſufficiently acquain-
'ted with my Story, during the Time I
'acted

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'acted the Part of the Emperor *Julian*, tho'
'I assure you, all which hath been related of
'me is not true, particularly with regard to
'the many Prodigies forerunning my Death.
'However, they are now very little worth
'disputing; and if they can serve any Purpose
'of the Historian, they are extremely at his
'service.

'My next Entrance into the World, was
'at *Laodicea* in *Syria*, in a *Roman* Family
'of no great Note; and being of a roving
'Disposition, I came at the Age of Seven-
'teen to *Constantinople*, where after about a
'Year's stay, I set out for *Thrace* at the
'Time when the Emperor *Valens* admitted
'the *Goths* into that Country. I was there
'so captivated with the Beauty of a *Gothic*
'Lady, the Wife of one *Rodoric* a Captain,
'whose Name, out of the most delicate
'Tenderness for her lovely Sex, I shall even
'at this Distance conceal; since her Behavi-
'our to me was more consistent with Good-
'Nature, than with that Virtue which Women
'are obliged to preserve against every Assail-
'ant. In order to procure an Intimacy with
'this Woman, I sold my self a Slave to her
'Husband

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'Husband, who being of a Nation not over-'inclined to Jealousy, presented me to his 'Wife, for those very Reasons, which would 'have induced one of a jealous Complexion 'to have with-held me from her, namely, 'for that I was young and handsome.

'MATTERS succeeded so far according to 'my Wish, and the Sequel answered those 'Hopes which this Beginning had raised. I 'soon perceived my Service was very accept-'able to her, I often met her Eyes, nor did 'she withdraw them without a Confusion 'which is scarce consistent with entire Purity 'of Heart. Indeed, she gave me every day 'fresh Encouragement, but the unhappy Di-'stance which Circumstances had placed be-'tween us, deterred me long from making 'any direct Attack; and she was too strict an 'Observer of Decorum, to violate the severe 'Rules of Modesty by advancing first: but 'Passion, at last, got the better of my Re-'spect, and I resolved to make one bold At-'tempt, whatever was the Consequence. Ac-'cordingly, laying hold of the first kind Op-'portunity, when she was alone, and my 'Master abroad, I stoutly assailed the Citadel,

'and

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'and carried it by Storm. Well may I ſay 'by Storm: for the Reſiſtance I met was 'extremely reſolute, and indeed, as much as 'the moſt perfect Decency would require. 'She ſwore often ſhe would cry out for Help: 'but I anſwered, it was in vain, ſeeing there 'was no Perſon near to aſſiſt her; and proba-'bly ſhe believed me, for ſhe did not once 'actually cry out; which if ſhe had, I might 'very likely have been prevented.

'WHEN ſhe found her Virtue thus ſub-'dued againſt her Will, ſhe patiently ſub-'mitted to her Fate, and quietly ſuffered me 'a long time to enjoy the moſt delicious 'Fruits of my Victory: but envious Fortune 'reſolved to make me pay a dear Price for my 'Pleaſure. One day, in the midſt of our 'Happineſs, we were ſuddenly ſurprized by 'the unexpected Return of her Huſband, 'who coming directly into his Wife's Apart-'ment, juſt allowed me time to creep un-'der the Bed. The Diſorder in which he 'found his Wife, might have ſurprized a jea-'lous Temper; but his was ſo far otherwiſe, 'that poſſibly no Miſchief might have hap-'pened, had he not by a croſs Accident diſ-

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'covered my Legs, which were not well hid. 'He immediately drew me out by them, and 'then turning to his Wife with a ſtern Coun-'tenance, began to handle a Weapon he wore 'by his Side, with which I am perſuaded he 'would have inſtantly diſpatched her, had I 'not very gallantly and with many Impreca-'tions aſſerted her Innocence and my own 'Guilt; which, however, I proteſted had 'hitherto gone no farther than Deſign. She 'ſo well ſeconded my Plea, (for ſhe was a 'Woman of wonderful Art) that he was at 'length impoſed upon; and now all his Rage 'was directed againſt me, threatning all man-'ner of Tortures, which the poor Lady was 'in too great a Fright and Confuſion to diſ-'ſuade him from executing; and perhaps, if 'her Concern for me had made her attempt 'it, it would have raiſed a Jealouſy in him 'not afterwards to be removed.

'AFTER ſome Heſitation, *Rodoric* cried 'out, he had luckily hit on the moſt proper 'Puniſhment for me in the World, by a Me-'thod which would at once do ſevere Juſtice 'on me for my criminal Intention, and at 'the ſame time, prevent me from any Dan-'ger

'ger of executing my wicked Purpoſe here-
'after. This cruel Reſolution was immedi-
'ately executed, and I was no longer worthy
'the Name of a Man.

'HAVING thus diſqualified me from doing
'him any future Injury, he ſtill retained me in
'his Family: but the Lady, very probably
'repenting of what ſhe had done, and look-
'ing on me as the Author of her Guilt,
'would never, for the future, give me either
'a kind Word or Look: and ſhortly after, a
'great Exchange being made between the
'*Romans* and the *Goths* of Dogs for Men,
'my Lady exchanged me with a *Roman* Wi-
'dow for a ſmall Lap-Dog, giving a conſider-
'able Sum of Money to boot.

'IN this Widow's Service I remained ſeven
'Years, during all which time I was very
'barbarouſly treated. I was worked without
'the leaſt Mercy, and often ſeverely beat by
'a ſwinging Maid-Servant, who never called
'me by any other Names than thoſe of *the*
'*Thing* and *the Animal*. Though I uſed my
'utmoſt Induſtry to pleaſe, it never was in
'my power. Neither the Lady nor her Wo-
'man would eat any thing I touched, ſaying,
'they

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'they did not believe me wholeſome. It is 'unneceſſary to repeat Particulars; in a word, 'you can imagine no kind of ill Uſage which 'I did not ſuffer in this Family.

'At laſt, a Heathen Prieſt, an Acquain-'tance of my Lady's, obtained me of her for 'a Preſent. The Scene was now totally 'changed, and I had as much reaſon to be 'ſatisfied with my preſent Situation, as I had 'to lament my former. I was ſo abſolutely 'my Maſter's Favourite, that the reſt of the 'Slaves paid me almoſt as much Regard as 'they ſhewed to him, well knowing, that 'it was entirely in my power to command 'and treat them as I pleaſed. I was intruſted 'with all my Maſter's Secrets, and uſed to 'aſſiſt him in privately conveying away by 'Night the Sacrifices from the Altars, which 'the People believed the Deities themſelves 'devoured. Upon theſe we feaſted very ele-'gantly, nor could Invention ſuggeſt a Rarity 'which we did not pamper ourſelves with. 'Perhaps you may admire at the cloſe Union 'between this Prieſt and his Slave: but we 'lived in an Intimacy which the Chriſtians 'thought criminal: but my Maſter, who knew

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'the Will of the Gods, with whom he told me 'he often converſed, aſſured me it was per-'fectly innocent.

'THIS happy Life continued about four 'Years, when my Maſter's Death, occaſioned 'by a Surfeit got by over-feeding on ſeveral 'exquiſite Dainties, put an end to it.

'I Now fell into the hands of one of a 'very different Diſpoſition, and this was no 'other than the celebrated St. *Chryſoſtome*, 'who dieted me with Sermons inſtead of 'Sacrifices, and filled my Ears with good 'Things, but not my Belly. Inſtead of 'high Food to fatten and pamper my Fleſh, I 'had Receipts to mortify and reduce it. 'With theſe I edified ſo well, that within a 'few Months I became a Skeleton. How-'ever, as he had converted me to his Faith, I 'was well enough ſatisfied with this new 'Manner of living, by which he taught me I 'might inſure myſelf an eternal Reward in 'a future State. The Saint was a good-'natured Man, and never gave me an ill 'Word but once, which was occaſioned by 'my neglecting to place *Ariſtophanes*, which 'was his conſtant Bed-fellow, on his Pillow.

'He

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'He was, indeed, extremely fond of that 'Greek Poet, and frequently made me read 'his Comedies to him: when I came to any 'of the looſe Paſſages, he would ſmile, and 'ſay, *It was pity his Matter was not as pure 'as his Style*; of which latter, he was ſo im- 'moderately fond, that notwithſtanding the 'Deteſtation he expreſſed for Obſcenity, he 'hath made me repeat thoſe Paſſages ten 'times over. The Character of this good 'Man hath been very unjuſtly attacked by his 'Heathen Cotemporaries, particularly with 'regard to Women; but his ſevere Invectives 'againſt that Sex, are his ſufficient Juſtification.

'From the Service of this Saint, from 'whom I received Manumiſſion, I entered in- 'to the Family of *Timaſius*, a Leader of great 'Eminence in the Imperial Army, into whoſe 'Favour I ſo far inſinuated myſelf, that he 'preferred me to a good Command, and 'ſoon made me Partaker of both his Com- 'pany and his Secrets. I ſoon grew in- 'toxicated with this Preferment, and the more 'he loaded me with Benefits, the more he 'raiſed my Opinion of my own Merit; 'which ſtill outſtripping the Rewards he con-

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'ferred on me, inſpired me rather with Diſ-
'ſatisfaction than Gratitude. And thus, by
'preferring me beyond my Merit or firſt
'Expectation, he made me an envious aſpi-
'ring Enemy, whom perhaps, a more mo-
'derate Bounty, would have preſerved a du-
'tiful Servant.

'I FELL now acquainted with one *Luci-*
'*lius*, a Creature of the Prime-Miniſter *Eu-*
'*tropius*, who had by his Favour been raiſed
'to the Poſt of a Tribune; a Man of low
'Morals, and eminent only in that meaneſt
'of all Qualities, Cunning. This Gentle-
'man imagining me a fit Tool for the Mini-
'ſter's Purpoſe, having often ſounded my
'Principles of Honour and Honeſty; both
'which he declared to me were Words with-
'out Meaning: and finding my ready Con-
'currence in his Sentiments, recommended
'me to *Eutropius*, as very proper to execute
'ſome wicked Purpoſes he had contrived a-
'gainſt my Friend *Timaſius*. The Miniſter
'embraced this Recommendation, and I was
'accordingly acquainted by *Lucilius*, (after
'ſome previous Accounts of the great Eſteem
'*Eutropius* entertained of me, from the Te-
'ſtimony

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'ſtimony he had born of my Parts) that he 'would introduce me to him; adding, that 'he was a great Encourager of Merit, and 'that I might depend upon his Favour.

'I WAS with little difficulty prevailed on 'to accept this Invitation. A late Hour there-'fore the next Evening being appointed, I 'attended my Friend *Lucilius* to the Mini-'ſter's Houſe. He received me with the ut-'moſt Civility and Chearfulneſs, and affected 'ſo much Regard to me, that I, who knew 'nothing of theſe high Scenes of Life, con-'cluded I had in him a moſt diſintereſted 'Friend, owing to the favourable Report 'which *Lucilius* had made of me. I was 'however ſoon cured of this Opinion: for 'immediately after Supper, our Diſcourſe 'turned on the Injuſtice which the Generality 'of the World were guilty of in their Con-'duct to Great Men, expecting that they 'ſhould reward their private Merit, without 'ever endeavouring to apply it to their Uſe. '*What avail* (ſaid *Eutropius*) *the Learning*, '*Wit, Courage, or any Virtue which a Man* '*may be poſſeſt of to me, unleſs I receive ſome* '*Benefit from them? Hath he not more Me-*

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'*rit to me, who doth my Buſineſs, and obeys* '*my Commands, without any of theſe Quali-* '*ties?* I gave ſuch entire Satisfaction in my 'Anſwers on this Head, that both the Mi- 'niſter and his Creature grew bolder, and 'after ſome Preface, began to accuſe *Tima-* '*ſius.* At laſt, finding I did not attempt to 'defend him, *Lucilius* ſwore a great Oath, 'that he was not fit to live, and that he would 'deſtroy him. *Eutropius* anſwered, that it 'would be too dangerous a Taſk: *Indeed,* 'ſays he, *his Crimes are of ſo black a Dye,* '*and ſo well known to the Emperor, that his* '*Death muſt be a very acceptable Service,* '*and could not fail meeting a proper Re-* '*ward; but I queſtion whether you are ca-* '*pable of executing it. If he is not,* cried I, '*I am; and ſurely, no Man can have greater* '*Motives to deſtroy him than my ſelf: for,* '*beſides his Diſloyalty to my Prince, for* '*whom I have ſo perfect a Duty, I have pri-* '*vate Diſobligations to him. I have had Fel-* '*lows put over my head, to the great Scandal* '*of the Service in general, and to my own* '*Prejudice and Diſappointment in particu-* '*lar.*——I will not repeat you my whole 'Speech: but to be as conciſe as poſſible,

'when

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'when we parted that Evening, the Minister 'squeezed me heartily by the Hand, and 'with great Commendation of my Honesty, 'and Assurances of his Favour, he appointed 'me, the next Evening, to come to him 'alone; when finding me, after a little more 'Scrutiny, ready for his Purpose, he proposed 'to me, to accuse *Timasius* of High-Trea-'son: promising me the highest Rewards, if 'I would undertake it. The Consequence 'to him, I suppose you know, was Ruin: 'but what was it to me? Why truly, when 'I waited on *Eutropius*, for the fulfilling 'his Promises, he received me with great 'Distance and Coldness; and on my drop-'ping some Hints of my Expectations from 'him, he affected not to understand me; 'saying, he thought Impunity was the ut-'most I could hope for, on discovering my 'Accomplice, whose Offence was only grea-'ter than mine, as he was in a higher Station; 'and telling me, he had great difficulty to ob-'tain a Pardon for me from the Emperor, 'which, he said he had struggled very hardly 'for, as he had worked the Discovery out of 'me, he turned away, and addressed himself 'to another Person.

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'I WAS ſo incenſed at this Treatment, that 'I reſolved Revenge, and ſhould certainly have 'purſued it, had he not cautiouſly prevented 'me, by taking effectual Means to diſpatch 'me ſoon after out of the World.

'YOU will, I believe, now think, I had a 'ſecond good Chance for the Bottomleſs Pit, 'and indeed *Minos* ſeemed inclined to tumble 'me in, till he was informed of the Revenge 'taken on me by *Rodoric*, and my ſeven 'Years ſubſequent Servitude to the Widow; 'which he ſaid he thought ſufficient to make 'Atonement for all the Crimes a ſingle Life 'could admit of, and ſo ſent me back to try 'my Fortune a third time.'

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

In which Julian *relates his Adventures in the Character of an avaricious* Jew.

'THE next Character in which I was 'deſtined to appear in the Fleſh, was 'that of an avaricious *Jew*. I was born in '*Alexandria* in *Egypt*. My Name was '*Balthazar*. Nothing very remarkable hap-'pened to me, till the Year of the memo-'rable Tumult, in which the *Jews* of that 'City are reported in Hiſtory to have maſſa-'cred more Chriſtians, than at that time 'dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they 'did maul the Dogs pretty handſomely; but 'I my ſelf was not preſent: for as all our 'People were ordered to be armed, I took 'that opportunity of ſelling two Swords, 'which probably I might otherwiſe never 'have diſpoſed of, they being extremely old 'and ruſty: ſo that having no Weapon left, I 'did not care to venture abroad. Beſides, tho' 'I really thought it an Act meriting Salva-'tion to murder the *Nazarenes*, as the Fact

'was

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'was to be committed at Midnight, at which 'Time, to avoid Suſpicion, we were all to 'ſally from our own Houſes; I could not 'perſuade my ſelf to conſume ſo much Oil in 'ſitting up till that Hour: for theſe Reaſons 'therefore, I remained at home that Even-'ing.

'I WAS at this time greatly enamoured 'with one *Hypatia*, the Daughter of a Phi-'loſopher; a young Lady of the greateſt 'Beauty and Merit: indeed, ſhe had every 'imaginable Ornament both of Mind and 'Body. She ſeemed not to diſlike my Per-'ſon: but there were two Obſtructions to our 'Marriage, *viz.* my Religion and her Poverty: 'both which might probably have been got 'over, had not thoſe Dogs the Chriſtians mur-'dered her; and, what is worſe, afterwards 'burnt her Body: worſe, I ſay, becauſe I 'loſt by that means a Jewel of ſome Value, 'which I had preſented to her, deſigning, if 'our Nuptials did not take place, to demand 'it of her back again.

'BEING thus diſappointed in my Love, I 'ſoon after left *Alexandria*, and went to the 'Imperial

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'Imperial City, where I apprehended I ſhould 'find a good Market for Jewels on the ap-'proaching Marriage of the Emperor with '*Athenais*. I diſguiſed my ſelf as a Beggar on 'this Journey, for theſe Reaſons: firſt, as I 'imagined I ſhould thus carry my Jewels 'with greater Safety; and ſecondly, to leſſen 'my Expences: which latter Expedient ſuc-'ceeded ſo well, that I begged two Oboli on 'my way more than my Travelling coſt me, 'my Diet being chiefly Roots, and my Drink 'Water.

'But perhaps, it had been better for me if I 'had been more laviſh, and more expeditious: 'for the Ceremony was over before I reached '*Conſtantinople*; ſo that I loſt that glorious 'Opportunity of diſpoſing of my Jewels, with 'which many of our People were greatly en-'riched.

'The Life of a Miſer is very little worth 'relating, as it is one conſtant Scheme of get-'ting or ſaving Money. I ſhall therefore re-'peat to you ſome few only of my Adven-'tures, without regard to any Order.

'A-

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'A *Roman Jew*, who was a great Lover 'of *Falernian* Wine, and who indulged him-'ſelf very freely with it, came to dine at my 'Houſe; when knowing he ſhould meet with 'little Wine, and that of the cheaper ſort, 'ſent me in half a dozen Jars of *Falernian*. 'Can you believe I would not give this Man 'his own Wine? Sir, I adulterated it ſo, that I 'made ſix Jars of them; three, which he and 'his Friend drank; the other three I afterwards 'ſold to the very Perſon who originally ſent 'them me, knowing he would give a better 'Price than any other.

'A NOBLE *Roman* came one day to my 'Houſe in the Country, which I had pur-'chaſed, for half the Value, of a diſtreſſed 'Perſon. My Neighbours paid him the Com-'pliment of ſome Muſic, on which account, 'when he departed, he left a Piece of Gold 'with me, to be diſtributed among them. 'I pocketed this Money, and ordered 'them a ſmall Veſſel of ſour Wine, which I 'could not have ſold for above two Drachmas, 'and afterwards made them pay in Work 'three times the Value of it.

'As

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'As I was not entirely void of Religion, 'tho' I pretended to infinitely more than I 'had, ſo I endeavoured to reconcile my 'Tranſactions to my Conſcience as well as 'poſſible. Thus I never invited any one to 'eat with me, but thoſe on whoſe Pockets 'I had ſome Deſign. After our Collation, it 'was conſtantly my Method to ſet down in a 'Book I kept for that purpoſe, what I thought 'they owed me for their Meal. Indeed, this 'was generally a hundred times as much 'as they could have dined elſewhere for: but 'however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad* '*valorem*. Now whenever the Opportunity 'offered of impoſing on them, I conſidered it 'only as paying my ſelf what they owed me: 'indeed, I did not always confine my ſelf 'ſtrictly to what I had ſet down, however ex- 'travagant that was; but I reconciled taking 'the Overplus to my ſelf as Uſance.

'But I was not only too cunning for o- 'thers, I ſometimes over-reached my ſelf. I 'have contracted Diſtempers for want of 'Food and Warmth, which have put me to 'the Expence of a Phyſician: Nay, I once 'very

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'very narrowly eſcaped Death by taking bad
'Drugs, only to ſave one Seven Eighths *per*
'*Cent.* in the Price.

'BY theſe and ſuch like Means, in the
'midſt of Poverty and every kind of Diſtreſs,
'I ſaw my ſelf Maſter of an immenſe For-
'tune: the caſting up and ruminating on
'which was my daily and only Pleaſure.
'This was however obſtructed and embittered
'by two Conſiderations, which againſt my
'Will often invaded my Thoughts. One
'would have been intolerable (but that in-
'deed ſeldom troubled me) was, that I
'muſt one day leave my darling Treaſure. The
'other haunted me continually, *viz.* that
'my Riches were no greater. However, I
'comforted my ſelf againſt this Reflection,
'by an Aſſurance that they would increaſe
'daily: On which Head, my Hopes were
'ſo extenſive, that I may ſay with *Virgil*,

His ego nec Metas Rerum nec Tempora pono.

'Indeed I am convinced, that had I poſſeſſed
'the whole Globe of Earth, ſave one ſingle
'Drachma, which I had been certain never to

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'be maſter of, I am convinced, I ſay, that 'ſingle Drachma, would have given me more 'Uneaſineſs than all the reſt could afford me 'Pleaſure.

'To ſay the truth, between my Solici-'tude in contriving Schemes to procure Mo-'ney, and my extreme Anxiety in preſerving 'it, I never had one Moment of Eaſe while 'awake, nor of Quiet when in my Sleep. 'In all the Characters through which I have 'paſſed, I have never undergone half the Mi-'ſery I ſuffered in this, and indeed *Minos* 'ſeemed to be of the ſame Opinion: for 'while I ſtood trembling and ſhaking in Ex-'pectation of my Sentence, he bid me go 'back about my Buſineſs; for that no body 'was to be d——n'd in more Worlds than 'one. And indeed, I have ſince learnt, that 'the Devil will not receive a Miſer.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

What happened to Julian *in the Characters of a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, and a Beau.*

'THE next Step I took into the World, 'was at *Apollonia* in *Thrace*; where 'I was born of a beautiful *Greek* Slave, who 'was the Miſtreſs of *Eutyches*, a great Fa-'vourite of the Emperor *Zeno*. That Prince, 'at his Reſtoration, gave me the Command 'of a Cohort, I being then but fifteen Years 'of Age; and a little afterwards, before I had 'ever ſeen an Army, preferred me, over the 'Heads of all the old Officers, to be a Tri-'bune.

'As I found an eaſy Acceſs to the Em-'peror, by means of my Father's Intimacy 'with him, he being a very good Courtier, or 'in other Words, a moſt proſtitute Flatterer; 'ſo I ſoon ingratiated myſelf with *Zeno*, and 'ſo well imitated my Father in flattering 'him, that he would never part with me 'from about his Perſon. So that the firſt 'armed Force I ever beheld; was that with

'which

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'which *Martian* surrounded the Palace, where 'I was then shut up with the rest of the Court.

'I WAS after put at the Head of a Le-'gion, and ordered to march into *Syria*, 'with *Theodoric* the *Goth*; that is, I mean my 'Legion was so ordered: for as to myself, I 'remained at Court, with the Name and 'Pay of a General, without the Labour or 'the Danger.

'As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.* 'debauched, than *Zeno*'s Court, so the Ladies 'of gay Disposition had great sway in it; par-'ticularly one, whose Name was *Fausta*, 'who, tho' not extremely handsome, was by 'her Wit and Spritelineſs very agreeable to 'the Emperor. With her I lived in good 'Correspondence, and we together disposed 'of all kinds of Commissions in the Army, 'not to those who had most Merit, but who 'would purchase at the highest Rate. My 'Levee was now prodigiously thronged by 'Officers, who returned from the Campaigns; 'who, tho' they might have been convinced, 'by daily Example, how ineffectual a Re-'commendation their Services were, still con-

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'tinued indefatigable in Attendance, and be-
'haved to me with as much Obſervance and
'Reſpect, as I ſhould have been entitled to,
'for making their Fortunes, while I ſuffered
'them and their Families to ſtarve.

'SEVERAL Poets, likewiſe, addreſſed
'Verſes to me, in which they celebrated my
'Military Atchievements; and what, perhaps,
'may ſeem ſtrange to us at preſent, I received
'all this Incenſe with moſt greedy Vanity,
'without once reflecting, that as I did not de-
'ſerve theſe Compliments, they ſhould rather
'put me in mind of my Defects.

'MY Father was now dead, and I became
'ſo abſolute in the Emperor's Grace, that
'one unacquainted with Courts would ſcarce
'believe the Servility with which all kinds
'of Perſons, who entered the Walls of the
'Palace, behaved towards me. A Bow, a
'Smile, a Nod from me, as I paſt through
'cringing Crouds, were eſteemed as ſignal
'Favours, but a gracious Word made any one
'happy; and, indeed, had this real Benefit
'attending it, that it drew on the Perſon, on
'whom it was beſtowed, a very great Degree

'of

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'of Reſpect from all others; for theſe are of 'current Value in Courts, and, like Notes in 'trading Communities, are aſſignable from 'one to the other. The Smile of a Court-Fa-'vourite immediately raiſes the Perſon who 'receives it, and gives a Value to his Smile 'when conferred on an Inferiour: thus the 'Smile is transferred from one to the other, 'and the Great Man at laſt is the Perſon to 'diſcount it. For inſtance, a very low Fellow 'hath a deſire for a Place. To whom is he 'to apply? Not to the Great Man; for to 'him he hath no Acceſs. He therefore ap-'plies to *A*, who is the Creature of *B*, who 'is the Tool of *C*, who is the Flatterer of '*D*, who is the Catamite of *E*, who is the 'Pimp of *F*, who is the Bully of *G*, who is 'the Buffoon of *I*, who is the Huſband of '*K*, who is the Whore of *L*, who is the 'Baſtard of *M*, who is the Inſtrument of 'the Great Man. Thus the Smile deſcend-'ing regularly from the Great Man to *A*, is 'diſcounted back again, and at laſt paid by 'the Great Man.

'It is manifeſt, that a Court would ſubſiſt 'as difficultly without this kind of Coin, as a

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'trading City without Paper Credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their Value is 'not quite so certain, and a Favourite may 'protest his Smile without the Danger of 'Bankruptcy.

'IN the midst of all this Glory, the Emperor died, and *Anastasius* was preferred to 'the Crown. As it was yet uncertain whether I should not continue in favour, I was 'received as usual at my Entrance into the 'Palace, to pay my Respects to the new Emperor; but I was no sooner rumped by him, 'than I received the same Compliment from 'all the rest; the whole Room, like a Regiment of Soldiers, turning their Backs to me 'all at once, my Smile now was become of 'equal Value with the Note of a broken 'Banker, and every one was as cautious not 'to receive it.

'I MADE as much haste as possible from 'the Court, and shortly after from the City, 'retreating to the Place of my Nativity, 'where I spent the Remainder of my Days 'in a retired Life in Husbandry, the only

'Amusement

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'Amuſement for which I was qualified, 'having neither Learning nor Virtue.

'WHEN I came to the Gate, *Minos* 'again ſeemed at firſt doubtful, but at length 'diſmiſſed me; ſaying, tho' I had been guilty 'of many heinous Crimes, in as much as I 'had, tho' a General, never been concerned 'in ſpilling human Blood, I might return again 'to Earth.

'I WAS now again born in *Alexandria*, 'and, by great Accident, entring into the 'Womb of my Daughter-in-Law, came 'forth my own Grandſon, inheriting that For-'tune which I had before amaſſed.

'EXTRAVAGANCE was now as notori-'ouſly my Vice, as Avarice had been former-'ly; and I ſpent, in a very ſhort Life, what 'had coſt me the Labour of a very long one 'to rake together. Perhaps, you will think 'my preſent Condition was more to be envied 'than my former: but upon my Word it was 'very little ſo; for by poſſeſſing every thing 'almoſt before I deſired it, I could hardly ever 'ſay, I enjoyed my Wiſh: I ſcarce ever knew

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'the Delight of ſatisfying a craving Appetite.
'Beſides, as I never once thought, my Mind
'was uſeleſs to me, and I was an abſolute
'Stranger to all the Pleaſures ariſing from it.
'Nor, indeed, did my Education qualify me
'for any Delicacy in other Enjoyments; ſo
'that in the midſt of Plenty I loathed every
'thing. Taſte for Elegance, I had none; and
'the greateſt of corporeal Bliſſes I felt no
'more from, than the loweſt Animal. In a
'word, as while a Miſer I had Plenty without
'daring to uſe it, ſo now I had it without
'Appetite.

'BUT if I was not very happy in the
'height of my Enjoyment, ſo I afterward
'became perfectly miſerable; being ſoon over-
'taken by Diſeaſe, and reduced to Diſtreſs,
''till at length with a broken Conſtitution,
'and broken Heart, I ended my wretched
'Days in a Goal: nor can I think the Sentence
'of *Minos* too mild, who condemned me, af-
'ter having taken a large Doſe of Avarice, to
'wander three Years on the Banks of *Cocytus*,
'with the Knowledge of having ſpent the
'Fortune in the Perſon of the Grandſon,
'which

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'which I had raiſed in that of the Grand-'father.

'THE Place of my Birth, on my return 'to the World, was *Conſtantinople*, where my 'Father was a Carpenter. The firſt Thing I 'remember was, the Triumph of *Beliſarius*; 'which was, indeed, a moſt noble Shew: but 'nothing pleaſed me ſo much as the Figure 'of *Gelimer*, King of the *African Vandals*, 'who being led Captive on this Occaſion, 'reflecting with Diſdain on the Mutation of 'his own Fortune, and on the ridiculous 'empty Pomp of the Conqueror, cried out, 'VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VA-'NITY.

'I WAS bred up to my Father's Trade, 'and you may eaſily believe ſo low a Sphere 'could produce no Adventures worth your 'Notice. However, I married a Woman I 'liked, and who proved a very tolerable 'Wife. My Days were paſt in hard Labour, 'but this procured me Health, and I enjoyed 'a homely Supper at night with my Wife, 'with more Pleaſure than I apprehend greater 'Perſons find at their luxurious Meals. My

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'Life had ſcarce any Variety in it, and at my 'Death, I advanced to *Minos* with great Con- 'fidence of entring the Gate: but I was un- 'happily obliged to diſcover ſome Frauds I 'had been guilty of in the Meaſure of my 'Work, when I worked by the Foot, as well 'as my Lazineſs, when I was employed by 'the Day. On which account when I at- 'tempted to paſs, the angry Judge laid hold 'on me by the Shoulders, and turned me 'back ſo violently, that had I had a Neck of 'Fleſh and Bone, I believe he would have 'broke it.

CHAP. XIII.

Julian *paſſes into a Fop.*

'MY next Scene of Action was *Rome*. 'I was born into a noble Family, and 'Heir to a conſiderable Fortune. On which 'my Parents, thinking I ſhould not want any 'Talents, reſolved very kindly and wiſely to 'throw none away upon me. The only In- 'ſtructors of my Youth were therefore one '*Saltator*, who taught me ſeveral Motions 'for my Legs; and one *Ficus*, whoſe Buſi-

'neſs

'neſs was to ſhew me the cleaneſt way (as 'he called it) of cutting off a Man's Head. 'When I was well accompliſhed in theſe 'Sciences, I thought nothing more wanting, 'but what was to be furniſhed by the ſeveral 'Mechanics in *Rome*, who dealt in dreſſing 'and adorning the Pope. Being therefore 'well equipped with all which their Art could 'produce, I became at the Age of Twenty, 'a complete finiſhed Beau. And now during '45 Years I dreſt, I ſang and danced, and 'danced and ſang, I bowed and ogled, and 'ogled and bowed, 'till in the 66th Year of 'my Age, I got cold by over-heating myſelf 'with dancing, and died.

'MINOS told me as I was unworthy of '*Elyſium*, ſo I was too inſignificant to be 'damned, and therefore bad me walk back 'again.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Adventures in the Perſon of a Monk.

'FORTUNE now placed me in the Cha-
'racter of a younger Brother of a good
'Houſe, and I was in my Youth ſent to School;
'but Learning was now at ſo low an Ebb,
'that my Maſter himſelf could hardly conſtrue
'a Sentence of *Latin*; and as for *Greek*, he
'could not read it. With very little Know-
'ledge therefore, and with altogether as little
'Virtue, I was ſet apart for the Church,
'and at the proper Age commenced Monk.
'I lived many Years retired in a Cell, a Life
'very agreeable to the Gloomineſs of my Tem-
'per, which was much inclined to deſpiſe
'the World; that is, in other Words, to envy
'all Men of ſuperiour Fortune and Qualifica-
'tions, and in general, to hate and deteſt
'the human Species. Notwithſtanding which,
'I could, on proper Occaſions, ſubmit to
'flatter the vileſt Fellow in Nature, which I
'did one *Stephen* an Eunuch, a Favourite of
'the Emperor *Juſtinian* II. one of the
'wickedeſt Wretches whom perhaps the
'World

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'World ever ſaw. I not only wrote a Pane-
'gyric on this Man, but I commended him
'as a Pattern to all others in my Sermons,
'by which means I ſo greatly ingratiated my
'ſelf with him, that he introduced me to the
'Emperor's Preſence, where I prevailed ſo
'far by the ſame Methods, that I was ſhort-
'ly taken from my Cell, and preferred to a
'Place at Court. I was no ſooner eſtabliſhed
'in the Favour of *Juſtinian*, than I prompt-
'ed him to all kind of Cruelty. As I was
'of a ſour moroſe Temper, and hated no-
'thing more than the Symptoms of Happi-
'neſs appearing in any Countenance, I repre-
'ſented all kind of Diverſion and Amuſement
'as the moſt horrid Sins. I inveighed againſt
'Chearfulneſs as Levity, and encouraged no-
'thing but Gravity, or, to confeſs the Truth
'to you, Hypocriſy. The unhappy Emperor
'followed my Advice, and incenſed the People
'by ſuch repeated Barbarities, that he was at
'laſt depoſed by them and baniſhed.

'I Now retired again to my Cell, (for
'Hiſtorians miſtake in ſaying I was put to
'death) where I remained ſafe from the Danger
'of the irritated Mob, whom I curſed in my
'own

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'own Heart, as much as they could curſe
'me.

'JUSTINIAN, after three Years of his Ba-
'niſhment, returned to *Conſtantinople* in diſ-
'guiſe, and paid me a Viſit. I at firſt affected
'not to know him, and without the leaſt
'Compunction of Gratitude for his former Fa-
'vours, intended not to receive him, till a
'Thought immediately ſuggeſting it ſelf to
'me, how I might convert him to my Ad-
'vantage, I pretended to recollect him; and
'blaming the ſhortneſs of my Memory and
'badneſs of my Eyes, I ſprung forward and
'embraced him with great Affection.

'MY Deſign was to betray him to *Apſimar*,
'who, I doubted not, would generouſly re-
'ward ſuch a Service. I therefore very ear-
'neſtly requeſted him to ſpend the whole
'Evening with me; to which he conſented.
'I formed an Excuſe for leaving him a few
'Minutes, and ran away to the Palace to
'acquaint *Apſimar* with the Gueſt whom
'I then had in my Cell. He preſently
'ordered a Guard to go with me and
'ſeize him: but whether the Length of my

'Stay

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'Stay gave him any Suſpicion, or whether he 'changed his Purpoſe after my Departure, I 'know not: for at my Return, we found he 'had given us the ſlip; nor could we with 'the moſt diligent Search diſcover him.

'APSIMAR being diſappointed of his Prey, 'now raged at me; at firſt denouncing the 'moſt dreadful Vengeance, if I did not pro-'duce the depoſed Monarch: However, by 'ſoothing his Paſſion when at the higheſt, 'and afterwards by Canting and Flattery, I 'made a ſhift to eſcape his Fury.

'WHEN *Juſtinian* was reſtored, I very 'confidently went to wiſh him Joy of his 'Reſtoration: but it ſeems, he had unfortu-'nately heard of my Treachery, ſo that he 'at firſt received me coldly, and afterwards 'upbraided me openly with what I had done. 'I perſevered ſtoutly in denying it, as I knew 'no Evidence could be produced againſt me; 'till finding him irreconcileable, I betook my 'ſelf to reviling him in my Sermons, and on 'every other Occaſion, as an Enemy to the 'Church, and good Men, and as an Infidel, 'an Heretic, an Atheiſt, a Heathen, and an 'Arian.

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'Arian. This I did immediately on his Re-
'turn, and before he gave thoſe flagrant
'Proofs of his Inhumanity, which after-
'wards ſufficiently verified all I had ſaid.

'LUCKILY, I died on the ſame Day,
'when a great Number of thoſe Forces
'which *Juſtinian* had ſent againſt the *Thra-*
'*cian Boſphorus*, and who had executed ſuch
'unheard of Cruelties there, periſhed. As every
'one of theſe was caſt into the Bottomleſs
'Pit, *Minos* was ſo tired with Condemnation,
'that he proclaimed that all preſent, who
'had not been concerned in that bloody Ex-
'pedition, might, if they pleaſed, return to the
'other World. I took him at his Word, and
'preſently turning about, began my Journey.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

Julian *passes into the Character of a Fiddler.*

'ROME was now the Seat of my Nativity. My Mother was an *African*, a Woman of no great Beauty, but a Favourite, I suppose from her Piety, to Pope *Gregory* II. Who was my Father, I know not; but I believe no very considerable Man: for after the Death of that Pope, who was, out of his Religion, a very good Friend of my Mother, we fell into great Distress, and were at length reduced to walk the Streets of *Rome*; nor had either of us any other Support but a Fiddle, on which I played with pretty tolerable skill: for as my Genius turned naturally to Music, so I had been in my Youth very early instructed at the Expence of the good Pope. This afforded us but a very poor Livelihood: for tho' I had often a numerous Croud of Hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged to contribute the smallest Pittance to the poor starving Wretch who had given

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'them Pleaſure. Nay, ſome of the Graver
'Sort after an Hour's Attention to my Muſic,
'have gone away ſhaking their Heads, and
'crying, it was a ſhame ſuch Vagabonds were
'ſuffered to ſtay in the City.

'To ſay the truth, I am confident the Fiddle
'would not have kept us alive, had we entire-
'ly depended on the Generoſity of my Hearers.
'My Mother therefore was forced to uſe her
'own Induſtry; and while I was ſoothing
'the Ears of the Croud, ſhe applied to their
'Pockets, and that generally with ſuch good Suc-
'ceſs, that we now began to enjoy a very com-
'fortable Subſiſtence; and indeed, had we had
'the leaſt Prudence or Forecaſt, might have
'ſoon acquired enough to enable us to quit
'this dangerous and diſhonourable Way of
'Life: but I know not what is the reaſon,
'that Money got with Labour and Safety is
'conſtantly preſerved, while the Produce of
'Danger and Eaſe is commonly ſpent as eaſily,
'and often as wickedly, as acquired. Thus we
'porportioned our Expences rather by what
'we had than what we wanted, or even de-
'ſired; and on obtaining a conſiderable Booty,
'we have even forced Nature into the moſt
'profligate

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'profligate Extravagance; and have been 'wicked without Inclination.

'WE carried on this Method of Thievery 'for a long time without Detection: but 'as Fortune generally leaves Perſons of ex- 'traordinary Ingenuity in the lurch at laſt; 'ſo did ſhe us: for my poor Mother was ta- 'ken in the Fact, and together with my ſelf, 'as her Accomplice, hurried before a Magi- 'ſtrate.

'LUCKILY for us, the Perſon who was 'to be our Judge, was the greateſt Lover of 'Muſic in the whole City, and had often ſent 'for me to play to him, for which, as he 'had given me very ſmall Rewards, perhaps 'his Gratitude now moved him: but, what- 'ever was his Motive, he browbeat the In- 'formers againſt us, and treated their Evi- 'dence with ſo little Favour, that their Mouths 'were ſoon ſtopped, and we diſmiſſed with 'Honour; acquitted, I ſhould rather have 'ſaid: for we were not ſuffered to depart, till 'I had given the Judge ſeveral Tunes on the 'Fiddle.

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'WE escaped the better on this Occasion, 'because the Person robbed happened to be a 'Poet; which gave the Judge, who was a fa-'cetious Person, many Opportunities of jest-'ing. He said, Poets and Musicians should 'agree together, seeing they had married Si-'sters, which he afterwards explained to be 'the Sister Arts. And when the Piece of 'Gold was produced, he burst into a loud 'Laugh, and said it must be the golden Age 'when Poets had Gold in their Pockets, and 'in that Age there could be no Robbers. He 'made many more Jests of the same kind, 'but a small Taste will suffice.

'IT is a common Saying, that Men should 'take Warning by any signal Delivery; but 'I cannot approve the Justice of it: for to me 'it seems, that the Acquittal of a guilty Per-'son should rather inspire him with Confi-'dence, and it had this Effect on us: for 'we now laughed at the Law and despised its 'Punishments, which we found were to be e-'scaped even against positive Evidence. We ima-'gined the late Example was rather a Warn-'ing to the Accuser than the Criminal, and

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'accordingly proceeded in the moſt impudent 'and flagitious manner.

'AMONG other Robberies, one Night being 'admitted by the Servants into the Houſe of an 'opulent Prieſt, my Mother took an opportu- 'nity whilſt the Servants were dancing to my 'Tunes, to convey away a Silver Veſſel; this ſhe 'did without the leaſt ſacrilegious Intention: 'but it ſeems the Cup, which was a pretty large 'one, was dedicated to holy Uſes, and only 'borrowed by the Prieſt on an Entertainment 'which he made for ſome of his Brethren. 'We were immediately purſued upon this Rob- 'bery, (the Cup being taken in our poſſeſſion,) 'and carried before the ſame Magiſtrate, who 'had before behaved to us with ſo much Gen- 'tleneſs: but his Countenance was now chan- 'ged; for the moment the Prieſt appeared 'againſt us, his Severity was as remarkable as 'his Candour had been before, and we were 'both ordered to be ſtript and whipt through 'the Streets.

'THIS Sentence was executed with great 'Severity, the Prieſt himſelf attending and 'encouraging the Executioner, which he ſaid

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'he did for the good of our Souls: but though
'our Backs were both flea'd, neither my Mo-
'ther's Torments nor my own afflicted me ſo
'much, as the Indignity offered to my poor
'Fiddle, which was carried in Triumph be-
'fore me, and treated with a Contempt by
'the Multitude, intimating a great Scorn for
'the Science I had the Honour to profeſs;
'which, as it is one of the nobleſt Inventions
'of Men, and as I had been always in the high-
'eſt degree proud of my Excellence in it, I
'ſuffered ſo much from the ill Treatment my
'Fiddle received, that I would have given all
'my Remainder of Skin to have preſerved
'it from this Affront.

'MY Mother ſurvived the Whipping a
'very ſhort time, and I was now reduced to
'great Diſtreſs and Miſery; till a young *Ro-*
'*man* of conſiderable Rank took a fancy to
'me, received me into his Family, and con-
'verſed with me in the utmoſt Familiarity.
'He had a violent Attachment to Muſic, and
'would learn to play on the Fiddle: but
'through want of Genius for the Science, he
'never made any conſiderable progreſs. How-
'ever, I flattered his Performance, and he
'grew

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'grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing. 'Had I continued this Behaviour, I might 'possibly have reaped the greatest Advantages 'from his Kindness: but I had raised his 'own Opinion of his musical Abilities so high, 'that he now began to prefer his Skill to 'mine, a Presumption I could not bear. 'One day as we were playing in Concert, he 'was horribly out; nor was it possible, as he 'destroyed the Harmony, to avoid telling 'him of it. Instead of receiving my Correc- 'tion, he answered, It was my Blunder, and 'not his, and that I had mistaken the Key. 'Such an Affront from my own Scholar was 'beyond human Patience; I flew into a vio- 'lent Passion, I flung down my Instrument 'in a Rage, and swore, I was not to be taught 'Music at my Age. He answered with as 'much Warmth, nor was he to be instructed 'by a stroling Fiddler. The Dispute ended in a 'Challenge to play a Prize before Judges. This 'Wager was determined in my favour: but 'the Purchase was a dear one; for I lost my 'Friend by it, who now twitting me with 'all his Kindness, with my former ignomi- 'nious Punishment, and the destitute Condi-

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'tion from which I had been by his Bounty
'relieved, diſcarded me for ever.

'WHILE I lived with this Gentleman,
'I became known, among others to *Sabina*
'a Lady of Diſtinction, and who valued her
'ſelf much on her Taſte for Muſic. She
'no ſooner heard of my being diſcarded, than
'ſhe took me into her Houſe, where I was
'extremely well cloathed and fed. Notwith-
'ſtanding which, my Situation was far from
'agreeable: for I was obliged to ſubmit to
'her conſtant Reprehenſions before Com-
'pany; which gave me the greater Uneaſi-
'neſs, becauſe they were always wrong; nor
'am I certain that ſhe did not by theſe Pro-
'vocations contribute to my Death: for as Ex-
'perience had taught me to give up my Re-
'ſentment to my Bread, ſo my Paſſions, for
'want of outward Vent, preyed inwardly on
'my Vitals, and perhaps occaſioned the Diſ-
'temper of which I ſicken'd.

'THE Lady who, amidſt all the Faults ſhe
'found, was very fond of me; nay, probably
'was the fonder of me the more Faults ſhe
'found; immediately called in the Aid of
'three

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'three celebrated Phyſicians. The Doctors (be-
'ing well feed,) made me ſeven Viſits in three
'Days; and two of them were at the Door
'to viſit me the eighth time, when being
'acquainted that I was juſt dead, they ſhook
'their Heads and departed.

'WHEN I came to *Minos*, he aſked me
'with a Smile, whether I had brought my
'Fiddle with me; and receiving an Anſwer in
'the Negative, he bid me get about my bu-
'ſineſs, ſaying, it was well for me that the
'Devil was no Lover of Muſic.

CHAP. XVI.

The Hiſtory of the Wiſe Man.

'I Now returned to *Rome*, but in a very
'different Character. Fortune had now
'allotted me a ſerious Part to act. I had even
'in my Infancy a grave Diſpoſition, nor was
'I ever ſeen to ſmile; which infuſed an O-
'pinion into all about me, that I was a Child
'of great Solidity: ſome foreſeeing that I

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'ſhould be a Judge, and others a Biſhop. At 'two Years old my Father preſented me with' 'a Rattle, which I broke to pieces with great 'indignation. This the good Parent, being ex-'tremely wiſe, regarded as an eminent Symp-'tom of my Wiſdom, and cried out in a 'kind of Extaſy, *Well ſaid, Boy, I warrant 'thou makeſt a Great Man.*

'AT School, I could never be perſuaded 'to play with my Mates; not that I ſpent 'my Hours in Learning, to which I was not 'in the leaſt addicted, nor indeed had I any 'Talents for it. However, the Solemnity of 'my Carriage won ſo much on my Maſter, 'who was a moſt ſagacious Perſon, that I was 'his chief Favourite, and my Example on all Oc-'caſions was recommended to the other Boys, 'which filled them with Envy, and me with 'Pleaſure: but though they envied me, they 'all paid me that involuntary Reſpect, which 'it is the Curſe attending this Paſſion to bear 'towards its Object.

'I HAD now obtained univerſally the Cha-'racter of a very wiſe young Man, which I 'did not altogether purchaſe without Pains; for 'the

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'the Reſtraint I laid on my ſelf in abſtaining 'from the ſeveral Diverſions adapted to my 'Years, coſt me many a yearning: but the 'Pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fan-'cied Dignity of my Character, made me 'ſome Amends.

'THUS I paſt on, without any thing very 'memorable happening to me, till I arrived 'at the Age of Twenty-three; when unfor-'tunately I fell acquainted with a young *Nea-'politan* Lady, whoſe Name was *Ariadne*. 'Her Beauty was ſo exquiſite, that her firſt 'Sight made a violent Impreſſion on me; 'this was again improved by her Behaviour, 'which was moſt genteel, eaſy, and affable: 'Laſtly, her Converſation compleated the 'Conqueſt. In this ſhe diſcovered a ſtrong 'and lively Underſtanding, with the ſweeteſt 'and moſt benign Temper. This lovely 'Creature was about Eighteen when I firſt 'unhappily beheld her at *Rome*, in a Viſit to 'a Relation, with whom I had great Intima-'cy. As our Interviews at firſt were extreme-'ly frequent, my Paſſions were captivated be-'fore I apprehended the leaſt Danger; and the 'ſooner probably, as the young Lady herſelf 'to

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'to whom I conſulted every Method of Re-
'commendation, was not diſpleaſed with my
'being her Admirer.

'ARIADNE having ſpent three Months at
'*Rome*, now returned to *Naples*, bearing my
'Heart with her; on the other hand, I had
'all the Aſſurances conſiſtent with the con-
'ſtraint under which the moſt perfect Mode-
'ſty lays a young Woman, that her own
'Heart was not entirely unaffected. I ſoon
'found her Abſence gave me an Uneaſineſs
'not eaſy to be born, or to remove. I now
'firſt applied to Diverſions (of the graver ſort,
'particularly to Muſic) but in vain; they ra-
'ther raiſed my Deſires, and heightened my
'Anguiſh. My Paſſion at length grew ſo
'violent, that I began to think of ſatisfying
'it. As the firſt Step to this, I cautiouſly
'enquired into the Circumſtances of *Ariadne*'s
'Parents, with which I was hitherto unac-
'quainted; tho' indeed, I did not apprehend
'they were extremely great, notwithſtanding
'the handſome Appearance of their Daughter
'at *Rome*. Upon Examination, her Fortune
'exceeded my Expectation; but was not ſuf-
'ficient to juſtify my Marriage with her, in
'the

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'the Opinion of the Wiſe and Prudent. I 'had now a violent Struggle between Wiſ- 'dom and Happineſs, in which, after ſeveral 'grievous Pangs, Wiſdom got the better. I 'could by no means prevail with my ſelf to 'ſacrifice that Character of profound Wiſdom, 'which I had with ſuch uniform Conduct 'obtained, and with ſuch Caution hitherto 'preſerved. I therefore reſolved to conquer 'my Affection, whatever it coſt me, and 'indeed it did not coſt me a little.

'WHILE I was engaged in this Conflict, '(for it laſted a long time) *Ariadne* returned to '*Rome*: Her Preſence was a terrible Enemy 'to my Wiſdom, which even in her Abſence 'had with great difficulty ſtood its ground. 'It ſeems (as ſhe hath ſince told me in *Ely-* '*ſium* with much merriment) I had made 'the ſame Impreſſions on her which ſhe had 'made on me. Indeed, I believe my Wiſdom 'would have been totally ſubdued by this 'Surprize, had it not cunningly ſuggeſted to 'me a Method of ſatisfying my Paſſion with- 'out doing any Injury to my Reputation. 'This was by engaging her privately as a Mi- 'ſtreſs, which was at that time reputable 'enough

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'enough at *Rome*, provided the Affair was 'managed with an Air of Slyneſs and Gravity, 'tho' the Secret was known to the whole 'City.

'I IMMEDIATELY ſet about this Pro-'ject, and employed every Art and Engine to 'effect it. I had particularly bribed her Prieſt, 'and an old Female Acquaintance and diſtant 'Relation of hers into my Intereſt: but 'all was in vain; her Virtue oppoſed the Paſ-'ſion in her Breaſt as ſtrongly as Wiſdom had 'oppoſed it in mine. She received my Pro-'poſals with the utmoſt Diſdain, and preſently 'refuſed to ſee or hear from me any more.

'SHE returned again to *Naples*, and left 'me in a worſe Condition, than before. My 'Days I now paſſed with the moſt irkſome 'Uneaſineſs, and my Nights were reſtleſs and 'ſleepleſs. The Story of our Amour was 'now pretty public, and the Ladies talked of 'our Match as certain; but my Acquaintance 'denied their Aſſent, ſaying, No, no, 'he is too wiſe to marry ſo imprudently. 'This their Opinion gave me, I own, very 'great Pleaſure: but to ſay the truth, ſcarce com-

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'compensated the Pangs I suffered to pre-
'serve it.

'ONE day, while I was balancing with
'myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my
'Happiness, at the Price of my Character,
'a Friend brought me word, that *Ariadne*
'was married. This News struck me to the
'Soul, and tho' I had Resolution enough to
'maintain my Gravity before him, (for which
'I suffered not a little the more) the Moment
'I was alone, I threw myself into the most
'violent Fit of Despair, and would willingly
'have parted with Wisdom, Fortune, and
'every thing else, to have retrieved her: but
'that was impossible, and I had now nothing
'but Time to hope a Cure from. This was
'very tedious in performing it, and the longer
'as *Ariadne* had married a *Roman* Cavalier,
'was now become my near Neighbour, and
'I had the mortification of seeing her make
'the best of Wives, and of having the Hap-
'piness, which I had lost, every day before
'my Eyes.

'IF I suffered so much on account of my
'Wisdom, in having refused *Ariadne*, I was
not

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'not much more obliged to it, for procuring
'me a rich Widow, who was recommend-
'ed to me by an old Friend, as a very pru-
'dent Match, and, indeed, ſo it was; her
'Fortune being ſuperiour to mine, in the
'ſame Proportion as that of *Ariadne* had been
'inferiour. I therefore embraced this Pro-
'poſal, and my Character of Wiſdom ſoon
'pleaded ſo effectually for me with the Wi-
'dow, who was herſelf a Woman of great
'Gravity and Diſcretion, that I ſoon ſuc-
'ceeded; and as ſoon as Decency would per-
'mit, (of which this Lady was the ſtricteſt
'Obſerver) we were married; being the ſe-
'cond Day of the ſecond Week, of the ſecond
'Year, after her Huſband's Death: for ſhe
'ſaid, ſhe thought ſome Period of Time above
'the Year had a great Air of Decorum.

'BUT prudent as this Lady was, ſhe made
'me miſerable. Her Perſon was far from be-
'ing lovely; but her Temper was intolerable.
'During fifteen Years Habitation, I never
'paſſed a ſingle Day without heartily curſing
'her, and the Hour in which we came toge-
'ther. The only Comfort I received in the
'midſt of the higheſt Torments, was from
'continually

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'continually hearing the Prudence of my 'Match commended by all my Acquain- 'tance.

'THUS you ſee in the Affairs of Love, 'I bought the Reputation of Wiſdom pretty 'dear. In other Matters, I had it ſomewhat 'cheaper; not that Hypocriſy, which was the 'Price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have 'refuſed myſelf a thouſand little Amuſements 'with a feign'd Contempt, while I have really 'had an Inclination to them. I have often 'almoſt choaked myſelf to reſtrain from 'laughing at a Jeſt, and (which was perhaps 'to myſelf the leaſt hurtful of all my Hy- 'pocriſy) have heartily enjoyed a Book in 'my Cloſet, which I have ſpoke with de- 'teſtation of in public. To ſum up my 'Hiſtory in ſhort, as I had few Adventures 'worth remembring, my whole Life was one 'conſtant Lye; and happy would it have 'been for me, if I could as thoroughly have 'impoſed on myſelf, as I did on others: for 'Reflection, at every turn, would often 'remind me I was not ſo wiſe as People 'thought me; and this conſiderably embit- 'tered the Pleaſure I received from the 'public

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'public Commendation of my Wiſdom. 'This Self-Admonition, like a *Memento mori*, 'or *Mortalis es*, muſt be, in my opinion, a 'very dangerous Enemy to Flattery: indeed, 'a Weight ſufficient to counter-ballance all 'the falſe Praiſe of the World. But whether 'it be, that the generality of wiſe Men do 'not reflect at all, or whether they have, from 'a conſtant Impoſition on others, contracted 'ſuch a Habit of Deceit, as to deceive them-'ſelves; I will not determine: it is, I believe, 'moſt certain, that very few wiſe Men know 'themſelves what Fools they are, more than 'the World doth. Good Gods! could one 'but ſee what paſſes in the Cloſet of Wiſ-'dom! how ridiculous a Sight muſt it be to 'behold the wiſe Man, who deſpiſes gratify-'ing his Palate, devouring Cuſtard; the ſo-'ber wiſe Man with his Dram-bottle; or, 'the Anti-Carnaliſt (if I may be allowed the 'Expreſſion) chuckling over a B—y Book or 'Picture, and perhaps careſſing his Houſe-'Maid!.

'BUT to conclude a Character, in which 'I apprehend I made as abſurd a Figure, as 'in any in which I trod the Stage of Earth,

'my

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'my Wisdom at last put an end to itself; that 'is, occasioned my Dissolution.

'A Relation of mine in the Eastern 'Part of the Empire, disinherited his Son, and 'left me his Heir. This happened in the 'depth of Winter; when I was in my grand 'Climacteric, and had just recovered of a 'dangerous Disease. As I had all the Reason 'imaginable to apprehend the Family of the 'Deceased would conspire against me, and em-'bezzle as much as they could, I advised with 'a grave and wise Friend, what was proper 'to be done; whether I should go myself, or 'employ a Notary on this occasion, and defer 'my Journey to the Spring. To say the 'truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the 'rather, as my Circumstances were extremely 'flourishing, as I was advanced in Years, and 'had not one Person in the World, to whom I 'should with pleasure bequeath any Fortune 'at my Death.

'My Friend told me, he thought my 'Question admitted no manner of Doubt or 'Debate; that common Prudence absolutely 'required my immediate Departure; adding,

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'that if the ſame good luck had happened to 'him, he would have been already on his Jour-'ney: For, continued he, a Man who knows 'the World ſo well as you, would be inex-'cuſable to give Perſons ſuch an Opportunity 'of cheating you, who, you muſt be aſſured, 'will be too well inclined; and as for employ-'ing a Notary, remember that excellent 'Maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri 'poteſt per te.* I own the Badneſs of the Sea-'ſon, and your very late Recovery are un-'lucky Circumſtances: but a wiſe Man muſt 'get over Difficulties, when Neceſſity obliges 'him to encounter them.

'I WAS immediately determined by this 'Opinion. The Duty of a wiſe Man made 'an irreſiſtible Impreſſion, and I took the 'Neceſſity for granted, without Examination. 'I accordingly ſet forward the next Morning; 'very tempeſtuous Weather ſoon overtook 'me; I had not travelled three Days before I 'relapſed into my Fever, and died.

'I WAS now as cruelly diſappointed by '*Minos*, as I had formerly been happily ſo. 'I advanced with the utmoſt Confidence to

'the

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'the Gate, and really imagined I ſhould 'have been admitted by the Wiſdom of my 'Countenance, even without any Queſtions 'aſked: but this was not my Caſe; and to 'my great Surprize, *Minos*, with a menacing 'Voice, called out to me — You Mr. there, 'with the grave Countenance, whither ſo 'faſt, pray? Will you pleaſe, before you 'move any farther forwards, to give me a ſhort 'Account of your Tranſactions below. I 'then began, and recounted to him my whole 'Hiſtory, ſtill expecting, at the end of every 'Period, that the Gate would be ordered 'to fly open: but I was obliged to go quite 'through with it, and then *Minos*, after ſome 'little Conſideration, ſpoke to me as follows.

'You, Mr. *Wiſe-man*; ſtand forth, if 'you pleaſe. Believe me, Sir, a trip back 'again to Earth, will be one of the wiſeſt 'Steps you ever took, and really more to the 'Honour of your Wiſdom, than any you 'have hitherto taken. On the other ſide, no-'thing could be ſimpler, than to endeavour 'at *Elyſium*; for who, but a Fool, would 'carry a Commodity, which is of ſuch in-'finite Value in one Place, into another where

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'it is of none. But without attempting to 'offend your Gravity with a Jeſt, you muſt 'return to the Place from whence you came: 'for *Elyſium* was never deſigned for thoſe 'who are too wiſe to be happy.

'THIS Sentence confounded me greatly, 'eſpecially as it ſeemed to threaten me with 'carrying my Wiſdom back again to Earth. 'I told the Judge, tho' he would not admit 'me at the Gate, I hoped I had committed 'no Crime, while alive, which merited my 'being wiſe any longer. He anſwered me, I 'muſt take my Chance as to that matter, and 'immediately we turned our backs to each 'other.

CHAP. XVII.

Julian *enters into the Perſon of a King.*

'I WAS now born at *Oviedo* in *Spain*. 'My Father's Name was *Veremond*, and 'I was adopted by my Uncle, King *Alphonſo* 'the Chaſte. I don't recollect in all the Pil-

'grimages

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'grimages I have made on Earth, that I ever 'paſt a more miſerable Infancy than now; 'being under the utmoſt Confinement and 'Reſtraint, and ſurrounded with Phyſicians, 'who were ever doſing me; and Tutors, who 'were continually plaguing me with their 'Inſtructions; even thoſe Hours of Leiſure, 'which my Inclination would have ſpent in 'Play, were allotted to tedious Pomp and 'Ceremony, which at an Age wherein I had 'no Ambition to enjoy the Servility of Courtiers, 'enſlaved me more than it could the meaneſt 'of them. However, as I advanced towards 'Manhood, my Condition made me ſome 'Amends: for the moſt beautiful Women 'of their own accord threw out Lures for 'me, and I had the Happineſs, which no 'Man in an inferiour Degree can arrive at, 'of enjoying the moſt delicious Creatures, 'without the previous and tireſome Ceremo-'nies of Courtſhip, unleſs with the moſt ſim-'ple, young and unexperienced. As for the 'Court Ladies, they regarded me rather as Men 'do the moſt lovely of the other Sex; and 'tho' they outwardly retained ſome Appea-'rance of Modeſty, they in reality rather

'conſidered themſelves as receiving than con-
'ferring Favours.

'ANOTHER Happineſs I enjoyed, was in
'conferring Favours of another ſort; for as
'I was extremely good-natured and generous,
'ſo I had daily Opportunities of ſatisfying
'thoſe Paſſions. Beſides my own princely
'Allowance, which was very bountiful, and
'with which I did many liberal and good Ac-
'tions, I recommended numberleſs Perſons of
'Merit in Diſtreſs to the King's Notice,
'moſt of whom were provided for.

'INDEED, had I ſufficiently known my
'bleſt Situation at this time, I ſhould have
'grieved at nothing more than the Death of
'*Alphonſo*, by which the Burden of Govern-
'ment devolved upon me: but ſo blindly
'fond is Ambition, and ſuch Charms doth it
'fancy in the Power, and Pomp, and Splendor
'of a Crown, that tho' I vehemently loved
'that King, and had the greateſt Obligations
'to him, the Thoughts of ſucceeding him
'obliterated my Regret at his Loſs, and the
'Wiſh for my approaching Coronation dryed
'my Eyes at his Funeral.

'BUT

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'But my Fondneſs for the Name of 'King, did not make me forgetful of thoſe, 'over whom I was to reign. I conſidered 'them in the Light in which a tender Father 'regards his Children, as Perſons whoſe 'Well-being God had intruſted to my Care; 'and again, in that in which a prudent Lord 'reſpects his Tenants, as thoſe on whoſe 'Wealth and Grandeur he is to build his own. 'Both theſe Conſiderations inſpired me with 'the greateſt Care for their Welfare, and their 'Good was my firſt and ultimate Concern.

'The Uſurper *Maurregas* had impiouſly 'obliged himſelf, and his Succeſſors, to pay 'to the *Moors* every Year an infamous Tri- 'bute of a hundred young Virgins: from this 'cruel and ſcandalous Impoſition, I reſolved to 'relieve my Country. Accordingly, when their 'Emperor *Abderames* the Second had the 'Audaciouſneſs to make this Demand of me, 'inſtead of complying with it, I ordered his 'Ambaſſadors to be driven away with all 'imaginable Ignominy, and would have con- 'demned them to Death, could I have done

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'it without a manifeſt Violation of the Law
'of Nations.

'I Now raiſed an immenſe Army. At
'the levying of which, I made a Speech from
'my Throne, acquainting my Subjects with
'the Neceſſity, and the Reaſons of the War
'in which I was going to engage: which I
'convinced them I had undertaken for their
'Eaſe and Safety, and not for ſatisfying any
'wanton Ambition, or revenging any private
'Pique of my own. They all declared un-
'animouſly, that they would venture their
'Lives, and every thing dear to them in my
'Defence, and in the Support of the Honour
'of my Crown. Accordingly my Levies
'were inſtantly complete, ſufficient Num-
'bers being only left to till the Land; Church-
'men, even Biſhops themſelves, enliſting
'themſelves under my Banners.

'THE Armies met at *Alvelda*, where we
'were diſcomfited with immenſe Loſs, and
'nothing but the lucky Intervention of the
'Night could have ſaved our whole Army.

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'I RETREATED to the Summit of a Hill, 'where I abandoned myſelf to the higheſt 'Agonies of Grief, not ſo much for the Dan-'ger in which I then ſaw my Crown, as for 'the Loſs of thoſe miſerable Wretches, who 'had expoſed their Lives at my Command. 'I could not then avoid this Reflection; That 'if the Deaths of theſe People in a War, 'undertaken abſolutely for their Protection, 'could give me ſuch Concern; what Horrour 'muſt I have felt, if, like Princes greedy of 'Dominion, I had ſacrificed ſuch Numbers 'to my own Pride, Vanity, and ridiculous 'Luſt of Power.

'AFTER having vented my Sorrows for 'ſome time in this manner, I began to con-'ſider by what means I might poſſibly en-'deavour to retrieve this Misfortune; when 'reflecting on the great number of Prieſts I 'had in my Army, and on the prodigious 'Force of Superſtition, a Thought luckily 'ſuggeſted itſelf to me, to counterfeit that 'St. *James* had appeared to me in a Viſion, 'and had promiſed me the Victory. While 'I was ruminating on this, the Biſhop of

'*Najara*

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'*Najara* came opportunely to me. As I did 'not intend to communicate the Secret to 'him, I took another Method, and inſtead of 'anſwering any thing the Biſhop ſaid to me, 'I pretended to talk to St. *James*, as if he 'had been really preſent; till at length, after 'having ſpoke thoſe things, which I thought 'ſufficient, and thanked the Saint aloud for 'his Promiſe of the Victory, I turned about 'to the Biſhop, and embracing him with a 'pleaſed Countenance, proteſted I did not 'know he was preſent; and then informing 'him of this ſuppoſed Viſion, I aſked him, 'if he had not himſelf ſeen the Saint? He an-'ſwered me, he had; and afterwards proceed-'ed to aſſure me, that this Appearance of St. '*James* was entirely owing to his Prayers; 'for that he was his tutelar Saint. He added, 'he had a Viſion of him a few hours before, 'when he promiſed him a Victory over the 'Infidels, and acquainted him at the ſame 'time of the Vacancy of the See of *Toledo*. 'Now this News being really true, tho' it had 'happened ſo lately, that I had not heard of it, '(nor, indeed, was it well poſſible I ſhould, 'conſidering the great Diſtance of the Way) 'when I was aftewards acquainted with it, a

little

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'little ſtaggered me, tho' far from being 'ſuperſtitious; till being informed, that the 'Biſhop had loſt three Horſes on a late Ex-'pedition, I was ſatisfied.

'THE next Morning, the Biſhop, at my 'Deſire, mounted the Roſtrum, and trumpeted 'forth this Viſion ſo effectually, which he ſaid 'he had that Evening twice ſeen with his own 'Eyes, that a Spirit began to be infuſed 'through the whole Army, which rendered 'them ſuperiour to almoſt any Force: the 'Biſhop inſiſted, that the leaſt Doubt of Suc-'ceſs was giving the lye to the Saint, and a 'damnable Sin, and he took upon him in his 'Name to promiſe them Victory.

'THE Army being drawn out, I ſoon ex-'perienced the Effect of Enthuſiaſm, for 'having contrived another * Stratagem to 'ſtrengthen what the Biſhop had ſaid, the 'Soldiers fought more like Furies than Men. 'My Stratagem was this: I had about me a 'dextrous Fellow, who had been formerly a 'Pimp in my Amours. Him I dreſt up in a 'ſtrange

* This ſilly Story is told as a ſolemn Truth, (*i. e.* that St. *James* really appeared in the manner this Fellow is deſcribed) by *Mariana*, L. 7. §. 78.

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'ſtrange antick Dreſs, with a Pair of white 'Colours in his right Hand, a red Croſs 'in his left, and having diſguiſed him ſo, that 'no one could know him, I placed him on a 'white Horſe, and ordered him to ride to the 'Head of the Army, and cry out, *Follow St.* '*James.* Theſe Words were reiterated by all 'the Troops, who attacked the Enemy with 'ſuch Intrepidity, that notwithſtanding our 'Inferiority of Numbers, we ſoon obtained a 'complete Victory.

'THE Biſhop was come up by the time 'that the Enemy was routed, and acquaint-'ing us, that he had met St. *James* by the 'way, and that he had informed him of 'what had paſt, he added, that he had ex-'preſs Orders from the Saint, to receive a 'conſiderable Sum for his Uſe, and that a 'certain Tax on Corn and Wine ſhould be 'ſettled on his Church for ever; and laſtly, 'that a Horſeman's Pay ſhould be allowed 'for the future to the Saint himſelf, of which 'he and his Succeſſors were appointed Re-'ceivers. The Army received theſe Demands 'with ſuch Acclamations, that I was obliged 'to comply with them, as I could by no

'means

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'means discover the Imposition, nor do I be-
'lieve I should have gained any Credit if I
'had.

'I HAD now done with the Saint, but
'the Bishop had not; for about a Week af-
'terwards, Lights were seen in a Wood near
'where the Battle was fought; and in a short
'time afterwards, they discovered his Tomb
'at the same Place. Upon this, the Bishop
'made me a Visit, and forced me to go thither
'to build a Church to him, and largely en-
'dow it. In a word, the good Man so
'plagued me with Miracle after Miracle, that
'I was forced to make interest with the
'Pope to convey him to *Toledo*, to get rid
'of him.

'BUT to proceed to other Matters.—
'There was an inferiour Officer, who had
'behaved very bravely in the Battle against the
'*Moors*, and had received several Wounds,
'who solicited me for Preferment; which I
'was about to confer on him, when one of
'my Ministers came to me in a Fright, and
'told me, that he had promised the Post I
'designed for this Man to the Son of Count
'*Alderedo*;

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'*Alderedo*; and that the Count, who was a 'powerful Person, would be greatly disobliged at the Refusal, as he had sent for his 'Son from School to take possession of it. I 'was obliged to agree with my Minister's Reasons, and at the same time recommended 'the wounded Soldier to be preferred by him; 'which he faithfully promised he would: but 'I met the poor Wretch since in *Elysium*, 'who informed me he was afterwards starved 'to death.

'NONE, who hath not been himself a 'Prince, nor any Prince, till his Death, can 'conceive the Impositions daily put on them 'by their Favourites and Ministers; so that 'Princes are often blamed for the Faults of 'others. The Count of *Saldagne*, had been 'long confined in Prison, when his Son 'D. *Bernard del Carpio*, who had performed 'the greatest Actions against the *Moors*, en'treated me as a Reward for his Service, to 'grant him his Father's Liberty. The old 'Man's Punishment had been so tedious, and 'the Services of the young one so singularly 'eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant 'the Request: but my Ministers strongly op-

'posed

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'poſed it. They told me, *My Glory de-*
'*manded Revenge for the Diſhonour offered to*
'*my Family; that ſo poſitive a Demand car-*
'*ried with it rather the Air of Menace than*
'*Entreaty. That the vain Detail of his Ser-*
'*vices, and the Recompence due to them, was*
'*an injurious Reproach. That to grant what*
'*had been ſo haughtily demanded, would argue*
'*in the Monarch both Weakneſs and Timi-*
'*dity; in a word, that to remit the Pu-*
'*niſhment inflicted by my Predeceſſors, would*
'*be to condemn their Judgment. Laſtly, one*
'*told me in a Whiſper, his whole Family are*
'*Enemies to your Houſe.* By theſe means the
'Miniſters prevailed. The young Lord
'took the Refuſal ſo ill, that he retired from
'Court, and abandoned himſelf to Deſpair,
'whilſt the old one languiſhed in Priſon. By
'which means, as I have ſince diſcovered, I
'loſt the Uſe of two of my beſt Subjects.

'To confeſs the Truth, I had by means of
'my Miniſters conceived a very unjuſt Opi-
'nion of my whole People, whom I fancied
'to be daily conſpiring againſt me, and to en-
'tertain the moſt diſloyal Thoughts; when in
'reality (as I have known ſince my death)

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'they held me in universal Respect and E-
'steem. This is a Trick, I believe, too often
'played with Sovereigns, who by such Means
'are prevented from that open Intercourse
'with their Subjects, which as it would great-
'ly endear the Person of the Prince to the
'People, so might it often prove dangerous to
'a Minister, who was consulting his own In-
'terest only at the expence of both. I believe
'I have now recounted to you the most ma-
'terial Passages of my Life; for I assure you,
'there are some Incidents in the Lives of
'Kings not extremely worth relating. Every
'thing which passes in their Minds and Fami-
'lies, is not attended with the Splendor which
'surrounds their Throne: indeed, there are
'some Hours wherein the naked King and the
'naked Cobler can scarce be distinguished
'from each other.

'HAD it not been, however, for my In-
'gratitude to *Bernard del Carpio*, I believe
'this would have been my last Pilgrimage
'on Earth: for as to the Story of St. *James*,
'I thought *Minos* would have burst his Sides
'at it: but he was so displeased with me on
'the other account, that with a Frown, he
'cried

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'cried out, Get thee back again, King. Nor 'would he ſuffer me to ſay another Word.

CHAP. XVIII.

Julian *paſſes into a Fool.*

'THE next Viſit I made to the World, was performed in *France*, where I 'was born in the Court of *Lewis* III. and 'had afterwards the Honour to be preferred to 'be Fool to the Prince, who was ſurnamed '*Charles the Simple.* But in reality, I know 'not whether I might ſo properly be ſaid to 'have acted the Fool in his Court, as to have 'made Fools of all others in it. Certain it is, 'I was very far from being what is generally 'underſtood by that Word, being a moſt cun- 'ning, deſigning, arch Knave. I knew very 'well the Folly of my Maſter and of many 'others, and how to make my advantage of 'this Knowledge. I was as dear to *Charles* '*the Simple*, as the Player *Paris* was to *Do-* '*mitian*, and, like him, beſtowed all manner 'of Offices and Honours on whom I pleaſed.

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'This drew me a great Number of Follow-
'ers among the Courtiers, who really miſtook
'me for a Fool, and yet flattered my Under-
'ſtanding. There was particularly in the Court
'a Fellow, who had neither Honour, Ho-
'neſty, Senſe, Wit, Courage, Beauty, nor
'indeed any one good Quality either of Mind
'or Body, to recommend him: but was at
'the ſame time, perhaps, as cunning a Mon-
'ſter as ever lived. This Gentleman took
'it into his head to liſt under my Banner,
'and purſued me ſo very aſſiduouſly with
'Flattery, conſtantly reminding me of my
'good Senſe, that I grew immoderately fond
'of him: for tho' Flattery is not moſt judi-
'ciouſly applied to Qualities which the Per-
'ſons flattered poſſeſs, yet as, notwithſtand-
'ing my being well aſſured of my own Parts,
'I paſt in the whole Court for a Fool, this
'Flattery was a very ſweet Morſel to me. I
'therefore got this Fellow preferred to a Bi-
'ſhopric, but I loſt my Flatterer by it: for
'he never afterwards ſaid a civil Thing to
me.

'I NEVER baulked my Imagination for
'the Groſſneſs of the Reflection on the Cha-
'racter

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'racter of the greateſt Noble, nay even the 'King himſelf; of which, I will give you 'a very bold Inſtance. One day, his ſimple 'Majeſty told me, he believed I had ſo much 'Power, that his People looked on me as the 'King, and himſelf as my Fool. At this I 'pretended to be angry as with an Affront. 'Why, how now, ſays the King; Are you 'aſhamed of being a King? No Sir, ſays I; 'but I am deviliſhly aſhamed of my Fool.

'HEBERT, Earl of *Vermandois*, had by 'my means been reſtored to the Favour of '*The Simple*, (for ſo I uſed always to call '*Charles*.) He afterwards prevailed with the 'King to take the City of *Arras* from Earl '*Baldwin*, by which means *Hebert* in ex-'change for this City had *Peronne* reſtored 'to him by Count *Altmar*. *Baldwin* came 'to Court, in order to procure the Reſtoration 'of his City; but, either through Pride or Ig-'norance, neglected to apply to me. As I 'met him at Court during his Solicitation, I 'told him he did not apply the right way; 'he anſwered roughly, he ſhould not aſk a 'Fool's Advice. I replied, I did not wonder 'at his Prejudice; ſince he had miſcarried al-

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'ready by following a Fool's Advice: but I 'told him, there were Fools, who had more 'Intereſt than that he had brought with him 'to Court. He anſwered me ſurlily, he had 'no Fool with him, for that he travelled a-'lone.—Ay, my Lord, ſays I, I often travel 'alone, and yet they will have it I always car-'ry a Fool with me. This raiſed a Laugh 'among the By-ſtanders, on which he gave 'me a Blow. I immediately complained of 'this Uſage to *The Simple*, who diſmiſſed the 'Earl from Court with very hard Words, in-'ſtead of granting him the Favour he ſolici-'ted.

'I GIVE you theſe rather as a Specimen of 'my Intereſt and Impudence than of my Wit; 'indeed my Jeſts were commonly more ad-'mired than they ought to be: for perhaps, 'I was not in reality much more a Wit 'than a Fool. But with the Latitude of un-'bounded Scurrility, it is eaſy enough to at-'tain the Character of Wit, eſpecially in a 'Court, where, as all Perſons hate and envy 'one another heartily, and are at the ſame 'time obliged by the conſtrained Behaviour 'of Civility to profeſs the greateſt Liking, ſo

'it

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'it is and must be wonderfully pleasant to 'them to see the Follies of their Acquaintance 'exposed by a third Person. Besides, the 'Opinion of the Court is as uniform as the 'Fashion, and is always guided by the Will 'of the Prince or of the Favourite. I doubt 'not that *Caligula*'s Horse was universally 'held in his Court to be a good and able Con-'sul. In the same manner was I universally 'acknowledged to be the wittiest Fool in 'the World. Every Word I said raised 'Laughter, and was held to be a Jest, espe-'cially by the Ladies; who sometimes laughed 'before I had discovered my Sentiment, and 'often repeated that as a Jest which I did 'not even intend as one.

'I WAS as severe on the Ladies as on the 'Men, and with the same Impunity; but 'this at last cost me dear: for once having 'joked the Beauty of a Lady, whose Name 'was *Adelaide*, a Favourite of *the Simple*'s; 'she pretended to smile and be pleased at 'my Wit with the rest of the Company; 'but in reality, she highly resented it, and 'endeavoured to undermine me with the 'King. In which she so greatly succeeded

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'(for what can't a favourite Woman do with
'one who deſerves the Surname of *Simple?*)
'that the King grew every day more reſerved
'to me, and when I attempted any Freedom,
'gave me ſuch Marks of his Diſpleaſure; that
'the Courtiers (who have all Hawk's Eyes at
'a Slight from the Sovereign) ſoon diſcerned
'it: and indeed, had I been blind enough
'not to have diſcovered that I had loſt ground
'in the *Simple*'s Favour, by his own Change
'in his Carriage towards me, I muſt have
'found it, nay even felt it, in the Behaviour of
'the Courtiers: for as my Company was two
'days before ſolicited with the utmoſt Eager-
'neſs, it was now rejected with as much Scorn.
'I was now the Jeſt of the Uſhers and Pages;
'and an Officer of the Guards, on whom I
'was a little jocoſe, gave me a Box on the Ear,
'bidding me make free with my Equals. This
'very Fellow had been my Butt for many
'Years, without daring to lift his Hand a-
'gainſt me.

'BUT tho' I viſibly perceived the Alte-
'ration in the *Simple*, I was utterly unable to
'make any Gueſs at the Occaſion. I had
'not the leaſt Suſpicion of *Adelaide*: for be-
'ſides her being a very good-humour'd Wo-
'man,

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'man, I had often made ſevere Jeſts on her 'Reputation, which I had all the reaſon 'imaginable to believe had given her no Of- 'fence. But I ſoon perceived, that a Woman 'will bear the moſt bitter Cenſures on her 'Morals, eaſier than the ſmalleſt Reflection 'on her Beauty: for ſhe now declared pub- 'lickly, that I ought to be diſmiſt from 'Court, as the ſtupideſt of Fools, and one in 'whom there was no Diverſion; and that 'ſhe wondered how any Perſon could have ſo 'little Taſte, as to imagine I had any Wit. 'This Speech was echoed through the Draw- 'ing Room, and agreed to by all preſent. E- 'very one now put on an unuſual Gravity on 'their Countenance whenever I ſpoke; and 'it was as much out of my power to raiſe 'a Laugh, as formerly it had been for me to 'open my Mouth without one.

'WHILE my Affairs were in this po- 'ſture, I went one day into the Circle, 'without my Fool's Dreſs. The *Simple*, who 'would ſtill ſpeak to me, cried out, So, Fool, 'what's the matter now? Sir, anſwered I 'Fools are like to be ſo common a Commo- 'dity at Court, that I am weary of my Coat.

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'How doſt thou mean, anſwered the *Simple*; 'What can make them commoner now than 'uſual?——O, Sir, ſaid I, there are Ladies 'here make your Majeſty a Fool every Day 'of their Lives. The *Simple* took no notice 'of my Jeſt, and ſeveral preſent ſaid my Bones 'ought to be broke for my Impudence; but 'it pleaſed the Queen, who knowing *Ade-* '*laide*, whom ſhe hated, to be the Cauſe of 'my Diſgrace, obtained me of the King, and 'took me into her Service; ſo that I was 'henceforth called the Queen's Fool, and in 'her Court received the ſame Honour, and 'had as much Wit as I had formerly had in 'the King's. But as the Queen had really no 'Power unleſs over her own Domeſtics, I 'was not treated in general with that Com- 'placence, nor did I receive thoſe Bribes and 'Preſents, which had once fallen to my 'ſhare.

'Nor did this confined Reſpect continue 'long: for the Queen, who had in fact no 'Taſte for Humour, ſoon grew ſick of my 'Foolery, and forgetting the Cauſe for which 'ſhe had taken me, neglected me ſo much, 'that

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'that her Court grew intolerable to my Tem-
'per, and I broke my Heart and died.

'MINOS laughed heartily at several things
'in my Story, and then telling me, No one
'played the Fool in *Elysium*, bid me go back
'again.

CHAP. XIX.

Julian *appears in the Character of a Beggar.*

'I Now returned to *Rome*, and was born
'into a very poor and numerous Family,
'which, to be honest with you, procured its
'Livelihood by Begging. This, if you was
'never yourself of the Calling, you do not
'know, I suppose, to be as regular a Trade
'as any other; to have its several Rules and
'Secrets, or Mysteries, which to learn re-
'quire perhaps as tedious an Apprenticeship
'as those of any Craft whatever.

'THE first thing we are taught is *the Coun-
'tenance miserable*. This indeed Nature makes
'much easier to some than others: but there
'are

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'are none who cannot accompliſh it, if they 'begin early enough in Youth, and before 'the Muſcles are grown too ſtubborn.

'THE ſecond Thing is, *the Voice lamen-* 'table. In this Qualification too, Nature 'muſt have her ſhare in producing the moſt 'conſummate Excellence: however, Art will 'here, as in every other Inſtance, go a great 'way with Induſtry and Application, even 'without the Aſſiſtance of Genius; eſpecially 'if the Student begins young.

'THERE are many other Inſtructions: but 'theſe are the moſt conſiderable. The Wo- 'men are taught one Practice more than the 'Men; for they are inſtructed in the Art 'of Crying, that is, to have their Tears rea- 'dy on all Occaſions: but this is attained 'very eaſily by moſt. Some indeed arrive at 'the utmoſt Perfection in this Art with incre- 'dible Facility.

'No Profeſſion requires a deeper Inſight 'into human Nature, than the Beggar's. Their 'Knowledge of the Paſſions of Men is ſo ex- 'tenſive, that I have often thought, it would 'be

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'be of no little ſervice to a Politician to 'have his Education among them. Nay, 'there is a much greater Analogy between 'theſe two Characters than is imagined: for 'both concur in their firſt and grand Prin-'ciple, it being equally their Buſineſs to de-'lude and impoſe on Mankind. It muſt be 'confeſt, that they differ widely in the De-'gree of Advantage, which they make by 'their Deceit: for, whereas the Beggar is 'contented with a little, the Politician leaves 'but a little behind.

'A VERY great *Engliſh* Philoſopher hath 'remarked our Policy, in taking Care never 'to addreſs any one with a Title inferiour to 'what he really claims. My Father was of 'the ſame Opinion: for I remember when I 'was a Boy, the Pope happening to paſs by, 'I attended him with Pray Sir; for God's 'ſake, Sir; for the Lord's ſake, Sir.—To which 'he anſwered gravely, *Sirrah, Sirrah, you ought 'to be whipt, for taking the Lord's Name in 'vain*; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave 'me nothing. My Father over-hearing this, 'took his Advice and whipt me very ſeverely. 'While I was under Correction, I promiſed

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'often never to take the Lord's Name in vain 'any more. My Father then ſaid, Child, I 'do not whip you for taking his Name in 'vain: I whip you for not calling the Pope '*his Holineſs*.

'IF all Men were ſo wiſe and good to fol-'low the Clergy's Example, the Nuſance of 'Beggars would ſoon be removed. I do not re-'member to have been above twice relieved by 'them during my whole State of Beggary. Once 'was by a very well-looking Man, who gave 'me a ſmall Piece of Silver, and declared, he 'had given me more than he had left him-'ſelf; the other was by a ſpruce young Fel-'low, who had that very day firſt put on 'his Robes, whom I attended with *Pray*, '*Reverend Sir, good Reverend Sir, conſider* '*your Cloth.* He anſwered, *I do, Child, conſi-der my Office, and I hope all of our Cloth do* '*the ſame.* He then threw down ſome Money, 'and ſtrutted off with great Dignity.

'WITH the Women, I had one general 'Formulary: *Sweet pretty Lady, God bleſs* '*your Ladyſhip, God bleſs your handſome Face.* 'This generally ſucceeded; but I obſerved, the 'uglier

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'uglier the Woman was, the ſurer I was of 'Succeſs.

'IT was a conſtant Maxim among us, 'that the greater Retinue any one travelled 'with, the leſs Expectation we might promiſe 'ourſelves from them; but whenever we ſaw 'a Vehicle with a ſingle, or no Servant, we 'imagined our Booty ſure, and were ſeldom 'deceived.

'WE obſerved great Difference intro-'duced by Time and Circumſtance in the 'ſame Perſon: for inſtance, a loſing Game-'ſter is ſometimes generous; but from a 'Winner, you will as eaſily obtain his Soul, as 'a ſingle Groat. A Lawyer travelling from 'his Country Seat to his Clients at *Rome*, and 'a Phyſician going to viſit a Patient, were al-'ways worth aſking: but the ſame on their 'Return were (according to our Cant Phraſe) '*untouchable*.

'THE moſt general, and indeed, the trueſt 'Maxim among us, was, That thoſe who 'poſſeſs'd the leaſt were always the readieſt to 'give. The chief Art of a Beggarman is 'therefore to diſcern the Rich from the Poor,

'which,

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'which, tho' it be only diſtinguiſhing Sub-
'ſtance from Shadow, is by no means at-
'tainable without a pretty good Capacity,
'and a vaſt Degree of Attention: for theſe
'two are eternally induſtrious in endeavouring
'to counterfeit each other. In this Deceit,
'the poor Man is more heartily in earneſt
'to deceive you, than the Rich; who amidſt
'all the Emblems of Poverty which he puts
'on, ſtill permits ſome mark of his Wealth
'to ſtrike the Eye. Thus, while his Ap-
'parel is not worth a Groat, his Finger wears
'a Ring of Value, or his Pocket a Gold
'Watch. In a word, he ſeems rather to af-
'fect Poverty to inſult, than impoſe on you.
'Now the poor Man, on the contrary, is very
'ſincere in his Deſire of paſſing for rich;
'but the Eagerneſs of this Deſire, hurries
'him to over-act his Part, and he betrays
'himſelf, as one who is drunk by his over-
'acted Sobriety. Thus, inſtead of being
'attended by one Servant well mounted, he
'will have two; and not being able to pur-
'chaſe or maintain a ſecond Horſe of Value,
'one of his Servants at leaſt is mounted on a
'hired Raſcallion. He is not contented to go
'plain and neat in his Clothes; he therefore
'claps

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'claps on ſome taudry Ornament, and what 'he adds to the Fineneſs of his Veſtment, 'he detracts from the Fineneſs of his Linnen. 'Without deſcending into more minute Par- 'ticulars, I believe I may aſſert it as an Ax- 'iom of indubitable Truth, That whoever 'ſhews you he is either in himſelf, or his 'Equipage, as gaudy as he can, convinces you 'he is more ſo than he can afford. Now 'whenever a Man's Expence exceeds his In- 'come, he is indifferent in the Degree; we had 'therefore nothing more to do with ſuch, 'than to flatter them with their Wealth and 'Splendor, and were always certain of Succeſs.

'THERE is, indeed, one kind of rich 'Man, who is commonly more liberal, name- 'ly, where Riches ſurprize him as it were, 'in the midſt of Poverty and Diſtreſs, the 'Conſequence of which is, I own, ſome- 'times exceſſive Avarice; but oftner extreme 'Prodigality. I remember one of theſe, who 'having received a pretty large Sum of Mo- 'ney, gave me, when I begged an Obolus, 'a whole Talent; on which his Friend having 'reproved him, he anſwered with an Oath, 'Why not? Have I not fifty left?

'THE

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'THE Life of a Beggar, if Men eſti-
'mated things by their real Eſſence, and not
'by their outward falſe Appearance, would be,
'perhaps, a more deſirable Situation than
'any of thoſe, which Ambition perſuades us
'with ſuch Difficulty, Danger, and often
'Villany, to aſpire to. The Wants of a Beg-
'gar are commonly as chimerical as the A-
'bundance of a Nobleman; for beſides Va-
'nity, which a judicious Beggar will always
'apply to with wonderful Efficacy, there are in
'reality very few Natures ſo hardened, as not
'to compaſſionate Poverty and Diſtreſs,
'when the Predominancy of ſome other
'Paſſion doth not prevent them.

'THERE is one Happineſs which attends
'Money got with eaſe, namely, that it is never
'hoarded; otherwiſe, as we have frequent
'Opportunities of growing rich, that Canker
'Care might prey on our Quiet, as it doth on
'others: but our Money Stock we ſpend as
'faſt as we acquire it; uſually at leaſt, for
'I ſpeak not without exception; thus it
'gives us mirth only, and no trouble. In-
deed, the Luxury of our Lives might intro-
'duce Diſeaſes, did not our daily Exerciſe pre-
'vent them. This gives us Appetite and Re-
'liſh

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'liſh for our Dainties, and at the ſame time, 'an Antidote againſt the evil Effects, which 'Sloth, united with Luxury, induces on the 'Habit of a human Body. Our Women we 'enjoy with Extaſies, at leaſt equal to what 'the greateſt Men feel in their Embraces. 'I can, I am aſſured, ſay of myſelf, that no 'Mortal could reap more perfect Happineſs 'from the tender Paſſion, than my Fortune 'had decreed me. I married a charming 'young Woman for Love, ſhe was the Daugh-'ter of a neighbouring Beggar, who with an 'Improvidence too often ſeen, ſpent a very 'large Income, which he procured by his 'Profeſſion, ſo that he was able to give her 'no Fortune down; however, at his Death, 'he left her a very well-accuſtomed Begging-'Hut, ſituated on the ſide of a ſteep Hill, 'where Travellers could not immediately eſ-'cape from us, and a Garden adjoining, being 'the 28th Part of an Acre, well planted. She 'made the beſt of Wives, bore me nineteen 'Children, and never failed, unleſs on her 'Lying-in, which generally laſted three 'Days, to get my Supper ready, againſt my 'return home in an Evening; this being my 'favourite Meal, and at which I, as well as

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'my whole Family, greatly enjoyed ourſelves; 'the principal Subject of our Diſcourſe, being 'generally the Boons we had that day obtain- 'ed, on which occaſions laughing at the Folly 'of the Donors, made no inconſiderable Part 'of the Entertainment: for whatever might 'be their Motive for giving, we conſtantly im- 'puted our Succeſs to our having flattered 'their Vanity, or over-reached their Under- 'ſtanding.

'BUT, perhaps, I have dwelt too long 'on this Character; I ſhall conclude therefore 'with telling you, that after a Life of 102 Years 'Continuance, during all which I had never 'known any Sickneſs or Infirmity, but that 'which Old Age neceſſarily induced, I at laſt, 'without the leaſt Pain, went out like the 'Snuff of a Candle.

'MINOS having heard my Hiſtory, bid 'me compute, if I could, how many Lyes 'I had told in my Life. As we are here by a 'certain fated Neceſſity, obliged to confine 'ourſelves to Truth, I anſwered, I believed 'about 50,000,000. He then replyed with 'a Frown, Can ſuch a Wretch conceive any

'Hopes

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'Hopes of entering *Elysium?* I immediately 'turned about, and, upon the whole, was re-'joiced at his not calling me back.

CHAP. XX.

Julian *performs the Part of a Statesman.*

'IT was now my fortune to be born of a '*German* Princess; but a Man-Widwife 'pulling my Head off, in delivering my Mo-'ther, put a speedy end to my princely Life.

'SPIRITS, who end their Lives before 'they are at the Age of five Years, are im-'mediately ordered into other Bodies; and it 'was now my fortune to perform several In-'fancies, before I could again entitle myself to 'an Examination of *Minos*.

'AT length I was destined once more to 'play a considerable Part on the Stage. I 'was born in *England*, in the Reign of *E-'theldred* II. My Father's Name was *Ulnoth*. 'He was Earl or Thane of *Sussex:* I was af-

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'terwards known by the Name of Earl *Good-*
'*win*, and began to make a conſiderable Fi-
'gure in the World, in the time of *Harold*
'*Hareſoot*, whom I procured to be made
'King of *Weſſex*, or the *Weſt Saxons*, in pre-
'judice of *Hardicanute*, whoſe Mother *Em-*
'*ma* endeavoured afterwards to ſet another of
'her Sons on the Throne: but I circumvented
'her, and communicating her Deſign to the
'King, at the ſame time acquainted him with
'a Project, which I had formed for the Mur-
'der of theſe two young Princes. *Emma* had
'ſent for theſe her Sons from *Normandy*, with
'the King's Leave, whom ſhe had deceived
'by her religious Behaviour, and pretended
'Neglect of all worldly Affairs; but I pre-
'vailed with *Harold* to invite theſe Princes to
'his Court, and put them to death. The
'prudent Mother ſent only *Alfred*, retaining
'*Edward* to herſelf, as ſhe ſuſpected my ill
'Deſigns, and thought I ſhould not venture to
'execute them on one of her Sons, while
'ſhe ſecured the other: but ſhe was deceived,
'for I had no ſooner *Alfred* in my poſſeſſion,
'than I cauſed him to be conducted to *Ely*,
'where I ordered his Eyes to be put out,
'and

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'and afterwards to be confined in a Mo-'naſtery.

'THIS was one of thoſe cruel Expedients, 'which great Men ſatisfy themſelves well in 'executing, by concluding them to be ne-'ceſſary to the Service of their Prince, who 'is the Support of their Ambition.

'EDWARD, the other Son of *Emma*, eſ-'caped again to *Normandy*; whence, after the 'Death of *Harold* and *Hardicanute*, he made 'no ſcruple of applying to my Protection and 'Favour, tho' he had before proſecuted me 'with all the Vengeance he was able, for the 'Murder of his Brother: but in all great 'Affairs, private Relation muſt yield to public 'Intereſt. Having therefore concluded very 'advantagious Terms for myſelf with him, I 'made no ſcruple of patronizing his Cauſe, 'and ſoon placed him on the Throne. Nor 'did I conceive the leaſt Apprehenſion from 'his Reſentment, as I knew my Power was 'too great for him to encounter.

'AMONG other ſtipulated Conditions, one 'was to marry my Daughter *Editha*. This

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'*Edward* conſented to, with great Reluctance,
'and I had afterwards no reaſon to be pleaſed
'with it: for it raiſed her, who had been my
'favourite Child, to ſuch an Opinion of Great-
'neſs, that inſtead of paying me the uſual
'Reſpect, ſhe frequently threw in my teeth,
'(as often at leaſt as I gave her any Admo-
'nition) that ſhe was now a Queen, and that
'the Character and Title of Father merged
'in that of Subject. This Behaviour, how-
'ever, did not cure me of my Affection to-
'wards her, nor leſſen the Uneaſineſs, which
'I afterwards bore on *Edward*'s diſmiſſing her
'from his Bed.

'ONE thing, which principally induced
'me to labour the Promotion of *Edward*,
'was the Simplicity or Weakneſs of that
'Prince, under whom I promiſed myſelf ab-
'ſolute Dominion, under another Name.
'Nor did this Opinion deceive me: for during
'his whole Reign, my Adminiſtration was in
'the higheſt degree deſpotic, I had every
'thing of Royalty, but the outward Enſigns:
'No Man ever applying for a Place, or any
'kind of Preferment, but to me only. A Cir-
'cumſtance, which as it greatly enriched my
'Coffers,

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'Coffers, ſo it no leſs pampered my Ambition,
'and ſatisfied my Vanity with a numerous
'Attendance; and I had the pleaſure of ſee-
'ing thoſe, who only bowed to the King,
'proſtrating themſelves before me.

'EDWARD the Confeſſor, or St. *Edward*, as
'ſome have called him in deriſion, I ſup-
'poſe, being a very ſilly Fellow, had all the
'Faults incident, and almoſt inſeparable, to
'Fools. He married my Daughter *Editha*,
'from his fear of diſobliging me; and after-
'terwards, out of hatred to me, refuſed
'even to conſummate his Marriage, tho' ſhe
'was one of the moſt beautiful Women of
'her Age. He was likewiſe guilty of the
'baſeſt Ingratitude to his Mother, (a Vice to
'which Fools are chiefly, if not only liable)
'and in return for her Endeavours to procure
'him a Throne in his Youth, confined her in a
'loathſome Priſon, in her old Age. This, it
'is true, he did by my Advice: but as to her
'walking over nine Plowſhares red-hot, and
'giving nine Manors, when ſhe had not one
'in her poſſeſſion, there is not a ſyllable of
'Veracity in it.

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'THE first great Perplexity I fell into, 'was on the account of my Son *Swane*, who 'had deflowered the Abbeſs of *Leon*, ſince 'called *Leominſter* in *Herefordſhire*. After 'this Fact, he retired into *Denmark*, whence 'he ſent to me, to obtain his Pardon. The 'King at firſt refuſed it; being moved thereto, 'as I afterwards found, by ſome Churchmen, 'particularly by one of his Chaplains, whom 'I had prevented from obtaining a Biſhoprick. 'Upon this, my Son *Swane* invaded the Coaſts 'with ſeveral Ships, and committed many 'outragious Cruelties; which, indeed, did his 'buſineſs, as they ſerved me to apply to the 'Fear of this King, which I had long ſince 'diſcovered to be his predominant Paſſion. 'And at laſt, he who had refuſed Pardon to 'his firſt Offence, ſubmitted to give it him, 'after he had committed many other more 'monſtrous Crimes; by which his Pardon loſt 'all Grace to the Offended, and received dou-'ble Cenſure from all others.

'THE King was greatly inclined to the '*Normans*, had created a *Norman* Archbiſhop 'of *Canterbury*, and had heaped extraor-'dinary

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'dinary Favours on him. I had no other 'Objection to this Man, than that he roſe 'without my Aſſiſtance; a Cauſe of Diſlike, 'which in the Reign of great and powerful 'Favourites, hath often proved fatal to the Per-'ſons who have given it, as the Perſons thus 'raiſed, inſpire us conſtantly with Jealouſies 'and Apprehenſions. For when we promote 'any one ourſelves, we take effectual Care to 'preſerve ſuch an Aſcendant over him, that 'we can at any time reduce him to his former 'Degree, ſhould he dare to act in oppoſition 'to our Wills: for which reaſon we never 'ſuffer any to come near the Prince, but 'ſuch as we are aſſured it is impoſſible 'ſhould be capable of engaging or improving 'his Affection; no Prime-Miniſter, as I ap-'prehend, eſteeming himſelf to be ſafe, while 'any other ſhares the Ear of his Prince, of 'whom we are as jealous as the fondeſt Huſ-'band can be of his Wife. Whoever, there-'fore, can approach him by any other Chan-'nel than that of ourſelves, is in our opinion 'a declared Enemy, and one, whom the firſt 'Principles of Policy oblige us to demoliſh 'with the utmoſt expedition. For the Affection

of

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'of Kings, is as precarious as that of Wo-
'men, and the only Way to ſecure either to
'ourſelves, is to keep all others from them.

'BUT the Arch-Biſhop did not let Mat-
'ters reſt on Suſpicion. He ſoon gave open
'Proofs of his Intereſt with the Confeſſor, in
'procuring an Office of ſome Importance for
'one *Rollo*, a *Roman* of mean Extraction and
'very deſpicable Parts. When I repreſented
'to the King the Indecency of conferring ſuch
'an Honour on ſuch a Fellow, he anſwered
'me, that he was the Arch-Biſhop's Rela-
'tion. Then, Sir, replied I, he is related to
'your Enemy. Nothing more paſt at that time:
'but I ſoon perceived by the Arch-Biſhop's
'Behaviour, that the King had acquainted
'him with our private Diſcourſe, a ſuffi-
'cient Aſſurance of his Confidence in him
'and Neglect of me.

'THE Favour of Princes, when once loſt,
'is recoverable only by the gaining a Situation
'which may make you terrible to them. As
'I had no doubt of having loſt all Credit
'with this King, which indeed had been
'originally founded and conſtantly ſupported
'by

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'by his Fear, ſo I took the Method of Ter-
'ror to regain it.

'THE Earl of *Boulogne* coming over to viſit
'the King, gave me an Opportunity of break-
'ing out into open Oppoſition: for as the Earl
'was on his return to *France*, one of his Ser-
'vants, who was ſent before to procure Lodg-
'ings at *Dover*, and inſiſted on having them
'in the Houſe of a private Man in ſpite of the
'Owner's teeth, was, in a Fray which
'enſued, killed on the ſpot; and the Earl him-
'ſelf arriving there ſoon after, very narrowly
'eſcaped with his Life. The Earl, enraged
'at this Affront, returned to the King at
'*Glouceſter*, with loud Complaints and De-
'mands of Satisfaction. *Edward* conſented
'to his Demands, and ordered me to chaſtiſe
'the Rioters, who were under my Govern-
'ment as Earl of *Kent*: but inſtead of obey-
'ing theſe Orders, I anſwered with ſome
'warmth, That the *Engliſh* were not uſed
'to puniſh People unheard; nor ought their
'Rights and Privileges to be violated: that
'the Accuſed ſhould be firſt ſummoned; if
'guilty, ſhould make Satisfaction both with
'Body and Eſtate; but if innocent, ſhould be
'diſcharged.

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'discharged. Adding, with great ferocity, 'that as Earl of *Kent* it was my Duty to 'protect those under my Government against 'the Insults of Foreigners.

'THIS Accident was extremely lucky, as 'it gave my Quarrel with the King a popular 'Colour; and so ingratiated me with the 'People, that when I set up my Standard, 'which I soon after did, they readily and 'chearfully listed under my Banners, and 'embraced my Cause, which I persuaded 'them was their own: for that it was to 'protect them against Foreigners that I had 'drawn my Sword. The word Foreigners 'with an *Englishman* hath a kind of magical 'Effect, they having the utmost Hatred and 'Aversion to them, arising from the Crueltie 'they suffered from the *Danes* and some other 'foreign Nations. No wonder therefore they 'espoused my Cause, in a Quarrel which had 'such a Beginning.

'BUT what may be somewhat more re-'markable is, that when I afterwards returned 'to *England* from Banishment, and was at 'the Head of an Army of the *Flemish*, who

'were

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'were preparing to plunder the City of *Lon-*
'*don*, I ſtill perſiſted that I was come to de-
'fend the *Engliſh* from the Danger of Fo-
'reigners, and gained their Credit. Indeed,
'there is no Lye ſo groſs, but it may be im-
'poſed on the People by thoſe whom they
'eſteem their Patrons and Defenders.

'THE King ſaved his City by being re-
'conciled to me, and taking again my Daugh-
'ter whom he had put away from him;
'and thus having frightened the King into
'what Conceſſions I thought proper, I diſ-
'miſs'd my Army and Fleet, with which I in-
'tended, could I not have ſucceeded other-
'wiſe, to have ſacked the City of *London*,
'and ravaged the whole Country.

'I WAS no ſooner re-eſtabliſhed in the
'King's Favour, or, what was as well for
'me, the Appearance of it, than I fell vio-
'lently on the Arch-Biſhop. He had of
'himſelf retired to his Monaſtery in *Nor-*
'*mandy*; but that did not content me, I had
'him formally baniſhed, the See declared
'vacant, and then filled up by another.

'I

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'I ENJOYED my Grandeur a very ſhort 'time, after my Reſtoration to it: for the 'King hating and fearing me to a very great 'degree, and finding no means of openly 'deſtroying me, at laſt effected his Purpoſe 'by Poiſon, and then ſpread abroad a ridi- 'culous Story of my wiſhing the next Mor- 'ſel might choak me, if I had had any 'hand in the Death of *Alfred*; and ac- 'cordingly that the next Morſel, by a divine 'Judgment, ſtuck in my Throat, and per- 'formed that Office.

'THIS of a Stateſman was one of my 'worſt Stages in the other World. It is a 'Poſt ſubjected daily to the greateſt Danger 'and Inquietude, and attended with little 'Pleaſure, and leſs Eaſe. In a word, it is a 'Pill, which, was it not gilded over by 'Ambition, would appear nauſeous and de- 'teſtable in the eye of every one; and per- 'haps that is one reaſon why *Minos* ſo great- 'ly compaſſionates the Caſe of thoſe who 'ſwallow it: for that juſt Judge told me, he 'always acquitted a Prime-Miniſter, who 'could produce one ſingle good Action in 'his

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'his whole Life, let him have committed 'ever ſo many Crimes. Indeed, I under- 'ſtood him a little too largely, and was ſtep- 'ping towards the Gate: but he pulled me 'by the Sleeve, and telling me, no Prime-Mi- 'niſter ever entered there, bid me go back a- 'gain; ſaying, he thought I had ſufficient 'Reaſon to rejoice in eſcaping the Bottom- 'leſs Pit, which half my Crimes committed 'in any other Capacity would have entitled 'me to.'

CHAP. XXI.

Julian's *Adventures in the Poſt of a Soldier.*

'I WAS born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. My 'Mother's Name was *Matilda*; as for 'my Father, I am not ſo certain: for the 'good Woman on her Death-Bed aſſured me, 'ſhe herſelf could bring her Gueſs to no greater 'Certainty, than to five of Duke *William*'s 'Captains. When I was no more than Thir- 'teen (being indeed a ſurprizing ſtout Boy of 'my Age) I enliſted into the Army of Duke

'*William*,

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'*William*, afterwards known by the Name 'of *William the Conqueror*; landed with 'him at *Pemeſey*, or *Pemſey* in *Suſſex*, and 'was preſent at the famous Battle of *Haſtings*.

'AT the firſt Onſet, it was impoſſible to 'deſcribe my Conſternation, which was 'heightened by the Fall of two Soldiers 'who ſtood by me; but this ſoon abated, 'and by degrees as my Blood grew warm, I 'thought no more of my own Safety, but 'fell on the Enemy with great Fury, and did 'a good deal of Execution; till unhappily I 'received a Wound in my Thigh, which 'rendered me unable to ſtand any longer, ſo 'that I now lay among the Dead, and was 'conſtantly expoſed to the Danger of being 'trampled to death; as well by my Fellow-'Soldiers as by the Enemy. However, I 'had the fortune to eſcape it, and continued 'the remaining part of the Day, and the 'Night following, on the Ground.

'THE next Morning, the Duke ſending 'out Parties to bring off the wounded, I 'was found almoſt expiring with Loſs of 'Blood; notwithſtanding which, as imme-

'diate

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'diate Care was taken to dreſs my Wounds. 'Youth and a robuſt Conſtitution ſtood my 'Friends, and I recovered, after a long and 'tedious Indiſpoſition, and was again able to 'uſe my Limbs and do my Duty.

'As ſoon as *Dover* was taken, I was con-'veyed thither with all the reſt of the ſick 'and wounded. Here I recovered of my 'Wound: but fell afterwards into a violent 'Flux, which when it departed, left me ſo 'weak, that it was long before I could re-'gain my Strength. And what moſt afflicted 'me was, that during my whole Illneſs, 'when I languiſhed under Want as well as 'Sickneſs, I had daily the mortification to 'ſee and hear the Riots and Exceſs of my 'Fellow-Soldiers, who had happily eſcaped 'ſafe from the Battle.

'I WAS no ſooner well, than I was order-'ed into Garriſon at *Dover* Caſtle. The Offi-'cers here fared very indifferently; but the 'private Men much worſe. We had great 'Scarcity of Proviſions, and what was yet 'more intolerable, were ſo cloſely confined for 'want of Room (four of us being obliged

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'to lie on the ſame Bundle of Straw) that 'many died, and moſt ſickened.

'HERE I had remained about four Months 'when one Night we were alarmed with the 'Arrival of the Earl of *Boulogne*, who had 'come over privily from *France*, and endea-'voured to ſurprize the Caſtle. The Deſign 'proved ineffectual: for the Garriſon making 'a briſk Sally, moſt of his Men were tumbled 'down the Precipice, and he returned with 'a very few back to *France*. In this Action 'however, I had the misfortune to come off 'with a broken Arm; it was ſo ſhattered, 'that beſides a great deal of Pain and Miſery, 'which I endured in my Cure, I was diſ-'abled for upwards of three Months.

'SOON after my Recovery, I had contract-'ed an Amour with a young Woman, whoſe 'Parents lived near the Garriſon, and were 'in much better Circumſtances than I had 'reaſon to expect ſhould give their Conſent 'to the Match. However, as ſhe was ex-'tremely fond of me, (as I was indeed di-'ſtractedly enamoured of her) they were

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'prevailed on to comply with her Desires, and 'the Day was fixed for our Marriage.

'ON the Evening preceding, while I was 'exulting with the eager Expectation of the 'Happiness I was the next Day to enjoy, 'received Orders to march early in the Morn-'ing towards *Windsor*, where a large Army 'was to be formed, at the Head of which the 'King intended to march into the *West*. Any 'Person who hath ever been in love, may 'easily imagine what I felt in my Mind, on 'receiving those Orders; and what still heigh-'tened my Torments was, that the com-'manding Officer would not permit any one 'to go out of the Garrison that Evening; 'so that I had not even an Opportunity of 'taking Leave of my Beloved.

'THE Morning came, which was to have 'put me in the Possession of my Wishes; but 'alas! the Scene was now changed, and all 'the Hopes which I had raised, were now 'so many Ghosts to haunt, and Furies to tor-'ment me.

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'IT was now the midſt of Winter, and very 'ſevere Weather for the Seaſon; when we 'were obliged to make very long and fa-'tiguing Marches, in which we ſuffered all 'the Inconveniencies of Cold and Hunger. 'The Night in which I expected to riot in 'the Arms of my beloved Miſtreſs, I was 'obliged to take up with a Lodging on the 'Ground, expoſed to the Inclemencies of a 'rigid Froſt; nor could I obtain the leaſt 'Comfort of Sleep, which ſhunned me as 'its Enemy. In ſhort, the Horrors of that 'Night are not to be deſcribed, or perhaps 'imagined. They made ſuch an Impreſſion 'on my Soul, that I was forced to be dipped 'three Times in the River *Lethe*, to pre-'vent my remembering it in the Characters 'which I afterwards performed in the Fleſh.

HERE I interrupted *Julian* for the firſt time, and told him, no ſuch dipping had happened to me in my Voyage from one World to the other: but he ſatisfied me by ſaying, 'That this only happened to thoſe 'Spirits which returned into the Fleſh, in 'order to prevent that Reminiſcence which

'*Plato*

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'*Plato* mentions, and which would otherwise cause great Confusion in the other World.'

He then proceeded as follows: 'We continued a very laborious March to *Exeter*, which we were ordered to besiege. The Town soon surrendered, and his Majesty built a Castle there, which he garrisoned with his *Normans*, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the Number.

'Here we were confined closer than I had been at *Dover*; for as the Citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the Walls of the Castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large Bodies, without the utmost Danger. We were likewise kept to continual Duty, nor could any Sollicitations prevail with the Commanding Officer to give me a Month's Absence to visit my Love, from whom I had no Opportunity of hearing in all my long Absence.

'However, in the Spring, the People being more quiet, and another Officer

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'of a gentler Temper, ſucceeding to the 'principal Command, I obtained Leave to 'go to *Dover:* but alas! what Comfort did 'my long Journey bring me? I found the Pa- 'rents of my Darling in the utmoſt Miſery at 'her Loſs: for ſhe had died about a Week 'before my Arrival of a Conſumption, which 'they imputed to her pining at my ſudden 'Departure.

'I Now fell into the moſt violent and al- 'moſt raving Fit of Deſpair. I curſed my 'ſelf, the King, and the whole World, 'which no longer ſeemed to have any Delight 'for me. I threw my ſelf on the Grave of 'my deceaſed Love, and lay there without 'any kind of Suſtenance for two whole Days. 'At laſt Hunger, together with the Perſua- 'ſions of ſome People who took pity on me, 'prevailed with me to quit that Situation, and 'refreſh my ſelf with Food. They then per- 'ſuaded me to return to my Poſt, and abandon 'a Place where almoſt every Object I ſaw, re- 'called Ideas to my Mind, which, as they ſaid, 'I ſhould endeavour with my utmoſt Force 'to expel from it. This Advice at length ſuc- 'ceeded; the rather, as the Father and Mother

'of

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'of my Beloved refuſed to ſee me, look-
'ing on me as the innocent but certain Cauſe
'of the Death of their only Child.

'THE Loſs of one we tenderly love, as
'it is one of the moſt bitter and biting Evils
'which attends human Life, ſo it wants the
'Lenitive which palliates and ſoftens every
'other Calamity; I mean that great Reliever,
'Hope. No Man can be ſo totally undone,
'but that he may ſtill cheriſh Expectation:
'but this deprives us of all ſuch Comfort,
'nor can any thing but Time alone leſſen it.
'This however, in moſt Minds, is ſure to
'work a ſlow but effectual Remedy; ſo did
'it in mine: for within a Twelvemonth, I
'was entirely reconciled to my Fortune, and
'ſoon after abſolutely forgot the Object of a
'Paſſion from which I had promiſed my ſelf
'ſuch extreme Happineſs, and in the Diſap-
'pointment of which I had experienced
'ſuch inconceivable Miſery.

'AT the Expiration of the Month, I re-
'turned to my Garriſon at *Exeter*; where I
'was no ſooner arrived, than I was ordered
'to march into the North, to oppoſe a Force

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'there levied by the Earls of *Cheſter* and
'*Northumberland*. We came to *York*, where
'his Majeſty pardoned the Heads of the Re-
'bels, and very ſeverely puniſhed ſome who
'were leſs guilty. It was particularly my
'Lot to be ordered to ſeize a poor Man, who
'had never been out of his Houſe, and con-
'vey him to Priſon. I deteſted this Barba-
'rity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay,
'though no Reward would have bribed me
'in a private Capacity to have acted ſuch a
'Part, yet ſo much Sanctity is there in the
'Commands of a Monarch, or General to a
'Soldier, that I performed it without Reluc-
'tance, nor had the Tears of his Wife and
'Family any Prevalence with me.

'BUT this, which was a very ſmall piece
'of Miſchief in compariſon with many of
'my Barbarities afterwards, was however
'the only one which ever gave me any Un-
'eaſineſs: for when the King led us after-
'ward into *Northumberland* to revenge thoſe
'People's having joined with *Osborn* the *Dane*
'in his Invaſion, and Orders were given us to
'commit what Ravages we could, I was for-
'ward in fulfilling them, and among ſome
'leſſer

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'leſſer Cruelties (I remember it yet with 'Sorrow) I raviſhed a Woman, murdered a 'little Infant playing in her Lap, and then 'burnt her Houſe. In ſhort, for I have no 'pleaſure in this part of my Relation, I had 'my ſhare in all the Cruelties exerciſed on 'thoſe poor Wretches; which were ſo grie-'vous, that for ſixty Miles together, between '*York* and *Durham*, not a ſingle Houſe, 'Church, or any other public or private 'Edifice was left ſtanding.

'We had pretty well devoured the Coun-'try, when we were ordered to march to the 'Iſle of *Ely*, to oppoſe *Hereward*, a bold and 'ſtout Soldier, who had under him a very 'large Body of Rebels, who had the Impu-'dence to riſe againſt their King and Con-'queror (I talk now in the ſame Style I did 'then) in defence of their Liberties, as they 'called them. Theſe were ſoon ſubdued: 'but as I happened (more to my Glory than 'my Comfort) to be poſted in that part 'through which *Hereward* cut his way, I 'received a dreadful Cut on the Forehead,

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'a ſecond on the Shoulder, and was run
'through the Body with a Pike.

'I LANGUISHED a long time with theſe
'Wounds, which made me incapable of at-
'tending the King into *Scotland*. However, I
'was able to go over with him afterwards into
'*Normandy*, in his Expedition againſt *Philip*,
'who had taken the Opportunity of the
'Troubles in *England*, to invade that Province.
'Thoſe few *Normans* who had ſurvived their
'Wounds, and had remained in the Iſle
'of *Ely*, were all of our Nation who went,
'the reſt of his Army being all compoſed of
'*Engliſh*. In a Skirmiſh near the Town of
'*Mans*, my Leg was broke, and ſo ſhattered
'that it was forced to be cut off.

'I WAS now diſabled for ſerving longer
'in the Army, and accordingly being diſ-
'charged from the Service, I retired to the
'Place of my Nativity, where in extreme
'Poverty, and frequent bad Health from
'the many Wounds I had received, I drag-
'ged on a miſerable Life to the Age of Sixty-
'three; my only Pleaſure being to recount
'the

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'the Feats of my Youth, in which Narratives 'I generally exceeded the Truth.

'IT would be tedious and unpleasant to 'recount to you the several Miseries I suf- 'fered after my Return to *Caen*; let it suf- 'fice, they were so terrible, that they induced '*Minos* to compassionate me, and, not- 'withstanding the Barbarities I had been 'guilty of in *Northumberland*, to suffer me 'to go once more back to Earth.

CHAP. XXII.

What happened to Julian *in the Person of a Taylor.*

'FORTUNE now stationed me in a Cha- 'racter, which the Ingratitude of Man- 'kind hath put them on ridiculing, tho' 'they owe to it not only a Relief from the 'Inclemencies of Cold, to which they would 'otherwise be exposed, but likewise a consi- 'derable Satisfaction of their Vanity. The 'Character I mean, was that of a Taylor; 'which,

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'which, if we conſider it with due Atten-
'tion, muſt be confeſſed to have in it great
'Dignity and Importance. For in reality,
'who conſtitutes the different Degrees between
'Men but the Taylor? The Prince indeed
'gives the Title, but *it is the Taylor who*
'*makes the Man.* To his Labours are owing
'the Reſpect of Crouds, and the Awe which
'Great Men inſpire into their Beholders, tho'
'theſe are too often unjuſtly attributed to o-
'ther Motives. Laſtly, the Admiration of
'the Fair is moſt commonly to be placed to
'his Account.

'I WAS juſt ſet up in my Trade, when
'I made three Suits of fine Clothes for King
'*Stephen*'s Coronation. I queſtion whether the
'Perſon who wears the rich Coat, hath ſo much
'Pleaſure and Vanity in being admired in
'it, as we Taylors have from that Admira-
'tion; and perhaps a Philoſopher would ſay,
'he is not ſo well entitled to it. I buſtled on
'the Day of the Ceremony through the
'Croud, and it was with incredible Delight,
'I heard ſeveral ſay, as my Clothes walked
'by, *Bleſs me was ever any thing ſo fine*
'*as the Earl of* Devonſhire! *Sure he and*
'*Sir*

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'*Sir* Hugh Bigot *are the two beſt-dreſt Men* '*I ever ſaw.* Now both thoſe Suits were 'of my making.

'THERE would indeed be infinite Pleaſure 'in working for the Courtiers, as they are 'generally genteel Men, and ſhew one's 'Clothes to the beſt advantage, was it not 'for one ſmall Diſcouragement; this is, that 'they never pay. I ſolemnly proteſt, tho' I 'loſt almoſt as much by the Court in my 'Life as I got by the City, I never carried 'a Suit into the latter with half the Satiſ-'faction which I have done to the former; 'tho' from that I was certain of ready Money, 'and from this almoſt as certain of no Mo-'ney at all.

'COURTIERS may, however, be divided 'into two ſorts, very eſſentially different from 'each other; into thoſe who never intend to 'pay for their Clothes; and thoſe who do in-'tend to pay for them, but never happen to 'be able. Of the latter ſort, are many of 'thoſe young Gentlemen whom we equip 'out for the Army, and who are unhappily 'for us, cut off before they arrive at Prefer-'ment.

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'ment. This is the Reaſon that Taylors in 'time of War are miſtaken for Politicians, by 'their Inquiſitiveneſs into the Event of Battles, 'one Campaign very often proving the Ruin 'of half a dozen of us. I am ſure I had 'frequent Reaſon to curſe that fatal Battle of '*Cardigan*, where the *Welſh* defeated ſome 'of King *Stephen*'s beſt Troops, and where 'many a good Suit of mine, unpaid for, 'fell to the ground.

'THE Gentlemen of this honourable Call-'ing have fared much better in later Ages 'than when I was of it: for now it ſeems the 'Faſhion is, when they apprehend their Cu-'ſtomer is not in the beſt Circumſtances, if 'they are not paid as ſoon as they carry home 'the Suit, they charge him in their Book as 'much again as it is worth, and then ſend a 'Gentleman with a ſmall Scrip of Parch-'ment to demand the Money. If this be 'not immediately paid, the Gentleman takes 'the Beau with him to his Houſe, where he 'locks him up till the Taylor is contented: 'but in my Time, theſe Scrips of Parch-'ment were not in uſe; and if the Beau 'diſliked paying for his Clothes, as very often 'happened,

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'happened, we had no Method of compel-
'ling him.

'In ſeveral of the Characters which I
'have related to you, I apprehend, I have
'ſometimes forgot my ſelf, and conſidered
'my ſelf as really intereſted, as I was when
'I perſonated them on Earth. I have juſt
'now caught my ſelf in the Fact: for I
'have complained to you as bitterly of my
'Cuſtomers as I formerly uſed to do, when
'I was the Taylor: but in reality, tho' there
'were ſome few Perſons of very great Qua-
'lity, and ſome others, who never paid their
'Debts; yet thoſe were but a few, and I
'had a Method of repairing this Loſs. My
'Cuſtomers I divided under three Heads:
'thoſe who paid ready Money, thoſe who
'paid ſlow, and thoſe who never paid at all.
'The firſt of theſe, I conſidered apart by
'themſelves, as Perſons by whom I got a
'certain but ſmall Profit. The two laſt I
'lumped together, making thoſe who paid
'ſlow, contribute to repair my Loſſes by
'thoſe who did not pay at all. Thus upon
'the whole I was a very inconſiderable Loſer,
'and might have left a Fortune to my Family;

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'had I not launched forth into Expences 'which ſwallowed up all my Gains. I had a 'Wife and two Children. Theſe indeed I kept 'frugally enough; for I half ſtarved them: 'but I kept a Miſtreſs in a finer way, for 'whom I had a Country Houſe, pleaſantly 'ſituated on the *Thames*, elegantly fitted up 'and neatly furniſhed. This Woman might 'very properly be called my Miſtreſs: for 'ſhe was moſt abſolutely ſo, and tho' her 'Tenure was no higher than by my Will, 'ſhe domineered as tyrannically, as if my 'Chains had been rivetted in the ſtrongeſt 'manner. To all this I ſubmitted, not through 'any Adoration of her Beauty, which was 'indeed but indifferent. Her Charms con-'ſiſted in little Wantonneſſes, which ſhe 'knew admirably well to uſe in Hours of 'Dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all 'Things the moſt delightful to a Lover.

'SHE was ſo profuſely extravagant, that 'it ſeemed as if ſhe had an actual Intent to 'ruin me. This I am ſure of, if ſuch had 'been her real Intention, ſhe could have 'taken no properer Way to accompliſh it; 'nay, I my ſelf might appear to have had 'the

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'the ſame View: for beſides this extravagant 'Miſtreſs, and my Country Houſe, I kept 'likewiſe a Brace of Hunters, rather for that 'it was faſhionable ſo to do, than for any 'great Delight I took in the Sport, which I 'very little attended; not for want of Lei-'ſure; for few Noblemen had ſo much. All 'the Work I ever did was taking Meaſure, 'and that only of my greateſt and beſt Cu-'ſtomers. I ſcarce ever cut a Piece of Cloth 'in my Life, nor was indeed much more 'able to faſhion a Coat than any Gentleman 'in the Kingdom. This made a ſkilful Ser-'vant too neceſſary to me. He knew I muſt 'ſubmit to any Terms with, or any Treat-'ment from him. He knew it was eaſier for 'him to find another ſuch a Taylor as me, 'than for me to procure ſuch another Work-'man as him: for this Reaſon, he exerted 'the moſt notorious and cruel Tyranny, ſel-'dom giving me a civil Word; nor could 'the utmoſt Condeſcenſion on my ſide, tho' 'attended with continual Preſents and Re-'wards, and raiſing his Wages, content or 'pleaſe him. In a word, he was as abſo-'lutely my Maſter, as was ever an ambitious, 'induſtrious Prime-Miniſter over an indolent

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'and voluptuous King. All my other Jour-
'neymen paid more Reſpect to him than to
'me: for they conſidered my Favour as a
'neceſſary Conſequence of obtaining his.

'THESE were the moſt remarkable Oc-
'currences while I acted this Part. *Minos*
'heſitated a few Moments, and then bid me
'get back again, without aſſigning any Reaſon.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Life of Alderman Julian.

'I NOW reviſited *England*, and was born
'at *London*. My Father was one of the
'Magiſtrates of that City. He had eleven
'Children, of whom I was the eldeſt. He
'had great Succeſs in Trade, and grew ex-
'tremely rich, but the largeneſs of his Fa-
'mily rendered it impoſſible for him to leave
'me a Fortune ſufficient to live well on, in-
'dependent of Buſineſs. I was accordingly
'brought up to be a Fiſhmonger: in which
'Capacity, I myſelf afterwards acquired very
'conſiderable Wealth.

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'THE ſame Diſpoſition of Mind, which 'in Princes is called Ambition, is in Subjects 'named Faction. To this Temper I was 'greatly addicted from my Youth. I was, 'while a Boy, a great Partizan of Prince *John*'s 'againſt his Brother *Richard*, during the 'latter's Abſence in the Holy War, and in his 'Captivity. I was no more than one and 'twenty, when I firſt began to make Politi-'cal Speeches in Public, and to endeavour to 'foment Diſquietude and Diſcontent in the 'City. As I was pretty well qualified for 'this Office, by a great Fluency of Words, 'an harmonious Accent, a graceful Delivery, 'and above all, an invincible Aſſurance, I 'had ſoon acquired ſome Reputation among 'the younger Citizens, and ſome of the weaker 'and more inconſiderate of a riper Age. This 'co-operating with my own natural Vanity, 'made me extravagantly proud and ſuper-'cilious. I ſoon began to eſteem myſelf a 'Man of ſome Conſequence, and to overlook 'Perſons every way my Superiours.

'THE famous *Robin Hood*, and his Com-'panion *Little John*, at this time made a con-

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'ſiderable Figure in *Yorkſhire*. I took upon 'me to write a Letter to the former, in the 'Name of the City, inviting him to come 'to *London*, where I aſſured him of very 'good Reception, ſignifying to him my own 'great Weight and Conſequence, and how 'much I had diſpoſed the Citizens in his fa-'vour. Whether he received this Letter or 'no, I am not certain: but he never gave 'me any Anſwer to it.

'A LITTLE afterwards, one *William Fitz-'Osborn*, or, as he was nicknamed, *William 'Long-Beard*, began to make a Figure in the 'City. He was a bold and an impudent 'Fellow, and had raiſed himſelf to great Po-'pularity with the Rabble, by pretending to 'eſpouſe their Cauſe againſt the Rich. I 'took this Man's part, and made a public 'Oration in his favour, ſetting him forth as 'a Patriot, and one who had embarked in the 'Cauſe of Liberty: for which Service he did 'not receive me with the Acknowledgments 'I expected. However, as I thought I ſhould 'eaſily gain the Aſcendant over this Fellow, I 'continued ſtill firm on his ſide, till the Arch-'biſhop of *Canterbury*, with an armed Force, 'put

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'put an end to his Progreſs: for he was 'ſeized in *Bow* Church, where he had taken 'Refuge, and with nine of his Accomplices 'hanged in Chains.

'I Escaped narrowly myſelf: for I was 'ſeized in the ſame Church with the reſt, and 'as I had been very conſiderably engaged in 'the Enterprize, the Archbiſhop was inclined 'to make me an Example: but my Father's 'Merit, who had advanced a conſiderable 'Sum to Queen *Eleanor*, towards the King's 'Ranſom, preſerved me.

'The Conſternation my Danger had oc-'caſioned, kept me ſome time quiet, and I ap-'plied myſelf very aſſiduouſly to my Trade. 'I invented all manner of Methods to en-'hance the Price of Fiſh, and made uſe of 'my utmoſt Endeavours to engroſs as much 'of the Buſineſs as poſſible in my own hands. 'By theſe means I acquired a Subſtance, 'which raiſed me to ſome little Conſequence 'in the City: but far from elevating me to 'that Degree, which I had formerly flattered 'myſelf with poſſeſſing, at a time when I was 'totally inſignificant: for in a trading Society,

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'Money muſt at leaſt lay the Foundation of 'all Power and Intereſt.

'BUT as it hath been remarked, that the 'ſame Ambition which ſent *Alexander* into '*Aſia*, brings the Wreſtler on the Green; 'and as this ſame Ambition is as incapable as 'Quickſilver of lying ſtill: ſo I, who was poſ-'ſeſſed, perhaps, of a Share equal to what 'hath fired the Blood of any of the He-'roes of Antiquitty, was no leſs reſtleſs, and 'diſcontented with Eaſe and Quiet. My firſt 'Endeavours were to make myſelf head of 'my Company, which *Richard* I. had juſt 'eſtabliſhed, and ſoon afterwards I procured 'myſelf to be choſen Alderman.

'OPPOSITION is the only State, which 'can give a Subject an Opportunity of exert-'ing the Diſpoſition I was poſſeſſed of. Ac-'cordingly King *John* was no ſooner ſeated 'on his Throne, than I began to oppoſe his 'Meaſures, whether right or wrong. It is 'true, that Monarch had Faults enow. He 'was ſo abandoned to Luſt and Luxury, that 'he addicted himſelf to the moſt extravagant 'Exceſſes in both, while he indolently ſuf-

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'fered the King of *France* to rob him of al-
'moſt all his foreign Dominions: my Oppo-
'ſition therefore was juſtifiable enough, and
'if my Motive from within had been as good
'as the Occaſion from without, I ſhould have
'had little to excuſe: but in truth, I ſought
'nothing but my own Preferment, by making
'myſelf formidable to the King, and then
'ſelling to him the Intereſt of that Party, by
'whoſe means I had become ſo. Indeed, had
'the public Good been my Care, however, zea-
'louſly I might have oppoſed the Beginning
'of his Reign, I ſhould have not ſcrupled to
'lend him my utmoſt Aſſiſtance in the Strug-
'gle between him and Pope *Innocent* the
'Third, in which he was ſo manifeſtly in
'the right; nor have ſuffered the Inſolence of
'that Pope, and the Power of the King of
'*France*, to have compelled him in the Iſſue
'baſely to reſign his Crown into the hands of
'the former, and receive it again as a Vaſſal;
'by means of which Acknowledgement the
'Pope afterwards claimed this Kingdom as a
'tributary Fief to be held of the Papal Chair.
'A Claim which occaſioned great Uneaſineſs
'to many ſubſequent Princes, and brought
'numberleſs Calamities on the Nation.

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'As the King had among other Con-
'ceſſions ſtipulated to pay an immediate Sum
'of Money to *Pandulph*, which he had great
'difficulty to raiſe, it was abſolutely neceſſary
'for him to apply to the City, where my In-
'tereſt and Popularity were ſo high, that he
'had no Hopes without my Aſſiſtance. As I
'knew this, I took care to ſell myſelf and
'Country as high as poſſible. The Terms I
'demanded, therefore, were a Place, a Pen-
'ſion, and a Knighthood. All thoſe were
'immediately conſented to. I was forthwith
'knighted, and promiſed the other two.

'I Now mounted the *Huſtings*, and with-
'out any regard to Decency or Modeſty, made
'as emphatical a Speech in favour of the
'King, as before I had done againſt him.
'In this Speech I juſtified all thoſe Meaſures
'which I had before condemned, and plead-
'ed as earneſtly with my Fellow-Citizens, to
'open their Purſes, as I had formerly done to
'prevail with them to keep them ſhut. But
'alas my Rhetoric had not the Effect I pro-
'poſed. The Conſequence of my Argu-
'ments was only Contempt to myſelf. The
'People

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'People at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their 'Dislike. An impudent Fellow among them 'reflecting on my Trade, cryed out, *Stinking* '*Fish*; which was immediately reiterated 'through the whole Croud. I was then 'forced to slink away home, but I was not 'able to accomplish my Retreat without being attended by the Mob, who huzza'd me 'along the Street with the repeated Cries of '*Stinking Fish*.

'I Now proceeded to Court, to inform 'his Majesty of my faithful Service, and how 'much I had suffered in his Cause. I found 'by my first Reception, he had already heard 'of my Success. Instead of thanking me for 'my Speech, he said, the City should repent 'of their Obstinacy; for that he would shew 'them who he was: and so saying, he immediately turned that Part to me, to which the 'Toe of Man hath so wonderful an Affection, 'that it is very difficult, whenever it presents 'itself conveniently, to keep our Toes from 'the most violent and ardent Salutation of it.

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'I WAS a little nettled at this Behaviour, 'and with ſome Earneſtneſs claimed the 'King's fulfilling his Promiſe: but he re- 'tired without anſwering me. I then ap- 'plied to ſome of the Courtiers, who had 'lately profeſſed great Friendſhip to me, had 'eat at my Houſe, and invited me to theirs: 'but not one would return me any Anſwer, 'all running away from me, as if I had been 'ſeized with ſome contagious Diſtemper. I 'now found by Experience, that as none can 'be ſo civil, ſo none can be ruder than 'a Courtier.

'A FEW Moments after the King's retiring, 'I was left alone in the Room, to conſider 'what I ſhould do, or whither I ſhould turn 'myſelf. My Reception in the City pro- 'miſed itſelf to be equal at leaſt with what I 'found at Court. However, there was my 'Home, and thither it was neceſſary I ſhould 'retreat for the preſent.

'BUT, indeed, bad as I apprehended my 'Treatment in the City would be, it exceed- 'ed my Expectation. I rode home on an 'ambling Pad through Crouds, who expreſſed

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'every kind of Diſregard and Contempt; 'pelting me not only with the moſt abuſive 'Language, but with Dirt. However, with 'much difficulty I arrived at laſt at my own 'Houſe, with my Bones whole, but covered 'over with Filth.

'When I was got within my Doors, 'and had ſhut them againſt the Mob, who had 'pretty well vented their Spleen, and ſeemed 'now contented to retire; my Wife, whom 'I found crying over her Children, and from 'whom I hoped ſome Comfort in my Af-'flictions, fell upon me in the moſt outragi-'ous manner. She aſked me, why I would 'venture on ſuch a Step, without conſult-'ing her; ſhe ſaid, her Advice might have 'been civilly aſked, if I was reſolved not to 'have been guided by it. That whatever 'opinion I might have conceived of her Un-'derſtanding, the reſt of the World thought 'better of it. That I had never failed, when 'I had aſked her Counſel, nor ever ſucceed-'ed without it; with much more of the ſame 'kind, too tedious to mention; concluding, 'that it was a monſtrous Behaviour to de-'ſert my Party, and come over to the Court.

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'An Abuſe, which I took worſe than all 'the reſt, as ſhe had been conſtantly for ſe-'veral Years aſſiduous in railing at the Op-'poſition, in ſiding with the Court-Party, 'and begging me to come over to it. And 'eſpecially after my mentioning the Offer of 'Knighthood to her, ſince which time ſhe 'had continually interrupted my Repoſe, 'with dinning in my Ears the Folly of re-'fuſing Honours, and of adhering to a Party, 'and to Principles, by which I was certain 'of procuring no Advantage to myſelf and 'my Family.

'I HAD now entirely loſt my Trade, ſo 'that I had not the leaſt Temptation to ſtay 'longer in a City, where I was certain of 'receiving daily Affronts and Rebukes. I 'therefore made up my Affairs with the ut-'moſt Expedition, and ſcraping together all 'I could, retired into the Country; where I 'ſpent the Remainder of my Days, in univer-'ſal Contempt, being ſhunned by every body, 'perpetually abuſed by my Wife, and not 'much reſpected by my Children.

'MINOS told me, tho' I had been a very 'vile Fellow, he thought my Sufferings made

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'some Atonement, and so bid me take the 'other Trial.

CHAP. XXIV.

Julian *recounts what happened to him while he was a Poet.*

'ROME was now the Seat of my Na-'tivity, where I was born of a Fa-'mily more remarkable for Honour than 'Riches. I was intended for the Church, 'and had a pretty good Education: but my 'Father dying while I was young, and leav-'ing me nothing, for he had wasted his whole 'Patrimony, I was forced to enter my self in 'the Order of Mendicants.

'WHEN I was at School, I had a knack 'of rhiming, which I unhappily mistook for 'Genius, and indulged to my Cost: for my 'Verses drew on me only Ridicule, and I was 'in Contempt called *The Poet*.

'THIS

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'THIS Humour purſued me through my 'Life. My firſt Compoſition after I left 'School, was a Panegyric on Pope *Alexan-* 'der IV. who then pretended a Project of 'dethroning the King of *Sicily*. On this 'Subject, I compoſed a Poem of about fif- 'teen Thouſand Lines, which with much 'difficulty I got to be preſented to his Holi- 'neſs, of whom I expected great Preferment 'as my Reward, but I was cruelly diſappoint- 'ed: for when I had waited a Year with- 'out hearing any of the Commendations I 'had flattered my ſelf with receiving, and be- 'ing now able to contain no longer, I applied 'to a Jeſuit who was my Relation, and had 'the Pope's Ear, to know what his Holineſs's 'Opinion was of my Work; he coldly an- 'ſwered me, that he was at that time bu- 'ſied in Concerns of too much Importance, 'to attend the reading of Poems.

'HOWEVER diſſatisfied I might be, and 'really was, with this Reception; and however 'angry I was with the Pope for whoſe Un- 'derſtanding I entertained an immoderate 'Contempt, I was not yet diſcouraged from a 'ſecond

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'fecond Attempt. Accordingly, I ſoon af-
'ter produced another Work, entituled, *The*
'*Trojan Horſe.* This was an allegorical
'Work, in which the Church was introdu-
'ced into the World, in the ſame manner
'as that Machine had been into *Troy.* The
'Prieſts were the Soldiers in its Belly, and
'the Heathen Superſtition the City to be
'deſtroyed by them. This Poem was writ-
'ten in *Latin.* I remember ſome of the
'Lines:

'*Mundanos ſcandit fatalis Machina Muros,*
'*Farta Sacerdotum Turmis: exinde per Alvum*
'*Viſi exire omnes, magno cum Murmure olentes.*
'*Non aliter quam cum Humanis furibundus ab Antris*
'*It Sonus, & Nares ſimul Aura invadit hiantes.*
'*Mille ſcatent et mille alii; trepidare Timore*
'*Ethnica Gens cæpit: falſi per inane volantes*
'*Effugere Dei—Deſertaque Templa relinquunt.*
'*Jam magnum crepitavit Equus, mox Orbis & alti*
'*Ingemuere Poli: tunc tu Pater, ultimus Omnium*

'*Maxime*

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'*Maxime* Alexander, *ventrem maturus Equinum*
'*Deseris, heu Proles meliori digne Parente.*'

I believe *Julian*, had I not ſtopt him, would have gone through the whole Poem; (for, as I obſerved, in moſt of the Characters he related, the Affections he had enjoyed while he perſonated them on Earth, ſtill made ſome Impreſſion on him) but I begged him to omit the Sequel of the Poem, and proceed with his Hiſtory. He then recollected himſelf, and ſmiling at the Obſervation which by Intuition he perceived I had made, continued his Narration as follows:

'I CONFESS to you, ſays he, that the De-
'light in repeating our own Works is ſo pre-
'dominant in a Poet, that I find nothing can
'totally root it out of the Soul. Happy would
'it be for thoſe Perſons, if their Hearers could
'be delighted in the ſame manner: but alas!
'hence that *ingens Solitudo* complained of by
'*Horace*: for the Vanity of Mankind is ſo
'much greedier and more general than their
'Avarice, that no Beggar is ſo ill received by
'them as he who ſolicits their Praiſe.

'THIS

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'THIS I ſufficiently experienced in the 'Character of a Poet: for my Company was 'ſhunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by 'my whole Houſe; nay, there were few who 'would ſubmit to hearing me read my Po-'etry, even at the price of ſharing in my Pro-'viſions. The only Perſon who gave me Au-'dience was a Brother Poet; he indeed fed 'me with Commendation very liberally: but 'as I was forced to hear and commend in my 'turn, I perhaps bought his Attention dear 'enough.

'WELL, Sir, if my Expectations of the 'Reward I hoped from my firſt Poem had 'baulked me, I had now ſtill greater Reaſon 'to complain: for inſtead of being preferred 'or commended for the ſecond, I was en-'joined a very ſevere Penance by my Su-'periour, for ludicrouſly comparing the Pope 'to a Fart. My Poetry was now the Jeſt of 'every Company, except ſome few, who 'ſpoke of it with deteſtation; and I found, 'that inſtead of recommending me to Pre-'ferment, it had effectually barred me from 'all Probability of attaining it.

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'THESE Diſcouragements had now in-
'duced me to lay down my Pen, and write
'no more. But, as *Juvenal* ſays,

——*Si diſcedas, Laqueo tenet ambitioſi*
Conſuetudo Mali.

'I was an Example of the Truth of this
'Aſſertion: for I ſoon betook my ſelf again
'to my Muſe. Indeed, a Poet hath the ſame
'Happineſs with a Man who is doatingly fond
'of an ugly Woman. The one enjoys his
'Muſe, and the other his Miſtreſs, with a
'Pleaſure very little abated by the Eſteem of
'the World, and only undervalues their Taſte
'for not correſponding with his own.

'IT is unneceſſary to mention any more
'of my Poems; they had all the ſame Fate;
'and tho' in reality ſome of my latter Pieces
'deſerved (I may now ſpeak it without the
'Imputation of Vanity) a better Succeſs, as I
'had the Character of a bad Writer, I found
'it impoſſible ever to obtain the Reputation
'of a good one. Had I poſſeſſed the Merit
'of *Homer*, I could have hoped for no Ap-
'plauſe;

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'plauſe; ſince it muſt have been a profound 'Secret: for no one would now read a Syl-'lable of my Writings.

'THE Poets of my Age were, as I believe 'you know, not very famous. However, 'there was one in ſome Credit at that time, 'tho' I have the Conſolation to know his 'Works are all periſhed long ago. The Ma-'lice, Envy, and Hatred I bore this Man are 'inconceivable to any but an Author, and 'an unſucceſsful one; I never could bear to 'hear him well ſpoken of, and writ anony-'mous Satires againſt him, tho' I had re-'ceived Obligations from him; indeed I be-'lieve it would have been an abſolute Impoſ-'ſibility for him at any rate to have made 'me ſincerely his Friend.

'I HAVE heard an Obſervation which 'was made by ſome one of later Days, that 'there are no worſe Men than bad Authors. 'A Remark of the ſame kind hath been made 'on ugly Women, and the Truth of both 'ſtands on one and the ſame Reaſon, *viz.* 'that they are both tainted with that curſed 'and deteſtable Vice of Envy; which, as it is

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'the greateſt Torment to the Mind it inhabits,
'ſo is it capable of introducing into it a total
'Corruption, and of inſpiring it to the Com-
'miſſion of the moſt horrid Crimes imagi-
'nable.

'MY Life was but ſhort; for I ſoon
'pined my ſelf to death with the Vice I
'juſt now mentioned. *Minos* told me, I
'was infinitely too bad for *Elyſium*; and as
'for the other Place, the Devil had ſworn, he
'would never entertain a Poet for *Orpheus*'s
'ſake: ſo I was forced to return again to
'the Place from whence I came.'

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXV.

Julian *performs the Parts of a Knight and a Dancing-Maſter.*

'I Now mounted the Stage in *Sicily*, and 'became a Knight Templar: but as my 'Adventures differ ſo little from thoſe, I 'have recounted you in the Character of a 'common Soldier, I ſhall not tire you with 'Repetition. The Soldier and the Captain 'differ in reality ſo little from one another, 'that it requires an accurate Judgment to di-'ſtinguiſh them; the latter wears finer Clothes, 'and in Time of Succeſs lives ſomewhat more 'delicately: but as to every thing elſe, they 'very nearly reſemble one another.

'My next Step was into *France*, where 'Fortune aſſigned me the Part of a Dancing-'Maſter. I was ſo expert in my Profeſſion, 'that I was brought to Court in my Youth, 'and had the Heels of *Philip de Valois*, who 'afterwards ſucceeded *Charles the Fair*, com-'mitted to my Direction.'

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'I Do not remember, that in any of the 'Characters in which I appeared on Earth, 'I ever assumed to my self a greater Dignity, 'or thought my self of more real Importance 'than now. I looked on Dancing as the 'greatest Excellence of human Nature, and 'on my self as the greatest Proficient in it. 'And indeed, this seemed to be the general 'Opinion of the whole Court: for I was the 'chief Instructor of the Youth of both Sexes, 'whose Merit was almost entirely defined by 'the Advances they made in that Science, 'which I had the Honour to profess. As 'to my self, I was so fully persuaded of this 'Truth, that I not only slighted and de-'spised those who were ignorant of Dancing; 'but I thought the highest Character I could 'give of any Man, was, that he made a 'graceful Bow: for want of which Accom-'plishment, I had a sovereign Contempt for 'many Persons of Learning; nay, for some 'Officers of the Army, and a few even of 'the Courtiers themselves.

'THOUGH so little of my Youth had 'been thrown away in what they call Li-'terature,

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'terature, that I could hardly write and read, 'yet I compoſed a Treatiſe on Education; the 'firſt Rudiments of which, as I taught, were 'to inſtruct a Child in the Science of coming 'handſomely into a Room. In this I cor-'rected many Faults of my Predeceſſors, 'particularly that of being too much in a 'hurry, and inſtituting a Child in the ſubli-'mer Parts of Dancing before they are ca-'pable of *making their Honours*.

'BUT as I have not now the ſame high 'Opinion of my Profeſſion, which I had then, 'I ſhall not entertain you with a long Hiſtory 'of a Life which conſiſted of *Borées* and '*Coupées*. Let it ſuffice, that I lived to a very 'old Age, and followed my Buſineſs as long 'as I could crawl. At length I reviſited my 'old Friend *Minos*, who treated me with 'very little Reſpect, and bad me dance back 'again to Earth.

'I DID ſo, and was now once more born 'an *Engliſhman*, bred up to the Church, and 'at length arrived at the Station of a Biſhop.

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'NOTHING was so remarkable in this 'Character, as my always voting ——— *.'

* Here Part of the Manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the Number of the next Book and Chapter, which contains, I find, the History of *Anna Boleyn*: but as to the Manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the Narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this Chapter is in the Original writ in a Woman's Hand: And tho' the Observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole Volume, there seems to be a Difference in Style between this and the precceding Chapters; and as it is the Character of a Woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that Sex.

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A

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK XIX.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein Anna Boleyn *relates the Hiſtory of her Life.*

'I AM going now truly to recount a Life, 'which from the Time of its ceaſing, 'has been, in the other World, the con- 'tinual Subject of the Cavils of contending 'Parties; the one making me as black as Hell, 'the other as pure and innocent as the Inhabi- 'tants of this bleſſed Place; the Miſt of Pre- 'judice blinding their Eyes, and Zeal for 'what they themſelves profeſs, making every 'thing appear in that Light, which they think 'moſt conduces to its Honour.

'My

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'MY Infancy was ſpent in my Father's
'Houſe, in thoſe childiſh Plays, which are
'moſt ſuitable to that State, and I think this
'was one of the happieſt Parts of my Life;
'for my Parents were not among the Number
'of thoſe who look upon their Children as ſo
'many Objects of a Tyrannic Power, but I was
'regarded as the dear Pledge of a virtuous
'Love, and all my little Pleaſures were thought
'from their Indulgence their greateſt Delight.
'At ſeven Years old, I was carried into *France*
'with the King's Siſter, who was married
'to the *French* King, where I lived with a
'Perſon of Quality, who was an Acquaintance
'of my Father's. I ſpent my Time in learn-
'ing thoſe Things neceſſary to give young Per-
'ſons of Faſhion a polite Education, and did
'neither good nor evil, but day paſſed after
'day in the ſame eaſy way, till I was Four-
'teen; then began my Anxiety, my Vanity
'grew ſtrong, and my Heart fluttered with
'Joy at every Compliment paid to my
'Beauty: and as the Lady, with whom I
'lived, was of a gay chearful Diſpoſition,
'ſhe kept a great deal of Company, and my
'Youth and Charms made me the continual

Object

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'Object of their Admiration. I passed some 'little time in those exulting Raptures, which 'are felt by every Woman, perfectly sa- 'tisfied with her self, and with the Behaviour 'of others towards her: I was, when very 'young, promoted to be Maid of Ho- 'nour to her Majesty. The Court was fre- 'quented by a young Nobleman, whose Beau- 'ty was the chief Subject of Conversation in 'all Assemblies of Ladies. The Delicacy of 'his Person, added to a great Softness in his 'Manner, gave every thing he said and did 'such an Air of Tenderness, that every Wo- 'man he spoke to, flattered her self with be- 'ing the Object of his Love. I was one of 'those who was vain enough of my own 'Charms to hope to make a Conquest of him, 'whom the whole Court sighed for; I now 'thought every other Object below my No- 'tice: yet the only Pleasure I proposed to my- 'self in this Design, was, the triumphing over 'that Heart, which I plainly saw all the La- 'dies of the highest Quality, and the greatest 'Beauty would have been proud of possessing. 'I was yet too young to be very artful, but 'Nature, without any Assistance, soon dis- 'covers to a Man, who is used to Gallantry,

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'a Woman's Desire to be liked by him, whe-
'ther that Desire arises from any particular
'Choice she makes of him, or only from
'Vanity. He soon perceived my Thoughts,
'and gratified my utmost Wishes, by con-
'stantly preferring me before all other Wo-
'men, and exerting his utmost Gallantry and
'Address to engage my Affections. This sud-
'den Happiness, which I then thought the
'greatest I could have had, appeared visible in
'all my Actions; I grew so gay, and so full of
'Vivacity, that it made my Person appear
'still to a better Advantage, all my Acquain-
'tance pretended to be fonder of me than
'ever; tho' young as I was, I plainly saw it
'was but Pretence, for through all their En-
'deavours to the contrary, Envy would often
'break forth in sly Insinuations, and malicious
'Sneers, which gave me fresh matter of Tri-
'umph, and frequent Opportunities of in-
'sulting them; which I never let slip, for now
'first my Female Heart grew sensible of the
'spiteful Pleasure of seeing another languish for
'what I enjoy'd. Whilst I was in the height
'of my Happiness, her Majesty fell ill of a
'languishing Distemper, which obliged her
'to go into the Country for the change of
'Air; my Place made it necessary for me to
'attend

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'attend her, and which way he brought it 'about, I can't imagine, but my young He- 'ro found means to be one of that ſmall 'Train, that waited on my Royal Miſtreſs, 'altho' ſhe went as privately as poſſible. Hi- 'therto all the Interviews I had ever had with 'him were in public, and I only looked on him 'as the fitter Object to feed that Pride which 'had no other view, but to ſhew its Power; 'but now the Scene was quite changed. 'My Rivals were all at a diſtance: the 'Place we went to, was as charming as the 'moſt agreeable natural Situation, aſſiſted by 'the greateſt Art, could make it; the pleaſant 'ſolitary Walks, the ſinging of Birds, the 'thouſand pretty Romantic Scenes this de- 'lightful Place afforded, gave a ſudden Turn 'to my Mind, my whole Soul was melted 'into Softneſs, and all my Vanity was fled. 'My Spark was too much uſed to Affairs of 'this nature, not to perceive this Change; at 'firſt the profuſe Tranſports of his Joy made 'me believe him wholly mine, and this be- 'lief gave me ſuch Happineſs, that no Lan- 'guage affords Words to expreſs it, and can 'be only known to thoſe who have felt it. 'But this was of a very ſhort duration, for I 'ſoon found I had to do with one of thoſe 'Men,

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'Men, whoſe only End in the perſuit of a 'Woman, is to make her fall a Victim to an 'inſatiable Deſire to be admired. His Deſigns 'had ſucceeded, and now he every day grew 'colder, and, as if by Infatuation, my Paſſion 'every day increaſed; and notwithſtanding 'all my Reſolutions and Endeavours to the 'contrary, my Rage at the Diſappointment 'at once both of my Love and Pride, and at the 'finding a Paſſion fixed in my Breaſt I knew 'not how to conquer, broke out into that 'inconſiſtent Behaviour, which muſt always 'be the Conſequence of violent Paſſions. 'One Moment I reproach'd him, the next I 'grew to Tenderneſs, and blamed my ſelf, 'and thought I fancied what was not true; 'he ſaw my Struggle, and triumphed in it: 'but as he had not Witneſſes enough there of 'his Victory, to give him the full Enjoyment 'of it, he grew weary of the Country, and 'returned to *Paris*, and left me in a Condi- 'tion it is utterly impoſſible to deſcribe. My 'Mind was like a City up in Arms, all Con- 'fuſion; and every new Thought was a 'freſh Diſturber of my Peace. Sleep quite 'forſook me, and the Anxiety I ſuffered threw 'me into a Fever, which had like to have

'coſt

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'coſt me my Life. With great Care I re-
'covered; but the Violence of the Diſtem-
'per left ſuch a Weakneſs on my Body, that
'the Diſturbance of my Mind was greatly
'aſſuaged; and now I began to comfort my
'ſelf in the Reflection, that this Gentleman's
'being a finiſh'd Coquet, was very likely
'the only Thing could have preſerved me;
'for he was the only Man from whom I was
'ever in any danger. By that time I was got
'tolerable well, we returned to *Paris*; and I
'confeſs, I both wiſhed and feared to ſee
'this Cauſe of all my Pain: however, I
'hoped by the help of my Reſentment, to
'be able to meet him with Indifference. This
'employed my Thoughts till our Arrival.
'The next day, there was a very full Court
'to congratulate the Queen on her Reco-
'very; and amongſt the reſt, my Love appear-
'ed dreſſed and adorned, as if he deſigned ſome
'new Conqueſt. Inſtead of ſeeing a Wo-
'man he deſpiſed and ſlighted, he approached
'me with that aſſured Air which is common
'to ſucceſsful Coxcombs. At the ſame time,
'I perceived I was ſurrounded by all thoſe
'Ladies who were on his account my great-
'eſt Enemies; and in revenge, wiſhed for
'nothing

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'nothing more than to see me make a ridi-
'culous Figure. This Situation so perplexed
'my Thoughts, that when he came near
'enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his
'Arms. (Had I studied which way I could
'gratify him most, it was impossible to have
'done any thing to have pleased him more.)
'Some that stood by, brought smelling Bot-
'tles, and used means for my Recovery; and I
'was welcomed to returning Life, by all those
'ill-natured Repartees, which Women enraged
'by Envy are capable of venting. One cried,
'Well, I never thought my Lord had any thing
'so frightful in his Person, or so fierce in his
'Manner, as to strike a young Lady dead at
'the sight of him. No, no, says another,
'some Ladies Senses are more apt to be hur-
'ried by agreeable, than disagreeable Objects.
'With many more such sort of Speeches,
'which shewed more Malice than Wit.
'This not being able to bear, trembling,
'and with but just Strength enough to move
'I crawled to my Coach, and hurried home.
'When I was alone, and thought on what had
'happened to me in a public Court, I was at
'first driven to the utmost Despair; but after-
'wards, when I came to reflect, I believe this

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'Accident contributed more to my being 'cured of my Paſſion, than any other could 'have done. I began to think the only Me- 'thod to pique the Man, who had uſed me 'ſo barbarouſly, and to be revenged on my 'ſpightful Rivals, was to recover that Beauty, 'which was then languid, and had loſt its 'Luſtre, to let them ſee I had ſtill Charms 'enough to engage as many Lovers as I could 'deſire, and that I could yet rival them, who 'had thus cruelly inſulted me. Theſe pleaſing 'Hopes revived my ſinking Spirits, and 'worked a more effectual Cure on me, than 'all the Philoſophy and Advice of the wiſeſt 'Men could have done. I now employ'd all 'my Time and Care in adorning my Per- 'ſon, and ſtudying the ſureſt Means of en- 'gaging the Affections of others, while I 'myſelf continued quite indifferent; for I 'reſolved for the future, if ever one ſoft 'Thought made its way to my Heart, to fly 'the Object of it, and by new Lovers to drive 'the Image from my Breaſt. I conſulted my 'Glaſs every Morning, and got ſuch a com- 'mand of my Countenance, that I could ſuit it 'to the different Taſtes of Variety of Lovers; 'and tho' I was young, for I was not yet

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'above Seventeen; yet my public Way of Life
'gave me ſuch continual Opportunities of
'converſing with Men, and the ſtrong De-
'ſire I now had of pleaſing them, led me to
'make ſuch conſtant Obſervations on every
'thing they ſaid or did, that I ſoon found out
'the different Methods of dealing with them.
'I obſerved that moſt Men generally liked in
'Women what was moſt oppoſite to their own
'Characters; therefore to the grave ſolid Man
'of Senſe, I endeavoured to appear ſprightly,
'and full of Spirit; to the Witty and Gay, ſoft
'and languiſhing; to the Amorous (for they
'want no increaſe of their Paſſions) cold and
'reſerved; to the Fearful and Backward, warm
'and full of Fire, and ſo of all the reſt. As
'to Beaus, and all thoſe ſort of Men, whoſe
'Deſires are centered in the Satisfaction of their
'Vanity, I had learned by ſad Experience,
'the only way to deal with them was to
'laugh at them, and let their own good Opi-
'nion of themſelves be the only Support of
'their Hopes. I knew, while I could get other
'Followers, I was ſure of them; for the only
'ſign of Modeſty they ever give, is that of not
'depending on their own Judgments, but fol-
'lowing the Opinions of the greateſt Num-
'ber.

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'ber. Thus furniſhed with Maxims, and 'grown wiſe by paſt Errors, I in a manner be-'gun the World again: I appeared in all pub-'lic Places handſomer and more lively than 'ever, to the Amazement of every one who 'ſaw me, and had heard of the Affair be-'tween me and my Lord. He himſelf was 'much ſurprized, and vexed at this ſudden 'Change, nor could he account how it was 'poſſible for me ſo ſoon to ſhake off thoſe 'Chains he thought he had fixed on me for 'Life, nor was he willing to loſe his Con-'queſt in this manner. He endeavoured by 'all means poſſible to talk to me again of 'Love, but I ſtood fixed to my Reſolution, '(in which I was greatly aſſiſted by the 'Croud of Admirers that daily ſurrounded 'me) never to let him explain himſelf: for 'notwithſtanding all my Pride, I found the 'firſt Impreſſion the Heart receives of Love 'is ſo ſtrong, that it requires the moſt vigilant 'Care to prevent a Relapſe. Now I lived three 'Years in a conſtant Round of Diverſions, 'and was made the perfect Idol of all the 'Men that came to Court of all Ages, and 'all Characters. I had ſeveral good Matches 'offered me, but I thought none of them

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'equal to my Merit; and one of my greateſt
'Pleaſures was to ſee thoſe Women, who had
'pretended to rival me, often glad to marry
'thoſe whom I had refuſed. Yet notwith-
'ſtanding this great Succeſs of my Schemes,
'I cannot ſay I was perfectly Happy; for every
'Woman that was taken the leaſt notice of,
'and every Man that was inſenſible to my
'Arts, gave me as much Pain as all the reſt
'gave me Pleaſure; and ſometimes little un-
'derhand Plots, which were laid againſt my
'Deſigns, would ſucceed in ſpite of my Care;
'ſo that I really begun to grow weary of this
'manner of Life, when my Father returning
'from his Embaſſy in *France*, took me home
'with him, and carried me to a little plea-
'ſant Country Houſe, where there was no-
'thing grand or ſuperfluous, but every thing
'neat and agreeable; there I led a Life per-
'fectly ſolitary. At firſt, the time hung very
'heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind
'of Employment, and I had very like
'to have fallen into the height of the Va-
'pours, from no other Reaſon, but from want
'of knowing what to do with myſelf. But
'when I had lived here a little time, I found
'ſuch a Calmneſs in my Mind, and ſuch a
'Difference

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'Difference between this, and the reſtleſs
'Anxieties I had experienced in a Court, that
'I began to ſhare the Tranquillity, that viſibly
'appeared in every thing round me. I ſet
'myſelf to do Works of Fancy, and to raiſe
'little Flower-Gardens, with many ſuch in-
'nocent rural Amuſements; which, altho' they
'are not capable of affording any great Plea-
'ſure, yet they give that ſerene Turn to the
'Mind, which I think much preferable to
'any thing elſe Human Nature is made ſuſ-
'ceptible of. I now reſolved to ſpend the
'reſt of my Days here, and that nothing
'ſhould allure me from this ſweet Retire-
'ment, to be again toſſed about with tem-
'peſtuous Paſſions of any kind. Whilſt I
'was in this Situation, my Lord *Peircy*, the
'Earl of *Northumberland*'s eldeſt Son, by an
'Accident of loſing his way after a Fox-
'Chace, was met by my Father, about a
'Mile from our Houſe; he came home with
'him, only with a deſign of dining with us,
'but was ſo taken with me, that he ſtay'd
'three Days. I had too much Experience in
'all Affairs of this kind, not to ſee preſently
'the Influence I had on him; but I was at that
'time ſo intirely free from all Ambition, that

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'even the Proſpect of being a Counteſs had
'no Effect on me; and I then thought no-
'thing in the World could have bribed me to
'have changed my Way of Life. This young
'Lord, who was juſt in his Bloom, found
'his Paſſion ſo ſtrong, he could not en-
'dure a long Abſence, but returned again
'in a Week, and endeavoured by all the
'Means he could think of, to engage me to
'return his Affection. He addreſſed me with
'that Tenderneſs and Reſpect, which Wo-
'men on Earth think can flow from nothing
'but real Love; and very often told me, that
'unleſs he could be ſo happy, as by his Aſ-
'ſiduity and Care to make himſelf agree-
'able to me, although he knew my Father
'would eagerly embrace any Propoſal from
'him, yet he would ſuffer that laſt of Miſe-
'ries, of never ſeeing me more, rather than
'owe his own Happineſs to any thing that
'might be the leaſt Contradiction to my In-
'clinations. This manner of proceeding had
'ſomething in it ſo noble and generous, that
'by degrees it raiſed a Senſation in me, which
'I know not how to deſcribe, nor by what
'Name to call it; it was nothing like my
'former Paſſion; for there was no Turbulence,
'no

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'no uneasy waking Nights attended it, but 'all I could with Honour grant to oblige 'him, appeared to me to be justly due to his 'Truth and Love, and more the Effect of 'Gratitude, than of any Desire of my own. 'The Character I had heard of him from 'my Father, at my first returning to *England*, 'in discoursing of the young Nobility, con-'vinced me, that if I was his Wife, I should 'have the perpetual Satisfaction of knowing 'every Action of his must be approved by 'all the sensible Part of Mankind; so that 'very soon I began to have no Scruple left, 'but that of leaving my little Scene of Quiet-'ness, and venturing again into the World. 'But this by his continual Application, and 'submissive Behaviour, by degrees entirely 'vanished, and I agreed he should take his 'own Time to break it to my Father, whose 'Consent he was not long in obtaining; for 'such a Match was by no means to be re-'fused. There remained nothing now to be 'done, but to prevail with the Earl of *Nor-'thumberland* to comply with what his Son 'so ardently desired; for which purpose, he 'set out immediately for *London*, and begged 'it as the greatest Favour, that I would ac-

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'company my Father, who was alſo to go
'thither the Week following. I could not
'refuſe his Requeſt, and as ſoon as we arrived
'in Town, he flew to me with the greateſt
'Raptures, to inform me his Father was ſo
'good, that finding his Happineſs depended
'on his Anſwer, he had given him free Leave
'to act in this Affair as would beſt pleaſe him-
'ſelf, and that he had now no Obſtacle to
'prevent his Wiſhes. It was then the Begin-
'ning of the Winter, and the Time for our
'Marriage was fixed for the latter end of
'*March*; the Conſent of all Parties made his
'Acceſs to me very eaſy, and we converſed
'together both with Innocence and Pleaſure.
'As his Fondneſs was ſo great, that he con-
'trived all the Methods poſſible to keep me
'continually in his ſight, he told me one
'Morning, he was commanded by his Father
'to attend him to Court that Evening, and
'begg'd I would be ſo good as to meet him
'there. I was now ſo uſed to act as he would
'have me, that I made no difficulty of com-
'plying with his Deſire. Two Days after this,
'I was very much ſurprized at perceiving
'ſuch a Melancholy in his Countenance, and
'Alteration in his Behaviour, as I could no
'way

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'way account for; but by Importunity, at 'laſt, I got from him, that Cardinal *Wolſey*, 'for what Reaſon he knew not, had peremp- 'torily forbid him to think any more of me: 'and when he urged that his Father was not 'diſpleaſed with it, the Cardinal in his im- 'perious Manner anſwered him, he ſhould 'give his Father ſuch convincing Reaſons, 'why it would be attended with great Incon- 'veniences, that he was ſure he could bring 'him to be of his Opinion. On which he 'turned from him, and gave him no opportu- 'nity of replying. I could not imagine what De- 'ſign the Cardinal could have in intermeddling 'in this Match, and I was ſtill more perplexed 'to find that my Father treated my Lord '*Peircy* with much more Coldneſs than u- 'ſual; he too ſaw it, and we both won- 'dered what could poſſibly be the Cauſe of 'all this. But it was not long before the 'Myſtery was all made clear by my Father, 'who ſending for me one day into his Cham- 'ber, let me into a Secret which was as little 'wiſhed for as expected; he began with the 'ſurprizing Effects of Youth and Beauty, and 'the Madneſs of letting go thoſe Advantages 'they might procure us, till it was too late,

'when

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'when we might wish in vain to bring them
'back again. I stood amazed at this Begin-
'ning; he saw my Confusion, and bid me
'sit down and attend to what he was go-
'ing to tell me, which was of the greatest
'Consequence; and he hoped I would be
'wise enough to take his Advice, and act as
'he should think best for my future Welfare.
'He then asked me, if I should not be much
'pleased to be a Queen? I answered with the
'greatest Earnestness, that so far from it, I
'would not live in a Court again to be the
'greatest Queen in the World; that I had a
'Lover who was both desirous and able to
'raise my Station, even beyond my Wishes.
'I found this Discourse was very displeasing;
'my Father frowned and called me a roman-
'tick Fool, and said, if I would hearken to
'him he could make me a Queen; for the
'Cardinal had told him, that the King,
'from the Time he saw me at Court the
'other Night, liked me; and intended to get
'a Divorce from his Wife, and to put me
'in her place; and ordered him to find some
'Method to make me a Maid of Honour to
'her present Majesty, that in the mean time
'he might have an Opportunity of seeing me.

'It

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'It is impoſſible to expreſs the Aſtoniſhment 'theſe Words threw me into; and notwith- 'ſtanding that the Moment before, when it 'appeared at ſo great a diſtance, I was very 'ſincere in my Declaration, how much it 'was againſt my Will to be raiſed ſo high; yet 'now the Proſpect came nearer, I confeſs 'my Heart fluttered, and my Eyes were daz- 'zled with the View of being ſeated on a 'Throne. My Imagination preſented before 'me all the Pomp, Power, and Greatneſs 'that attend a Crown; and I was ſo perplexed, 'I knew not what to anſwer, but remained 'as ſilent, as if I had loſt the Uſe of my 'Speech. My Father, who gueſſed what it 'was that made me in this Condition, pro- 'ceeded to bring all the Arguments he thought 'moſt likely to bend me to his Will; at laſt, 'I recovered from this Dream of Grandeur, 'and begged him by all the moſt endearing 'Names I could think of, not to urge me 'diſhonourably to forſake the Man, whom I 'was convinced would raiſe me to an Em- 'pire, if in his power, and who had enough 'in his power to give me all I deſired. But 'he was deaf to all I could ſay, and inſiſted, 'that by next Week, I ſhould prepare my 'ſelf

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'ſelf to go to Court: he bid me conſider
'of it, and not prefer a ridiculous Notion
'of Honour to the real Intereſt of my
'whole Family, but above all things not
'to diſcloſe what he had truſted me with.
'On which, he left me to my own
'Thoughts. When I was alone, I reflected
'how little real Tenderneſs this Behaviour
'ſhewed to me, whoſe Happineſs he did not
'at all conſult; but only look'd on me as a
'Ladder, on which he could climb to the
'Height of his own ambitious Deſires: and
'when I thought on his Fondneſs for me in
'my Infancy, I could impute it to nothing,
'but either the liking me as a Play-thing, or
'the Gratification of his Vanity in my Beau-
'ty. But I was too much divided between
'a Crown and my Engagement to Lord
'*Peircy*, to ſpend much Time in thinking
'of any thing elſe; and altho' my Father had
'poſitively forbid me, yet when he came
'next, I could not help acquainting him
'with all that had paſſed, with the Reſerve
'only of the Struggle in my own Mind on
'the firſt mention of being a Queen. I ex-
'pected he would have received the News
'with the greateſt Agonies; but he ſhewed
'no

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'no vaſt Emotion; however he could not 'help turning pale; and taking me by the 'Hand, looked at me with an Air of Ten-'derneſs, and ſaid, If being a Queen will make 'you happy, and it's in your power to be ſo, 'I would not for the World prevent it, let me 'ſuffer what I will. This amazing Greatneſs of 'Mind had on me quite the contrary Effect, 'from what it ought to have had: for inſtead 'of increaſing my Love for him, it almoſt put 'an end to it; and I began to think if he 'could part with me, the matter was not 'much. And I am convinced, when any 'Man gives up the Poſſeſſion of a Woman, 'whoſe Conſent he has once obtained, let 'his Motive be ever ſo generous, he will diſ-'oblige her. I could not help ſhewing my 'Diſſatisfaction, and told him, I was very 'glad this Affair ſat ſo eaſily on him. He 'had not power to anſwer, but was ſo ſud-'denly ſtruck with this unexpected ill-na-'tur'd Turn I gave his Behaviour, that he 'ſtood amazed for ſome time, and then bow-'ed and left me. Now I was again left to 'my own Reflections; but to make any thing 'intelligible out of them, is quite impoſſible; 'I wiſhed to be a Queen, and wiſhed I might

'not

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'not be one; I would have my Lord *Peircy*
'happy without me; and yet I would not
'have the Power of my Charms be ſo weak,
'that he could bear the Thought of Life
'after being diſappointed in my Love. But
'the Reſult of all theſe confuſed Thoughts was
'a Reſolution to obey my Father. I am afraid
'there was not much Duty in the Caſe,
'tho' at that time I was glad to take hold
'of that ſmall Shadow, to ſave me from
'looking on my own Actions in the true
'Light. When my Lover came again, I
'looked on him with that Coldneſs that he
'could not bear, on purpoſe to rid my ſelf of
'all Importunity: for ſince I had reſolved to
'uſe him ill, I regarded him as the Monu-
'ment of my Shame, and his every Look ap-
'peared to me to upbraid me. My Father
'ſoon carried me to Court; there I had no
'very hard Part to act; for with the Experi-
'ence I had had of Mankind, I could find
'no great difficulty in managing a Man who
'liked me, and for whom I not only did
'not care, but had an utter Averſion to: but
'this Averſion he believed to be Virtue; for
'how credulous is a Man who has an Incli-
'nation to believe? And I took care ſometimes

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'to drop Words of Cottages and Love, and 'how happy the Woman was who fixed her 'Affections on a Man in such a Station of 'Life, that she might show her Love, with-'out being suspected of Hypocrisy or merce-'nary Views. All this was swallowed very 'easily by the amorous King, who pushed 'on the Divorce with the utmost Impetuosity, 'although the Affair lasted a good while, 'and I remained most part of the time be-'hind the Curtain. Whenever the King men-'tioned it to me, I used such Arguments a-'gainst it, as I thought the most likely to 'make him the more eager for it; begging, 'that unless his Conscience was really touched, 'he would not on my account give any 'grief to his virtuous Queen; for in being 'her Handmaid, I thought my self highly 'honoured; and that I would not only for-'go a Crown, but even give up the Pleasure 'of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong 'my Royal Mistress. This way of talking, 'joined to his eager Desire to possess my Per-'son, convinced the King so strongly of my 'exalted Merit, that he thought it a merito-'rious Act to displace the Woman (whom he 'could not have so good an Opinion of, be-'cause he was tired of her) and to put me

'in

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'in her place. After about a Year's ſtay at Court,
'as the King's Love to me began to be talked
'of, it was thought proper to remove me,
'that there might be no Umbrage given to
'the Queen's Party; I was forced to comply
'with this, though greatly againſt my Will; for
'I was very jealous that Abſence might change
'the King's Mind. I retired again with my
'Father to his Country Seat, but it had no
'longer thoſe Charms for me which I once
'enjoyed there; for my Mind was now too
'much taken up with Ambition to make
'room for any other Thoughts. During my
'Stay here, my Royal Lover often ſent Gen-
'tlemen to me with Meſſages and Letters,
'which I always anſwered in the manner I
'thought would beſt bring about my Deſigns,
'which were to come back again to Court.
'In all the Letters that paſſed between us,
'there was ſomething ſo kingly and com-
'manding in his, and ſo deceitful and ſub-
'miſſive in mine, that I ſometimes could not
'help reflecting on the Difference betwixt this
'Correſpondence, and that with Lord *Peircy*;
'yet I was ſo preſſed forward by the Deſire of
'a Crown, I could not think of turning back.
'In all I wrote, I continually praiſed his Re-
'ſolution

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'ſolution of letting me be at a diſtance from 'him, ſince at this time it conduced indeed 'to my Honour; but what was of ten times 'more weight with me, I thought it was ne-'ceſſary for his; and I would ſooner ſuffer any 'thing in the World than be any means of 'Hurt to him, either in his Intereſt, or Re-'putation. I always gave ſome Hints of ill 'Health, with ſome Reflections how neceſ-'ſary the Peace of the Mind was to that of 'the Body. By theſe means, I brought him 'to recall me again by the moſt abſolute 'Command, which I for a little time art-'fully delay'd, (for I knew the Impatience of 'his Temper would not bear any Contradicti-'on;) till he made my Father in a manner 'force me to what I moſt wiſhed, with the 'utmoſt Appearance of Reluctance on my 'ſide. When I had gained this Point, I be-'gan to think which way I could ſeparate the 'King from the Queen, for hitherto they 'lived in the ſame Houſe. The Lady *Mary*, 'the Queen's Daughter, being then about 'Sixteen, I ſought for Emiſſaries of her own 'Age, that I could confide in, to inſtil into 'her Mind diſreſpectful Thoughts of her Fa-'ther, and make a Jeſt of the Tenderneſs of

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'his Conſcience about the Divorce. I knew
'ſhe had naturally ſtrong Paſſions, and that
'young People of that Age are apt to think
'thoſe that pretend to be their Friends are
'really ſo, and only ſpeak their Minds freely;
'I afterwards contrived to have every Word
'ſhe ſpoke of him carried to the King; who
'took it all as I could wiſh, and fancied thoſe
'things did not come at firſt from the young
'Lady, but from her Mother. He would
'often talk of it to me, and I agreed with
'him in his Sentiments; but then as a great
'Proof of my Goodneſs, I always endea-
'voured to excuſe her, by ſaying, a Lady ſo
'long time uſed to be a Royal Queen, might
'naturally be a little exaſperated with thoſe,
'ſhe fancied would throw her from that Sta-
'tion ſhe ſo juſtly deſerved. By theſe ſort of
'Plots, I found the way to make the King
'angry with the Queen; for nothing is eaſier
'than to make a Man angry with a Woman
'he wants to be rid of, and who ſtands in the
'way between him and his Pleaſures: ſo that
'now the King, on the Pretence of the Queen's
'Obſtinacy, in a Point where his Conſcience
'was ſo tenderly concerned, parted with her.
'Every Thing was now plain before me; I

'had

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'had nothing farther to do but to let the King 'alone to his own Desires; and I had no rea- 'son to fear, since they had carried him so 'far, but that they would urge him on to do 'every thing I aimed at. I was created Mar- 'chioness of *Pembroke*. This Dignity sat very 'easy on me; for the Thoughts of a much 'higher Title, took from me all feeling of 'this; and I looked upon being a Marchio- 'ness as a Trifle, not that I saw the Bauble in 'its true Light, but because it fell short of 'what I had figured to my self I should soon 'obtain. The King's Desires grew very im- 'patient, and it was not long before I was 'privately married to him. I was no sooner 'his Wife, than I found all the Queen come 'upon me; I felt my self conscious of Roy- 'alty, and even the Faces of my most inti- 'mate Acquaintance seemed to me to be quite 'strange. I hardly knew them, Height had 'turned my Head, and I was like a Man 'placed on a Monument, to whose Sight 'all Creatures at a great distance below him, 'appear like so many little Pigmies crawl- 'ing about on the Earth; and the Pro- 'spect so greatly delighted me, that I did 'not presently consider, that in both Cases

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'descending a few Steps erected by human 'Hands would place us in the Number of 'those very Pigmies who appeared so despi- 'cable. Our Marriage was kept private for 'some time, for it was not thought proper 'to make it public (the Affair of the Divorce 'not being finished) till the Birth of my 'Daughter *Elizabeth* made it necessary. But 'all who saw me knew it; for my Manner 'of speaking and acting was so much changed 'with my Station, that all around me plainly 'perceived, I was sure I was a Queen. While 'it was a Secret, I had yet something to wish 'for; I could not be perfectly satisfied, till 'all the World was acquainted with my 'Fortune: but when my Coronation was 'over, and I was raised to the height of 'my Ambition, instead of finding my self 'happy, I was in reality more miserable than 'ever; for besides that the Aversion I had 'naturally to the King was much more diffi- 'cult to dissemble after Marriage than before, 'and grew into a perfect Detestation, my 'Imagination, which had thus warmly pur- 'sued a Crown, grew cool when I was in 'the possession of it, and gave me time to 'reflect what mighty matter I had gained

'by

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'by all this Buſtle; and I often uſed to think 'my ſelf in the caſe of the Fox-hunter, who 'when he has toiled and ſweated all day in 'the Chace, as if ſome unheard-of Bleſſing 'was to crown his Succeſs, finds at laſt, all 'he has got by his Labour is a ſtinking nau-'ſeous Animal. But my Condition was yet 'worſe than his; for he leaves the loathſome 'Wretch to be torn by his Hounds, whilſt I 'was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly 'pretend him to be the Object of my Love. 'For the whole time I was in this envied, 'this exalted State, I led a continual Life of 'Hypocriſy, which I now know nothing on 'earth can compenſate. I had no Compa-'nion but the Man I hated. I dared not 'diſcloſe my Sentiments to any Perſon about 'me; nor did any one preſume to enter into 'any freedom of Converſation with me; but 'all who ſpoke to me, talked to the Queen, 'and not to me; for they would have ſaid 'juſt the ſame Things to a dreſs'd-up Puppet, 'if the King had taken a fancy to call it his 'Wife. And as I knew every Woman in the 'Court was my Enemy, from thinking ſhe 'had much more right than I had to the 'Place I filled, I thought my ſelf as unhap-

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'py, as if I had been placed in a wild Wood,
'where there was no human Creature for me
'to ſpeak to, in a continual fear of leaving
'any Traces of my Footſteps, leſt I ſhould
'be found by ſome dreadful Monſter, or ſtung
'by Snakes and Adders: for ſuch are ſpiteful
'Women to the Objects of their Envy. In
'this worſt of all Situations, I was obliged to
'hide my Melancholy, and appear chearful.
'This threw me into an Error the other
'way, and I ſometimes fell into a Levity in
'my Behaviour, that was afterwards made uſe
'of to my diſadvantage. I had a Son dead-
'born, which I perceived abated ſomething of
'the King's Ardor; for his Temper could not
'brook the leaſt Diſappointment. This gave
'me no Uneaſineſs; for not conſidering the
'Conſequences, I could not help being beſt
'pleaſed when I had leaſt of his Company.
'Afterwards I found he had caſt his Eyes on
'one of my Maids of Honour; and whether
'it was owing to any Arts of her's, or only
'to the King's violent Paſſions, I was in the
'End uſed even worſe than my former Miſ-
'treſs had been by my means. The Decay
'of the King's Affection was preſently ſeen
'by all thoſe Court-Sycophants, who conti-
'nually

'nually watch the Motions of Royal Eyes;
'and the Moment they found they could be
'heard againſt me, they turned my moſt
'innocent Actions and Words, nay even my
'very Looks, into Proofs of the blackeſt Crimes.
'The King, who was impatient to enjoy his
'new Love, lent a willing Ear to all my Ac-
'cuſers, who found ways of making him jea-
'lous, that I was falſe to his Bed. He would
'not ſo eaſily have believed any thing againſt
'me before, but he was now glad to flatter
'himſelf that he had found a Reaſon to do
'juſt what he had reſolved upon without a
'Reaſon; and on ſome ſlight Pretences, and
'hear-ſay Evidence, I was ſent to the *Tower*,
'where the Lady, who was my greateſt Ene-
'my, was appointed to watch me and lie in
'the ſame Chamber with me. This was really
'as bad a Puniſhment as my Death; for ſhe
'inſulted me with thoſe keen Reproaches, and
'ſpiteful Witticiſms, which threw me into ſuch
'Vapours and violent Fits, that I knew not
'what I uttered in this Condition. She pre-
'tended, I had confeſs'd talking ridiculous
'Stuff with a Set of low Fellows, whom I
'had hardly ever taken notice of, as could
'have impoſed on none but ſuch as were re-
'ſolved to believe. I was brought to my

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'trial, and to blacken me the more, accuſed of
'converſing criminally with my own Brother,
'whom indeed I loved extremely well, but
'never looked on him in any other Light
'than as my Friend. However, I was con-
'demned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the
'King pleaſed; and he was graciouſly pleaſed,
'from the great Remains of his Love, to
'chuſe the mildeſt Sentence. I was much
'leſs ſhocked at this manner of ending my
'Life, than I ſhould have been in any other
'Station: but I had had ſo little Enjoyment
'from the Time I had been a Queen, that
'Death was the leſs dreadful to me. The
'chief Things that lay on my Conſcience,
'were the Arts I made uſe of to induce the
'King to part with the Queen, my ill Uſage
'of Lady *Mary*, and my jilting Lord *Peircy*.
'However, I endeavoured to calm my Mind
'as well as I could, and hoped theſe Crimes
'would be forgiven me: for in other reſpects
'I had led a very innocent Life, and always
'did all the good-natur'd Actions I found any
'opportunity of doing. From the Time I
'had it in my power, I gave a great deal of
'Money amongſt the Poor, I prayed very de-
'voutly, and went to my Execution very
'compoſedly. Thus I loſt my Life at the
'Age

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'Age of Twenty-nine, in which ſhort time 'I believe I went through more variety of 'Scenes, than many People who live to be 'very old. I had lived in a Court, where I 'ſpent my Time in Coquetry and Gaiety: I 'had experienced what it was to have one of 'thoſe violent Paſſions which makes the 'Mind all Turbulence and Anxiety. I had 'had a Lover whom I eſteemed and valued, 'and at the latter part of my Life, I was raiſed 'to a Station as high as the vaineſt Woman 'could wiſh. But in all theſe various Changes, 'I never enjoyed any real Satisfaction, unleſs in 'the little time I lived retired in the Coun-'try free from all Noiſe and Hurry; and 'while I was conſcious, I was the Object of 'the Love and Eſteem of a Man of Senſe 'and Honour.'

On the Concluſion of this Hiſtory, *Minos* pauſed for a ſmall time, and then ordered the Gate to be thrown open for *Anne Bullen*'s Admittance; on the Conſideration, That whoever had ſuffered being a Queen for four Years, and been ſenſible during all that time of the real Miſery which attends that exalted Station, ought to be forgiven whatever ſhe had done to obtain it *.

* Here ends this curious Manuſcript; the reſt being deſtroyed

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deſtroyed in rolling up Pens, Tobacco, *&c.* It is to be hoped, heedleſs People will henceforth be more cautious what they burn or uſe to other vile Purpoſes; eſpecially when they conſider the Fate which had likely to have befallen the Divine *Milton*; and that the Works of *Homer* were probably diſcovered in ſome Chandler's Shop in *Greece*.

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EURYDICE,

A

FARCE:

As it was d——mned

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL
in DRURY-LANE.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

PLUTO.
ORPHEUS.
PROSERPINE.
EURYDICE.
CHARON.
GHOSTS, *&c.*

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EURYDICE.

(The Muſick-Bell rings.)

Enter the Author *in a Hurry. A* Critick *following.*

Auth. HOLD, hold, Mr. *Chetwood*, don't ring for the Ouverture yet, the Devil is not dreſſed. He has but juſt put on his cloven Foot.

Crit. Well, Sir, how do you find yourſelf? In what State are your Spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the Audience are but in half ſo good a Humour, I warrant for the Succeſs of my Farce.

Crit. I wiſh it may ſucceed; but as it is built (you ſay) on ſo ancient a Story as that of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, I fear ſome part of the Audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been adviſeable to have writ

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writ a Sheet or two by a Friend, addreſſed to the Spectators of *Eurydice*, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, No; any Man may know as much of the Story as my ſelf, only by looking at the End of *Littleton*'s Dictionary, whence I took it. Beſides, Sir, the Story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that *Orpheus* went down to the Shades after his Wife who was dead, and ſo enchanted *Proſerpine* with his Muſick, that ſhe conſented he ſhould carry her back, with a Proviſo he never turned to look on her in his Way, which he could not refrain from, and ſo loſt her?—Dear Sir, every School-Boy knows it.

Crit. But for the Inſtruction of thoſe Beaus who never were at School.

Auth. They may learn it from thoſe who have. If you will ſecure me from the Criticks, I don't fear the Beaus.

Crit. Why, Sir, half the Beaus are Criticks.

Auth. Ay! s'Gad, I ſhould as ſoon have ſuſpected half the *Dutchmen* to be Dancing-Maſters. If I had known this, I would have ſpared them a little. I muſt leave out the firſt Scene, I believe.

Crit.

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Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a Scene between the Ghoſts of two Beaus. And if the Subſtance of a Beau be ſuch an unſubſtantial Thing, as we ſee it, what muſt the Shadow of that Subſtance be?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha. Ridiculous.

Auth. Ay, I think ſo. I think, we do come up to the Ridiculous in our Farce, and that is what a Farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for as your Beaus ſet up for Critics, ſo theſe Critics on Farces may ſet up for Beaus. But come, I believe by this, the Devil and the Ghoſts are ready, ſo now, Mr. *Chetwood*, you may ring away. Sir, if you pleaſe to ſit down with me between the Scenes, I ſhall be glad of your Opinion of my Piece.

(*They ſit: The Ouverture is played.*)

Crit. Pray, Sir, who are theſe two Gentlemen that ſtand ready to ruſh on the Stage? Are they the two Ghoſts you mention?

Auth. Yes, Sir, they are. Mr. *Spindle* and Captain *Weazel*, the one belongs to the Court, the other to the Army; and they are the Repreſentatives

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preſentatives of their ſeveral Bodies. You muſt know farther, the one has been dead ſome time, the other but juſt departed: but huſh, they are gone on.

Enter Capt. Weazel, *Mr.* Spindle.

Capt. *Weazel.* Mr. *Spindle*, your very humble Servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this ſide the River *Styx*. I am glad to ſee you dead, with all my heart.

Mr. *Spin.* Capt. *Weazel*, I thank you, I hope you are well.

Capt. *Weaz.* As well as a dead Man can be, my Dear.

Mr. *Spin.* And faith! that's better than any living Man can be, at leaſt any living Beau. Dead Men (they ſay) feels no Pain; and I am ſure, we Beaus, while alive, feel little elſe: but however at laſt, thanks to a little Fever and a great Doctor, I have ſhaken off a bad Conſtitution; and now I intend to take one dear Swing of Raking, Drinking, Whoring, and playing the Devil, as I have done in the other World.

Capt. *Weaz.* I ſuppoſe then you think this World exactly like that you have left?

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Mr. *Spin.* Why, you have Whores here, have you not?

Capt. *Weaz.* Oh, in abundance.

Mr. *Spin.* Give me a Buss for that, my Dear. And some of our Acquaintance, fine Ladies, are there not?

Capt. *Weaz.* Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. *Spin.* Thou dear Dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy Life, thy Death I should say, among 'em?

Capt. *Weaz.* Faith! *Jack*, even as I led my Life between Cards, Dice, Musick, Taverns, Wenches, Masquerades.

Mr. *Spin.* Masquerades! Have you those too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Those! Ay, they were borrowed hence.

Mr. *Spin.* What a delicious Place this Hell is!

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, it is the only Place a fine Gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. *Spin.* How it was misrepresented to us in the other World.

Capt. *Weaz.* Pshaw! that Hell did not belong to our Religion; for you and I, *Jack*, you know, and most of our Acquaintance were always Heathens.

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Mr. *Spin.* Well: but what ſort of a Fellow is the old Gentleman, the Devil, hey?

Capt. *Weaz.* Is he? Why a very pretty ſort of a Gentleman, a very fine Gentleman; but, my Dear, you have ſeen him five hundred times already. The Moment I ſaw him here, I remembered to have ſeen him ſhuffle Cards at *White*'s and *George*'s; to have met him often on the *Exchange* and in the *Alley*, and never miſſed him in or about *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. *Weaz.* No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor Rogue, a ſort of People he abominates ſo, that there are ſcarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend your ſelf to him, tell him you deſerved to be hanged, and was too great for the Law.

Mr. *Spin.* Won't he find me out?

Capt. *Weaz.* If he does, nothing pleaſes him ſo much as Lying: for which reaſon, he is ſo fond of no ſort of People as the Lawyers.

Mr.

Mr. *Spin.* Methinks, he might, for the ſame Reaſon, be fond of us Courtiers too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, we have no Cauſe to complain of our Reception.

Mr. *Spin.* But have you no News here, *Jack?*

Capt. *Weaz.* Yes, truly we have ſome, and pretty remarkable News too. Here is a Man come hither after his Wife.

Mr. *Spin.* What! to deſire the Devil to take great care of her, that ſhe may not come back again?

Capt. *Weaz.* No, really, to deſire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his Requeſt.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay; he muſt be a hard-hearted Devil indeed, to deny a Man ſuch a Requeſt as that.

Capt. *Weaz.* Did you never hear of him in the other World? he is a very fine Singer, and his Name is *Orpheus.*

Mr. *Spin.* Oh ay! he's an *Italian.* Signior *Orpheo.*——I have heard him ſing in the Opera in *Italy.* I ſuppoſe, when he goes back again they will have him in *England.* But who have we here?

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Capt. *Weaz.* This is the Woman I ſpoke of, Madam *Eurydice.*

Mr. *Spin.* Faith! ſhe is handſome, and if ſhe had been any body's Wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That Sentiment compleats the Character of my Courtier, who is ſo complaiſant, that he ſins only to comply with the Mode; and goes to the Devil, not out of any Inclination, but becauſe it is the Faſhion. Now for Madam *Eurydice*, who is the fine Lady of my Play: And a fine Lady ſhe is, or I am miſtaken.

Enter Eurydice.

Eur. Capt. *Weazel*, your very humble Servant.

Capt. *Weaz.* Your Servant, Lady Fair. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, deſires the Honour of kiſſing your Hands.

Eur. Any Gentleman of your Acquaintance. From *England*, I preſume.

Mr. *Spin.* Juſt arrived thence, Madam.

Eur. You have not been at Court yet, Sir, I ſuppoſe. You will meet with a very hearty

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hearty Welcome from his Majesty. He has a particular Kindness for People of your Nation.

Mr. *Spin.* I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. *Weaz.* But I hope the News is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam *Eurydice.*

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my Husband is come after me? Do you think *Pluto* can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a Husband who came hither for me?

Mr. *Spin.* Faith! I don't know; but if a Husband was to go back to the other World after his Wife, I believe, he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh but, Sir, this Place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different Creatures after they have been here some time.

Capt. *Weaz.* And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the Law of the Realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the Duty of a Wife. And if the Devil won't let me, I can't help it.

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Capt. *Weaz.* I am afraid of the Power of his Voice, I wiſh he be able to reſiſt that Charm; and I fancy, if you was to confeſs ingenuouſly, it is his Voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, Sir, you are miſtaken. I do not think the Merit of a Man, like that of a Nightingale, lies in his Throat. It is true, he has a fine Pipe, and if you will carry your Friend to Court this Morning, he may hear him; but though it is poſſible my Heart may have its weak Sides, I ſolemnly proteſt no one will ever reach it through my Ears.

Mr. *Spin.* That's ſtrange: for it is the only Way to all the Ladies Hearts in the other World.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you Beaus know juſt as much of a Woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a Lady expires at an Opera, ſhe thinks of the Signor that's ſinging? No, no, take my Word for it, Muſick puts ſofter and better Things in her Head.

AIR

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AIR I.

Do not ask me, *Charming Phillis.*

When a Woman lies expiring
at fal, lal, lal, lal, la.
Do you think her, Sir, desiring
nothing more than ha, ha, ha?
[*Exit between the Beaus.*

Crit. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the Character of your Courtier from your Soldier.

Auth. What Soldier! Have you mistaken my Army-Beau for a Soldier. You might as well take a *Temple*-Beau for a Lawyer. Sir, a Beau is a Beau still, whatever Profession he belongs to; the Beaus in all Professions differ in nothing but in Dress; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the Character of my Army-Beau from my Court-Beau, I clap a Cockade into his Hat, and that is all the Distinction I can make between them,——But mum: *Pluto* is going on.

SCENE, *The Court of* Pluto.

Enter Pluto, Proſerpine, *and* Orpheus.

Pluto. Indeed, Friend *Orpheus*, I am concerned I cannot grant your Requeſt without infringing the Laws of my Realm. Aſk me any thing elſe, and be certain of obtaining: Riches, Power, or whatever is in my Gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common Fate of Men. Conſider you had the Poſſeſſion of your Wife ſomething more than a Twelvemonth.

Proſ. Long enough, I am ſure, for any poor Woman to be confined within the Fetters of Matrimony.

Pluto. Is it poſſible that that Voice, which can lull the Cares of every other aſleep, ſhould not be able to aſſuage thoſe of your own Breaſt?

Auth. Now for a Taſte of *Recitativo*. My Farce is an *Oglio* of Tid-Bits.

Orpheus, (*in* Recitativo.)

Curſt be the cruel Sciſſars of the Fates,
That ſnipt her Thread of Life, and curſt that Law
Which now forbids her to my Arms.

No,

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No, cruel King, detain your offer'd Wealth,
And hang my Harp forſaken in your Realm;
For all Things uſeleſs are to me
Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

Riches, can you Eaſe reſtore,
Riches makes me wiſh the more
The Poſſeſſion of my Sweet,
To beſtow them at her Feet.

2.

What Relief in ſofteſt Lays
Warbling all my Charmer's Praiſe,
Bidding fierce Paſſion riſe
Teaching Languiſh to my Eyes.

3.

Then can Wealth and Muſick pleaſe,
When my Charmer ſmiles at theſe;
But leſt Envy theſe bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.

Pluto. (*in Raptures*) O *caro, caro.*—— (What ſhall I do? If I hear another Song I am vanquiſhed. Should he deſire thee, my Dear, I could hardly deny him.) [*Aſide to Proſerpine.*

Proſ.

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Prof. That may poſſibly be, my Dear, (and I wiſh he would with all my heart.) *Aſide.*

Pluto. Conſider, Child, there is no danger in the Precedent: for as he is the firſt Man who ever deſired to have his Wife again, it is poſſible he may be the laſt.

Prof. I own the Requeſt odd enough; nor do I know any Miracle that would equal it, unleſs ſhe ſhould conſent to go along with him, which I much queſtion: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her Huſband's Name 'till his Arrival here. And though you may make free with your own Laws and your own People, I hope, Mr. *Pluto*, you will not uſurp any Authority over mine. By *Styx*, if you give one dead Wife back again to her Huſband, againſt her Will, I will make Hell too hot to hold you.

Pluto. Do not be in a Paſſion, my Dear.

Prof. My Dear, I will be in a Paſſion. Shall you preſcribe to me what to be in?

Pluto. You need not fear the Loſs of your Subjects; tho' you ſhould promiſe to return every Wife that was aſked.

Prof. How, Sir, have I not ſeveral Widows, whoſe Jointures died with them; whoſe Huſbands would not only aſk, but walk hither

ther barefoot to get them again? But you are always deſpiſing my Subjects. I am ſure no Goddeſs of Quality was ever uſed as I am. It would never be believed upon Earth, that the Devil is a worſe Huſband than any there.

Auth. Conſidering where the Scene lies, I think theſe Sentiments are not *mal-à-propos.*

Enter Eurydice, Weazel, Spindle. Weazel *introduces* Spindle *to* Pluto *and* Proſerpine. Eurydice *goes to* Orpheus.

Orpheus, (*Recitativo*).

Oh my Eurydice! *the cruel King,*
Still obdurate, refuſes to my Arms
The Repoſſeſſion of my Love.

Eurydice, (*Recitativo.*)

Unkind Fate,
So ſoon to put an end to all our Joys!
And barbarous Law of Erebus
That will not reinſtate us in our Bliſs

Orph. *And muſt you ſtay?*
Eur. *And muſt you go?*
Orph. *Oh no!*
Eur. *'Tis ſo.*
Orph. *Oh no!*
Eur. *'Tis ſo.*

Crit.

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Grit. Why does *Eurydice* speak in *Recitativo*?

Auth. Out of Complacence to her Husband. As you will find her behave through my whole Piece, like a very polite and well-bred Lady.——I intend this Couple as a Contrast to the Devil and his Wife.

AIR III.

Orph. *Farewel, ye Groves and Mountains,*
Ye once delightful Fountains,
Where my Charmer used to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous Play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever chearful, ever gay,
We have spent the Summer-Day.

2.

Where Herds forgot their lowing,
And Trees forgot their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy Flocks,
And the hard and massy Rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the Magick of my Song,
But thy Eyes drew all along.

Pluto.

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Pluto. I am conquered; by *Styx*, you ſhall have her back. Take my Wife too, take every thing; another Song, and take my Crown.

Prof. Hold, hold, not ſo generous, good King *Pluto.* If the young Lady pleaſes to return with her Huſband, as you have ſworn by *Styx*, ſhe may.

Auth. There, Sir, there. I have carried the Power of Muſick beyond *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and all of them; I have made it inſpire a Man to get the better of his Wife.

Prof. But I inſiſt on her Conſent being aſked.

Spind. to *Weaz.* I find in Hell the grey Mare is the better Horſe.

Weaz. Yes, faith! *Jack*, and no where elſe, I believe.

Orph. Thanks moſt infernal Majeſty;
I aſk no greater Boon.

Eur. You may depend too ſurely on your *Eurydice*, to doubt her Conſent to whatever would make you happy. But——it is a long way from hence to the other World; and you know, by Experience, my Dear, I am an exceeding bad Traveller.

Orph.

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Orph. I'll carry you on my Shoulders.

Eur. Oh dear Creature! your Shoulders would fail, indeed, they would. And if I ſhould be taken ſick on the Road, what ſhould I do? Indeed in this World, I might make a tolerable ſhift; but on the other ſide the River *Styx*, if I was fainting no publick Houſe dare ſell me a Dram.

Orph. I will buy two Gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, Child, is ſo very uncertain, that who knows but as ſoon as I am got hence, I may be ſummoned back the next Day; and conſider, what an intolerable Fatigue two ſuch Journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a Journey which I have undertaken for you?

Eur. Oh you great Creature, you! You are a Man, and I am a poor weak Woman. I hope you don't compare your Strength with mine. Beſides, if I was able to go, it is really ſo much better to be here than to be married, that I muſt be mighty ſilly to think of returning.——Indeed, dear *Orphy*, I ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew my Face after it.

AIR

AIR IV.

Oh Lud! I ſhould be quite aſham'd,
My former Friends to ſee;
In an Aſſembly if I'm nam'd,
They'd point and cry, that's ſhe.

From Huſbands when 'tis thought ſo fine
For Wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the World all ſay?

Orph. Can you go then, will you refuſe me?

Eur. My Dear, you know I always hated to refuſe you ſo much, that I hated you ſhould aſk me any thing; if it was reaſonable I ſhould do it of my own accord; but I never will be perſuaded out of my Reaſon.

AIR V.

Orph. *That Marriage is a great Evil,*
Who'll ever diſpute more in Life,

When

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When they hear I've prevail'd on the Devil,
And cannot prevail on my Wife,
Poor Man!
And cannot prevail on my Wife.

Eur. *But when those who hear your sad Ditty,*
Shall the Date of your Wedding explore,
Do you think Men a Husband will pity,
Who should have known better before,
Poor Man!
Who should have known better before?

Pluto. The Doom is fixed, I ask your pardon, my Dear (*to Prof.*) but I swore by *Styx* before I thought of it, that she should go.

Prof. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: However, *Eurydice*, since that's the Case, the Oath must be kept. But I can add a Clause to the Bill, if he looks back on you once in the Way, you shall return, and that I swear by *Styx*.

Pluto. Do you hear, Sir, what my Wife says?

Mr.

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Mr. *Spin.* (*to Weaz.*) This River *Styx*, ſeems a pretty way of ending Controverſies between Man and Wife. It is pity the *Thames* had not the ſame Virtue.

Orph. Thanks, moſt Diabolical Majeſty, for your infernal Kindneſs.

Pluto. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the Advantage of this Favour I have granted you.

Proſ. Which I have granted, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Pluto. Ay, which my Wife has granted.

Capt. *Weaz.* (*to Spin.*) You ſee how ill People expreſs themſelves, when they call a bad Huſband the devil of a Huſband.

Eur. I thank your Majeſty, Madam, for your Interpoſition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I ſhould be unworthy of your Royal Favour.

Proſ. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your Huſband.

Eur. Few Women, Madam, need come hither to learn that Art.

Proſ. I am glad they behave ſo well.—Dear *Eurydice*, I wiſh you a good Journey

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with all my heart, and hope to ſee you ſoon again.

Eur. The firſt Moment it is in my power, I aſſure your Majeſty.

Plu. Friend *Orpheus*, farewel, I give thee thy Wife with greater Pleaſure, ſince I hope, as thou haſt come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither ſhortly to get rid of her.

[*Exit* Pluto, Proſ. *Capt.* Weaz. *and* Spin.

Eur. Well, Sir; and ſo I muſt take a Trip with you to the other World. How was it poſſible, you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had ſo often wiſhed me here, while alive?

Orph. Thoſe were only the ſudden Blaſts of Paſſion. Beſides, as is the common Fate of Mortals, I never knew my Happineſs 'till I loſt it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my Dear, and I think you was ſo for me; your Tears at our parting, gave me ſufficient Aſſurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, Child, that was all. Upon my word, my Dear, parting with thee was all the little Comfort I had.

Orph.

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Orph. Did you desire it then?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my Word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. Oh very comfortably! Did you not leave me to run after the Golden Fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at *Thebes* by yourself a whole Winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a Mistress in my Absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in Diversions and Play, what should have kept your Family?

Eur. And did not you spend on Mistresses what should have kept your Wife?

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the Vapours?

Eur. And was not you the Occasion of my Vapours? Did not you kill my favourite Monkey, because I would not dance with that Rake *Hercules*, and the rest of your Brother *Argonauts*.

Orph. You have dined with that Rake *Hercules* when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best Fiddles

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only becauſe I would not dance with that Coquet Miſs *Atalanta*, and the reſt of your Flirts.

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your Fiddle again, Sir, on the ſame Occaſion.

Orph. And I would ſee you and your Monkey at the Devil, if you affronted my Friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

Orph. Nay, do not laugh ſo immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable State of Life which you are ſo fond of, as to deſire over again?

Orph. But Experience might teach us to amend our Faults for the future.

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the Impoſſibility of ſuch an Amendment: for if we could have learnt ſo, we might have learnt from the Examples of others, when we were firſt married, and from our own in a ſhort time; but I never perceived any better Effect from the Remembrance of a paſt Quarrel than the working up a new one.

Could

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Could Experience cure Folly, Men would not want that Cure very early in Life.

AIR VI.

If Men from Experience a Leſſon could reap,
To fly from the Folly they'd ſeen,
What Madman at Forty a Miſtreſs would keep,
What Woman would love at Eighteen!
What Woman, &c.

The Levées of Stateſmen and Courts of the Law,
Boys only would haunt very ſoon;
And all married Broils to Concluſion would draw,
At the End of the ſweet Honey-Moon.
At the End, &c.

So if you have a mind to prove and profit by your own Experience, e'en look back at the third Step, and return ſingle as you came.

Orph. No, I will be ſo complacent, that I had rather prove your Hypotheſis than my own.

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Eur. Then, pray, ſet out: In thoſe laſt Words of your's Matrimony ſeemed to begin again: for to refuſe his Wife with Civility, is the true Complacence of a Huſband.—So, a good Journey to us.

AIR VII.

Turn, oh turn thee, deareſt Creature.

Turn oh turn, Dear, do not fly me;
I could never thus hold out:
If you lov'd, you'd not deny me;
If you lov'd, you'd look about.
[*Exit, ſhe following.*

SCENE, *The Banks of the River* Styx.

(*They call* Charon *ſeveral times without.*)

Auth. So now *Charon* is out of the way, and the Audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, Sir, why does *Orpheus* talk ſometimes in *Recitativo*, and ſometimes out of it?

Auth. Why, Sir, I do not care to tire the Audience with too much *Recitativo*; I obſerve

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ſerve they go to ſleep at it at an Opera. Beſides, you may give yourſelf a good reaſon, why he leaves off Singing: for I think his Wife may very well be ſuppoſed to put him out of tune.—Are you ſatisfied?

Crit. I could aſk another Queſtion.—— Why have you made the Devil henpecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the Scene, and how could Hell be better repreſented than by ſuppoſing the People under Petticoat-Government?—But oh! *Charon* is come at laſt.

Enter Charon *and* Maccahone.

Cha. You, Mr. *Maccahone*, will you pleaſe to pay me my Fare?

Mac. Ay, fet would I with all my Shoule, but Honey, I did die not worth a Sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I ſhall carry you back again.

Mac. To my own Country! Arrah do, Honey. Uboboo! what a Shoy it will be to my Relations, that are now ſinging an Anthem called the *Iriſh Howl* over me, to ſee me alive, when they know that I am dead.

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Cha. If you do not pay your Fare, I ſhall carry you to the other ſide of the River, where you ſhall wander on the Banks a thouſand Year.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did ſee half a dozen Gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my Shoule, the Laugh is coming upon my Face.

Cha. Prithee, what doſt thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my Shoule, I will get a Bridge and ſwim over upon it, and I will ſend upon the Poſt to the other World to buy a Bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a Bridge, I believe no one will come into your Boat that can go over the Water upon dry Land.

Cha. Here, take this Fellow ſome of you, and ferry him back again, where he ſhall ſtay till his Bridge is built. But whom have we here? I ſuppoſe the Couple who are by *Pluto*'s ſpecial Order to be ferry'd over to the other Side.

Enter

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Enter Orpheus *and* Eurydice.

Orph. If you pleaſe, Mr. *Charon*, to prepare your Boat. I ſuppoſe you have received your Orders.

Cha. Maſter, the Boat is juſt gone over, it will be back again inſtantly. I wiſh you would be ſo good in the mean time, Maſter, to give us one of your *Italian* Catches.

Orph. Why, doſt thou love Muſick then, Friend *Charon?*

Cha. Yes, fags! Maſter, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior *Quaverino.*

Orph. Why didſt thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, Sir; Judge *Rhadamanthus* ſaid it was againſt the Law: for that no body was to come into this Country but Men and Women; and that the Signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your Lawyers, I ſuppoſe, have ſtrange Quirks here in Hell.

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the ſame here as on Earth.

Eur. Help, help, I ſhall be drowned, I ſhall be drowned!

Orph.

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Orph. (*turning*) Ha! *Eurydice*'s Voice!

Eur. Oh unlucky Misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the Queen's Command?

Orph. Thou wicked Woman, why wouldſt thou tempt me?

Eur. How unreaſonable is that, to lay the Blame on me! Can I help my Fears? You know I was always inclined to be hyſterical: but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know your ſelf to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back, purpoſely to loſe me.

Orph. And doſt thou accuſe me?

Eur. I don't accuſe you. I need not accuſe you. Your own wicked Conſcience muſt do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a Million of Miles. I am ſure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. (*pretending to cry.*)

Orph. Curſt Accident; but ſtill we may go on. *Proſerpine* can never know it.

Eur. (*ſpeaking briſk*) No, I promiſed to return the Moment you looked back; and a Woman of Honour muſt keep her Promiſe, tho' it be to leave her Huſband.

AIR

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AIR VIII.

Farewel, my Dear,
Since Fate ſevere
Has cut us twice in twain.
Orph. *Say not* farewel
I'll back to Hell,
And ſing thee back again.
Eur. *No,* Orpheus, *no*
You ſhall not go.
Orph. *And muſt we, muſt we part?*
Eur. *We muſt, away,*
For if you ſtay,
Indeed 'twill break my Heart.

Your Servant, Dear,
I downward ſteer,
You upward to the Light;
Take no more Leave,
For I muſt grieve
'Till you are out of ſight.

Cha. Come Maſter *Orpheus*, never take it to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your Lady did. I believe the Devil would be very glad

glad to go with you, if he could leave his Wife behind him.

Orpheus, (*Recitativo.*)

Ungrateful, barbarous Woman!
Infernal Stygian *Monſter!*
Henceforth Mankind
I'll teach to hate the Sex.

AIR IX.

If a Huſband henceforth, who has buried his Wife,
Of Pluto *requeſt her again brought to Life:*
Pluto, *grant his Requeſt as he enters thy Portal,*
And Jove *for his Comfort.*
And Jove *for his Comfort,*
Oh make her, oh make her, oh make her immortal!

Auth. There, now the Audience muſt ſtay a little, while the Grave Scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. *Chetwood*, haſten things as much as poſſible.

Crit.

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Crit. I ſee Mr. *Orpheus* is come to his *Recitativo* again.

Auth. Yes, Sir, juſt as he loſt his Senſes. I wiſh our Opera Compoſers could give as good a Reaſon for their *Recitativo.*

Crit. What would you have them bring nothing but mad People together into their Operas?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad People together into their Operas, they would not be able to ſubſiſt long at the extravagant Prices they do, nor their Singers to keep uſeleſs Miſtreſſes; which, by the by, is a very ingenious Burleſque on our Taſte.

Crit. Ay, how ſo?

Auth. Why, Sir, for an *Engliſh* People to ſupport an extravagant *Italian* Opera, of which they underſtand nor reliſh neither the Senſe nor the Sound, is heartily as ridiculous and much of a piece with an Eunuch's keeping a Miſtreſs: nor do I know whether his Ability is more deſpiſed by his Miſtreſs, or our Taſte by our Singers.

Crit. Huſh, huſh, don't diſturb the Play.

SCENE,

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SCENE, Pluto's *Court.*

Pluto, Weazle, Spindle.

Pluto. Well, Mr. *Spindle*, pray how do you like your Way of living here?

Mr. *Spin.* Upon my Word, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, it is ſo very like the Life I uſed to lead, that I can ſcarce perceive any difference, unleſs (I hope your Majeſty will not be offended) I think you are not quite ſo wicked here, as we uſed to be in the other World.

Pluto. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. *Spindle*, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no Remedy for it; for as it is impoſſible to make the People here worſe, ſo I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little theſe Wretches know, that the Vices which were their Pleaſures in the other World, are their Puniſhment here; and that the moſt vicious Man need ſcarce any other Puniſhment than that of being confined to his Vice!) [*Aſide.*

Auth.

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Auth. There, Sir! There is Morality for you out of the Mouth of the Devil, if that be not *à Fuco dare Lucem*, let another handle the Pen for me.

Mr. *Spin.* One Vice in particular, that we excel you in, is Hypocriſy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwiſe: for as his Diabolical Majeſty is known to have ſuch an Antipathy to Virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

Plu. Why not? I am no Enemy to the Affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never ſo nicely, they might depend on it, I ſhould ſee through them. But ha! my Wife and *Eurydice!*

Enter Proſerpine *and* Eurydice.

Proſ. Yes, Sir, the Gentleman could not ſtay, it ſeems, 'till he got home; but looked back on his Treaſure, and ſo forfeited it.

Eur. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightned out of my Wits every Step, leſt he ſhould ſee me by a ſide Glance, and yet all would not do; he

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would, (*ſobbing*) he would look back upon me, and ſo I have loſt him for ever.

Pluto. Be comforted, Madam.

Eur. It is in your Power to comfort me.

Plu. And, be aſſured, it is in my Will.

Eur. Then you muſt promiſe me never to ſend me back: for, truly, there is (*compoſed*) ſo much Pain in parting, that, ſince it muſt happen, I am reſolved never to ſee my Huſband again, if I can help it.

Proſ. Be eaſy: for by *Styx*, he never ſhall ſend you back.

Mr. *Spin.* However, there is *ſome* Hypocriſy here, I find. [*Aſide to each other.*

Weaz. Ay, among the Women.

Proſ. Well, my dear *Eurydice*, I am ſo pleaſed to ſee you returned, that I will celebrate a Holiday in all my Dominions. Let *Tantalus* drink, and take *Ixion* off the Wheel. Let every one's Puniſhment be remitted a whole Day. Do you hear, Huſband? what are you thinking of?—Do you take care and ſignify my Pleaſure?

Pluto. I ſhall, my Dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my Wife's Pleaſure that you ſhould all keep Holiday.

Proſ.

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Prof. And harkee, Sir, I desire you would wave your Wand, and conjure back some of your Devils that dance at the Play-Houses in the other World.

Pluto. My Dear, I will obey your Commands.

Prof. You see, my dear *Eurydice*, the Manner in which I live with my Husband. He settled one half of the Government on me at my Marriage, and I have, thank Fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: Thus I make my self some little Amends for his Immortality.

Eur. And sure a Wife ought to have some Amends made her for such a terrible Circumstance.

Pluto. My Dear, the Dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your Majesty's Behaviour to a Husband.

Prof. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief Favourite.

A GRAND DANCE.

Chorus.

Eur. *From Lessons like these*
You may, if you please,
Good Husbands learn to be civil.

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For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the Devil.

Prof. *At each little Pet*
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your Wives dead, for I tell you,
If they one touch this Shore,
You shall have them no more,
Tho' to fetch them you send Farinello.

Pluto. *Attend to* Old Nick,
Ye Brethren, that stick
Like me in Hymen's *fast Fetters,*
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.

Chor. *Attend to* Old Nick,
Ye Brethren, that stick
Like him in Hymen's *fast Fetters,*
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.

THE

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THE

WEDDING-DAY.

A

COMEDY,

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

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PROLOGUE.

Writ and Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies, we muſt beg
your Indulgence, and humbly hope you'll
not be offended
At an Accident that has happen'd to-night, which
was not in the leaſt intended,
I aſſure you: If you pleaſe, your Money ſhall be re-
turn'd. But Mr. Garrick, *to-day*
Who performs a principal Character in the Play,
Unfortunately has ſent word, 'twill be impoſſible,
having ſo long a Part,
To ſpeak to the Prologue: He hasn't had time to
get it by heart.
I have been with the Author, to know what's to be
done,
For, till the Prologue's ſpoke, Sir, ſays I, we can't go on.
"Pſhaw! rot the Prologue," ſays he; "then be-
gin without it."
I told him, 'twas impoſſible, you'd make ſuch a Rout
about it: [*ſay,*
Beſides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,—and I dare
Such an Attempt, Sir, would make 'em damn the Play.
"Ha! damn my Play!" the frighted Bard replies:
"Dear Macklin, *you muſt go on then and apologize."*
Apologize! not I: Pray, Sir, excuſe me.
"Zounds! ſomething muſt be done: prithee, don't
"refuſe me:

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" Prithee, go on : Tell them, to damn my Play, will
" be a damn'd hard Caſe.
" Come, do : You've a good long, diſmal, Mercy-
begging Face."
Sir, your humble Servant : You're very merry.
" Yes," ſays he ; " I've been drinking
" To raiſe my Spirits ; for, by Jupiter ! *I found*
'em ſinking."
So away he went to ſee the Play ; O ! there he ſits :
Smoke him, ſmoke the Author, you laughing Crits.
Isn't he finely ſituated for a damning Oh—Oh !
a—a ſhrill Whibee ? O direful Yell !
As Falſtaff *ſays : Would it were Bed-time,* Hal,
and all were well !
What think you now ? Whoſe Face looks worſt,
yours or mine ?
Ah ! thou fooliſh Follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better ſtuck to honeſt Abram Adams, *by half ;*
He, in ſpight of Critics, can make your Readers
laugh.
But to the Prologue.—What ſhall I ſay ? Why,
Faith, in my Senſe,
I take plain Truth to be the beſt Defence.
I think then, it was horrid Stuff ; and, in my hum-
ble Apprehenſion,
Had it been ſpoke, not worthy your Attention.
I'll give you a Sample, if I can recollect it.—
Hip ! take Courage : Never fear, Man : don't be
dejected.

Poor

Poor Devil! he can't ſtand it; he has drawn in his Head:
I reckon before the Play's done he'll be half dead.
But to the Prologue. It began,
"To-night the Comic Author of to-day.
"Has writ a—a—a—ſomething about a Play:
"And, as the Bee,—the Bee,—(that he brings
"by way of Simile) the Bee, which roves
"Thro', thro',"—Pſhaw! Pox o' my Memory!—
"O! thro' Fields and Groves,
"So Comic Poets in fair London *Town*
"To cull the Flowers of Characters wander up
"and down."—
Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens, *and Dramatic Rules,*
And Characters of Knaves and Courtiers, Authors and Fools,
And a vaſt deal about Critics,—and Good-nature,—and the poor Author's Fear;
And I think there was ſomething about a Third Night,—hoping to ſee you here.
'Twas all ſuch Stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue Cant; and then at laſt concludes, thus kindly Greeting,
"To you, the Critic Jury of the Pit,
"Our Culprit Author does his Cauſe ſubmit:
"With Juſtice, nay, with Candour judge his
"Wit;
"Give him, at leaſt, a patient, quiet Hearing:
"If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MILLAMOUR	Mr. GARRICK.
HEARTFORT	Mr. DELANE.
Mr. STEDFAST	Mr. MACKLIN.
Mr. MUTABLE	Mr. TASWELL.
YOUNG MUTABLE	Mr. NEALE.
SQUEEZE-PURSE	Mr. MORGAN.
BRAZEN	Mr. YATES.
Dr. CRISIS	Mr. TURBUTT.
CLARINDA	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
CHARLOTTE	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
Mrs. USEFUL	Mrs. MACKLIN.
Mrs. PLOTWEL	Mrs. CROSS.
LUCINA	Miſs BENNET.

SERVANTS, *&c.*

SCENE IN LONDON.

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THE WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Millamour's *Lodging*. Brazen *asleep on a Chair.*

MILLAMOUR, (*calls ſeveral times without*—Brazen.)

WHY, you incorrigible Raſcal, are you not aſhamed to ſleep at this time of day? Do you think yourſelf in *Spain*, Sirrah, that thus you go regularly to Sleep when others go to Dinner?

Brazen (*waking.*) Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the Owl, ſhould reſt with him too. *Spain!* Agad, I ſhould live in the *Antipodes*, by the Hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I ſee why the ſame Bell, that rings others to Dinner, ſhould not ring me to Sleep: for, I thank Heaven and your Honour, Sleep is the only Dinner I have had theſe two Days.

Mill.

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Mill. Ceaſe your Impertinence, and get things ready to dreſs me.

Braz. What Clothes will your Honour pleaſe to wear?

Mill. Get me the Blue and Silver; or, ſtay—the Brown and Gold. Come back, fetch me the Black; that ſuits beſt with my preſent Circumſtances.

Braz. I fancy the Lace ſuits beſt with your Circumſtances. Moſt People in your Honour's Circumſtances wear Lace.

Mill. Harkee, Sir, I have often cautioned you againſt this Familiarity. You muſt part with your Wit, or with your Maſter.

Braz. (*aſide.*) That's true. If I had any Wit, I ſhould have parted with him long ago. No wiſe Servant will live with a Maſter who has turned away his Eſtate.

Mill. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a ſort of Intereſt which all Servants exact from an indebted Maſter: and, as being indebted to a Friend, is the ſureſt way to make him your Enemy, ſo making your Servant your Creditor, is the ſureſt way of making him your Friend.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Millamour, Mrs. *Uſeful*, *Brazen*.

Braz. Sir, is your Honour at home? here is Mrs. *Uſeful*.

Mill. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my Friend, my Miſtreſs, and my Bawd, at any time.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Hoity, toity.—What, muſt I ſtay at the Door, till your Worſhip has conſidered, whether you will ſee me or not? Do I paſs for a Beggar or a Dun with you? Do you take me for a Tradeſman with his Bill, or a Poet with a Dedication?

Mill. (to *Braz.*) Do you ſee what your Blunders are the occaſion of? Come, my angry Fair-one, lay aſide the Terror of your Brows, ſince it was my Servant's Fault, not mine.

Mrs. *Uſe.* I, who am admitted where a poor Woman of Quality is excluded!

Mill. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the Women of Faſhion as their Lap-dogs, or to the Men as their Buffoons.

Mrs. *Uſe.* A very civil Compariſon!

Mill. Thou art the Firſt Miniſter of *Venus*, the

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the firſt Plenipotentiary in Affairs of Love, and thy Houſe is the noble Scene of the Congreſs of the two Sexes. Thou haſt united more Couples than the Alimony-Act has parted, and ſent more to bed together, without a Licence, than any Parſon of the *Fleet*.

Mrs. *Uſe*. I wiſh I could have prevented one Couple from doing it with a Licence.

Mill. What, has ſome notable Whore of thy Acquaintance turned Rebel to thy Power, and liſted under the Banners of *Hymen*? But be not diſconſolate at thy Loſs.—My Life to a Farthing ſhe returns to her Duty. Whoring is like the Mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the Science is ſure never to leave it.

Mrs. *Uſe*. This may probably take your Mirth a Key or two lower than its preſent Pitch. [*Gives a Letter*.

Mill. I hope thou doſt not deal with the Law. I know no Letter can give me any Uneaſineſs, but a Letter from an Attorney. (*Opens the Letter*) Ha! *Stedfaſt!* I know the Hand, tho' not the Name.

Sir, after your Behaviour to me, I might not have been ſtrictly obliged to give you any Account of my Actions: however, as it is the laſt Line you will ever ſee from me, I have pre-

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prevailed with myſelf to tell you, that your Courſe of Life has at laſt determined me to fly to any Harbour from the Danger of you; and accordingly this Morning has given me to a Man, whoſe Eſtate and ſincere Affections will, in time, produce that Love in my Heart, which your Actions have—have— (this is a damn'd hard Word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the Name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

Mrs. *Uſe.* What do you think now, Sir?

Mill. Think! that I am the moſt unhappy of Men, and have loſt the moſt charming of Women.

Mrs. *Uſe.* I always told you what it would come to, but you went ſtill on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious Men tell us, We never know the Value of a Bleſſing till we loſe it.

Mill. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this Hour I never knew the Value of *Clarinda.* (*Reads again.*) hum! hum!—*has given me to a Man, whoſe Eſtate and ſincere Affection,* by which I am to underſtand that my Rival is ſome very rich old Fellow; two excellent Qualifications for a Huſband and a Cuckold, as one could wiſh.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Uſe.* I ſhall make a faithful Report of the Philoſophy with which you receive the News.

Mill. Oh! couldſt thou tell her half my Tenderneſs or my Pain, thou muſt invent a Language to expreſs them.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Truly, I think you had beſt ſet Pen to Paper, and tell her them yourſelf.

Mill. I had rather truſt to your Rhetoric: the Paper, I am ſure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee—

Mrs. *Uſe.* If it receives any Addition, it will not be to your advantage.

Mill. I dare truſt thee; thou loveſt the Game too well to ſpoil it.

Mrs. *Uſe.* It is very ſtrange that a Lover will not anſwer his Miſtreſs's Letter.

Mill. Oh! no one writes worſe than a real Lover. For Love, like Honeſty, appears generally moſt beautiful in the Hypocrite. In painting the Mind, as well as the Face, Art generally goes beyond Nature.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Why, this is all cool Reaſon. I expected nothing but Imprecations, Threatning, Sighing, Lamenting, Raving.

Mill. You are miſtaken. I act on the Marriage of a Miſtreſs as on the Death of a Friend:

I

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I ſtrive to the utmoſt to prevent it. But if Fate will have it ſo—

Mrs. *Uſe.* You are a wicked Man. You know, it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mill. Yes; but, my Dear, I am no more reſolute to give up my Liberty to the one, than my Life to the other: and if nothing but my Marriage or my Death can preſerve them, agad, I believe I ſhall continue *in Statu quo*, be the Conſequence what it will. [*Knocking.*

Braz. Sir, here's a Lady, I don't know whether ſhe comes under any of the Titles your Honour would have admitted.

Mill. Sirrah,—admit all Ladies whatſoever.

Mrs. *Uſe.* I'll be gone this moment.

Mill. Why ſo.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Oh! I would not be ſeen with you for the World.

Mill. Out of Tenderneſs for my Reputation, I ſuppoſe. But that's ſafe enough with you; and as for your Reputation, it is ſafe enough with any one. Reputation, like the Small-pox, gives you but one Pain in your Life. When you have had the one, and loſt the other, you may venture with Safety where you pleaſe.

SCENE,

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SCENE III.

Millamour, Mrs. *Uſeful*, Mrs. *Plotwel*.

Mil. Ha!

Mrs. *Plot.* You ſeem ſurpriſed, Sir: I ſuppoſe this is a Viſit you little expected, tho' I ſee it's no unuſual thing for you to receive Viſits from a Lady.

Mrs. *Uſe.* No, Madam; my Couſin *Millamour* is very happy with the Ladies.

Mil. (to *Plotwel.*) I believe, Couſin, this is a Relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Couſin *Uſeful*, this is my Couſin *Plotwel*; Couſin *Plotwel*, this is my Couſin *Uſeful*. (*The Ladies ſalute.*) But come, Relations ſhould never meet with dry Lips. Here *Brazen*, bring a Bottle of Uſquebaugh.

Both. Wom. Not a Drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Couſin, and how did you leave all our Relations in the *North*? Have you brought me no Letters?

Mrs. *Plot.* Only one, Couſin.

Mrs. *Uſe.* (*aſide.*) Couſin! this is a Siſter of mine, I believe; we are both of the ſame Trade, my Life on't.

Mil.

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Mil. (*to* Brazen, *who enters with a Bottle.*) Sirrah, fill the Ladies—do you hear? (*He takes a Letter from* Plotwel *and opens it.*)

Sir, after so many Vows and Protestations, I should be surprized at the Falshood of any one but so great a Villain as yourself: But, as I have been long since certain, that you have not one Virtue in your whole Mind, that you are a Compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest Tyrant, and the falsest and most perjured Wretch upon Earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured LUCINA.

Mrs. *Plot.* Well, Sir, what does my Aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my Health, complains of my not writing. There's no Secret in't, I'll read it for your Diversion. [*reads.*

Mrs. *Plot.* For Heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the Secrets of our Family.

Mil. *My dear Nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a Gentleman, amidst the Hurry of the* Beau Monde, *to think of an old Aunt in* Northumberland; *yet sure you*

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might ſometimes find an Opportunity to let one know a little how the World goes. Pſhaw! I'll read no more. Theſe Country Relations think their Friends in Town obliged to furniſh them with continual Matter for the Scandal of their Tea-tables. Has the old Lady no Female Acquaintance?—They would take as much pleaſure in writing Defamation as ſhe in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myſelf with others Buſineſs, till I can mind my own; nor about others Sins, till I have left off my own.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Which will not be till Doomſday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the ſame Mind to tempt me to Sin, and the ſame Conſtitution to ſupport me in it. For Sins, like Places at Court, we ſeldom reſign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. *Uſe.* And, like Places at Court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. *Plot.* But I hope you will anſwer my Aunt's Letter.

Mil. Not I, faith. Your Aunt's Letter ſhall anſwer itſelf. Send it back to the old

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Lady again, and write my Duty to her on the back ſide on't.

Mrs. *Uſe.* You have done your Duty to her already, or I am miſtaken.

SCENE IV.

Millamour, *Uſeful*, Mrs. *Plotwel*, *Brazen.*

Braz. Sir, Sir.

Mil. Well, Sir; what, another Couſin! Do you hear, Sirrah, I am at home to no more Female Relations this Morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. *Heartfort* is below.

Mil. Deſire him to walk up.

Mrs. *Plot.* But are you reſolved not to anſwer the Letter?

Mil. Poſitively. And, hearkee,—tell the enraged Fair-one, ſhe hath made a double Conqueſt: her Beauty got the better of my Reaſon, and now her Anger hath got the better of my Love. Give my humble Service to her, and when ſhe comes to herſelf again, tell her I am come to myſelf.

Mrs. *Plot.* You will repent of your Haughtineſs, I warrant you.

Mil. So there's your Diſpatch,—and now for my other Couſin.

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SCENE V.

Millamour, Mrs. *Uſeful.*

Mil. And for you, Madam, give my kindeſt Reſpects to Mrs. *Stedfaſt*. Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely Idea which *Clarinda* had formed in my Mind, ſince ſhe is now another's. I will pray for her Happineſs, but muſt love her no more.

Mrs. *Uſe.* And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again.—Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—and this Kiſs, which I ſend her by you, ſhall be the laſt Token ſhe ſhall have to awaken the Remembrance of me.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Well, you're a barbarous Man. But ſuppoſe now I could procure a meeting between you; ſuppoſe I could bring her to you this very day, at your own Houſe—

Mil. Suppoſe! Oh! thou dear Creature, ſuppoſe I gave thee Worlds to reward thee.

Mrs. *Uſe.* Well, I will ſuppoſe you a Man of Honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way.

Mil. Thus Men of Buſineſs diſpatch Attendants. And in Female Affairs I believe few have more Buſineſs than myſelf. The Grand

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Grand Signor is but a petty Prince in Love, compared to me. But tho' I have diſguiſed my Uneaſineſs before this Woman, *Clarinda* lies deeper in my Heart than I could wiſh. There is ſomething in that dear Name gives me a Senſation quite different from that of any other Woman. The Thought of ſeeing her another's, ſtings me to the very Soul.

SCENE VI.

Millamour, Heartfort.

Heart. What, is your Levee diſpatch'd? I met antiquated Whores going out of your Door as thick as antiquated Courtiers from the Levee of a Stateſman, and with as diſconſolate Faces. I fancy thou haſt done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, *Jack*, where there are a Multitude of Attendants. The Lover no more than the Stateſman can do every Man's Buſineſs.

Heart. Thou doſt as many People's Buſineſs as any Man in Town, I dare ſwear.

Mil. I believe no one taſtes more the Sweets of Love——

Heart. Nor any more its Bitters, than I. Oh! *Millamour*, I am the moſt unhappy of

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Mankind—I have loſt the Miſtreſs of my Soul.

Mil. Ay,—and I have loſt two Miſtreſſes of my Soul.

Heart. The Woman I doat on to Diſtraction is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A Reprieve, a Reprieve, in compariſon of my Fate! The Woman I doat on was married this Morning to another.

Heart. Thou knoweſt not what it is to love tenderly.

Mil. No, Faith; not very tenderly,—not without a great deal of Diſcretion. Here lies the Difference between us: You, *Heartfort*, have Diſcretion in every thing but Love: I have Diſcretion in nothing elſe. Mine is a true *Engliſh* Heart; it is an equal Stranger to the Heat of the *Equator* and the Froſt of the *Pole*. Love ſtill nouriſhes it with a temperate Heat, as the Sun doth our Climate; and Beauties riſe after Beauties in the one, juſt as Fruits do in the other.

Heart. Is it impoſſible to engage thee to be ſerious a moment?

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this Subject, if I did not know thy Temper.

Heart. The Loſs of a Miſtreſs may indeed

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deed ſeem trifling to thee, who haſt loſt a thouſand.

Mil. The Devil take me, if I have.—I have found it always much eaſier to get Miſtreſſes, than to loſe them. Women would be charming Things, *Heartfort*, if, like Clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; ſince, like Clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this Curſe attends a Multiplicity of Amours, that a Man is ſometimes forced to ſupport his whole Wardrobe on his Back at once.

Heart. My Paſſion, Sir, will not bear Raillery.

Mil. I am ſorry for it. Raillery is a ſort of Teſt to our Paſſions: When they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your Infirmity, and for your ſake will be grave on a Subject, which I could never be ſerious on for my own. So, lay open your Wound, and I'll give you the beſt Advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your Temper, *Millamour*, to know my Obligations to you for this Compliance. And after all, perhaps my Caſe requires rather your

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Pity than Advice; for the laſt Word I had from my Miſtreſs was, that ſhe hated me of all Men living.

Mil. Hum!—faith, I think your Caſe requires neither Pity nor Advice.

Heart. But this is not the moſt terrible, or Time might alter her Inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be ſo violent.

Heart. I take its Violence to be a Reaſon for its Change; but I have a better from Experience, for ſhe formerly has told me, that ſhe loved me of all Men living.

Mil. And what has cauſed this great Revolution in her Temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all Philoſophy to account for one of her Actions. You might eaſier ſolve all the *Phænomena* of Nature, than of her Mind. All the inſight you can get into her future Thoughts by her preſent is, that what ſhe ſays to-day, ſhe will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if ſhe promiſed your Rival yeſterday, you may depend upon her diſcarding him to-day.

Heart. But then ſhe has a Father, whoſe Reſolution is immoveable as the *Predeſtinarian*'s Fate, who has given me as poſitive a Denial

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Denial as his Daughter, and is this day determined to beſtow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

Mil. For the old Reaſon, I ſuppoſe——becauſe he is richer.

Heart. No, upon my Word; for a very new Reaſon becauſe he is a greater Rake. For you muſt know, that this mighty unalterable Will, which is as fixed as the *Perſian* Laws, is determined with as little Reaſon as Reſolutions of ſome Countries which are leſs ſtable. In ſhort, Sir, he hath laid it down as a Maxim, that all Men are wild at one Period of Life or another; ſo he reſolved never to marry his Daughter but to one who hath already paſſed that Period. At laſt, the young Lady's good Stars and his great Wiſdom have led him to the Choice of Mr. *Mutable.*

Mil. What, our *Mutable!*

Heart. The very ſame—tho' I have reaſon to believe ſhe hath as great an Averſion for him as for me. There is ſome other, *Millamour*, hath ſupplanted me in her Heart, whom I have not yet been able to diſcover; for to this Match ſhe is compelled by her Father.

Mil.

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Mil. So you are a Stranger to the Man ſhe loves; you have only diſcovered her Huſband.

Heart. Ten thouſand Horrours are in that Name.

Mil. Hum!—faith, to him I think there may; but if the Poſſeſſion of your Miſtreſs's Perſon be all you deſire, I can't ſee how you are a whit the farther from that by this Match; and as to the firſt Favour, I ſhould not be much concerned about that. If a Man would keep a Coach for my uſe, I think it is but a ſmall Indulgence, to let him take the firſt Airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An Hour, a Minute, a Moment's Delay may be my Ruin. Could I but ſee her before the Marriage, this Compulſion of her Father's might throw her into my Arms. But he is reſolved ſhe ſhall be married on the ſame day with himſelf, and he hath this Morning taken a ſecond Wife.—Oh! *Millamour*, thou haſt a lively Imagination—Set it at work for thy Friend; for, by Heaven, I never can have any Happineſs but in Miſs *Stedfaſt*'s Arms.

Mil. Miſs *Stedfaſt!*—and her Father married this Morning!—Oh! my Friend, if I don't

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don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. *Stedfaſt*'s Arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your Father-in-law's moſt confirmed Will, that he is to be the Cuckold of your humble Servant. Take courage; the D—l's in't if he robs us both of our Miſtreſſes in one day. Mine he has got already,—and much Good may ſhe do him.

Heart. Is it poſſible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This Father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that ſhall be too, hath outſtript me in the Race, and is gotten to the Goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy Man, *Millamour*, who can be ſo eaſy in the Loſs of your Miſtreſs.

Mil. Ay, and of a Miſtreſs thou haſt heard me toaſt ſo often, and talk ſo tenderly, ſo fondly of— in the Loſs of *Clarinda*.

Heart. The D---l! was Miſs *Lovely* your *Clarinda?*

Mil. Ay, Sir, Miſs *Lovely*, Mrs. *Stedfaſt* now, was my *Clarinda*, and is my *Clarinda*; —and Miſs *Stedfaſt* ſhall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your Word there, *Millamour*.

Mil.

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Mil. Lookee, *Heartfort*, if ſhe hath a mind to ſee you, I'll ſend for an Engine that ſhall convey you thither, in ſpite of all the Fathers in *Europe*.

Heart. But the Time—

Mil. If you will ſtep in with me while I dreſs, *Brazen* ſhall fetch the Perſon immediately. Come, be not dejected; we ſhall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every Moment may be the curſed Period of my Ruin? Perhaps this Inſtant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her Inclinations; and, as I have heard thee ſay, thy Miſtreſs hath Wit and Beauty, depend upon it theſe Qualities will never be confined in the Arms of a Man ſhe doth not like. Purſue her, and ſhe muſt fall. Decency may guard her a Honey-Moon or two, but ſhe will be yours at laſt. Never think a celebrated Beauty, when ſhe is married, is deceaſed for ever. No, rather imagine her ſetting in her Huſband's Bed, as Poets make the Sun do in that of *Thetis*,

Which from our Sight retires a while, and then
Riſes and ſhines o'er all the World again.

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Lucina's *Lodging.*

Lucina and Mrs. *Plotwel.*

Luc. DISTRACTION! Send me back my Letter! Is not Falſhood enough, muſt he add Inſult to it? Oh! may eternal Furies haunt him! may all the Horrours of Deſpair attend his Guilt! may he be ſo wretched, that Hell itſelf may ſicken with Revenge!

Mrs. *Plot.* And may you be ſo happy, as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, ſo wiſe not to deſire it!

Luc. Sure it is impoſſible. He could not be ſo great a Villain. You never carried him my Letter. He, that has ſworn ſo many Vows of Conſtancy——

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha! ha! ha! Vows of Conſtancy! that any Woman after Eighteen ſhould think of theſe. Vows in Love have juſt the ſame meaning as Compliments in Converſation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the Man who ſwears eternal Conſtancy, as to believe him who aſſures you, he is your moſt obedient, humble Servant.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, had I but known thee ſooner! had I but known a Friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced Soul againſt the wicked Arts of this deceitful Man——

Mrs. *Plot.* Then you would have followed my Advice, juſt as you have done ſince we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you againſt the proteſting dying Lover, who was breathing out daily Raptures at your Feet, when it is not in your power to prevail againſt him, even when he has diſcovered his Falſhood?

Luc. Believe me, I could never aſſure my ſelf of it till now; the whole long Year that I expected his Return to *Paris*, tho' it made me fear his Falſhood, ſtill left me room to hope his Truth.

Mrs. *Plot.* We are apt to hope what we deſire. But could any Woman have reaſon to expect the Return of a Lover, after a Month had paſt beyond his Promiſe? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his Departure. Marriage, like Self-Murder, requires an immediate Reſolution: He that takes time for Deliberation, will never accompliſh either.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, thou art well ſkill'd in the Wiles of the Sex: I wonder thou couldſt be deceived.

Mrs. *Plot.* Yes, Madam, I have paid for my Knowledge. Man is that forbidden Fruit which we muſt buy the Knowledge of with Guilt. He muſt be taſted, to be known; and certain Poiſon is in the Taſte. Were Man to appear what he really is, we ſhould fly from him as from a tempeſtuous Sea; or were he to be what he appears, we ſhould be happy in him as in a ſerene one. They lead us into Ruin with the Face of Angels, and when the Door is ſhut on us, exert the Devil.

Luc. He muſt have been a Man of uncommon Senſe, who work'd your Ruin.

Mrs. *Plot.* Rather the Circumſtances of my Ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am ſurprized, that in all our Acquaintance, tho' you have often mentioned your Misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the Cauſe of them.

Mrs. *Plot.* Tho' the Relation be uneaſy to me, ſtill to ſatisfy your Curioſity, and to prevent any Sollicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few Words as I can. In my

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my way to *Paris*, twenty Years ago, I fell acquainted with a young Gentleman, who appeared to be an Officer in the Army. He continued our Fellow-Traveller on the Road, and, after our Arrival at *Paris*, took Lodgings in the ſame Houſe with us. I was then young and unſkill'd, and too ready to liſten to the Flattery of a Lover. In ſhort, he employed all his Art to convince me of his Paſſion, to make an Impreſſion on that Heart which was too weakly armed to reſiſt him. He ſucceeded,—and I was undone.

Luc. I can't find any thing uncommon in theſe Circumſtances; for I was undone juſt the ſame way myſelf.

Mrs. *Plot.* After a Month ſpent in our too fatal and too guilty Joys, he ſuddenly elop'd from *Paris*, and from that time I never ſaw him more.

Luc. But could any thing be ſo ſtrange as your ſtaying twenty Years in *Paris*, without ſeeking after him?

Mrs. *Plot.* I heard the ſame Year he was ſlain at the Battle of *Belgrade*. But I think it much more ſtrange in you, after ſtaying a Year at *Paris*, to come a hunting after your Lover. For a Woman to purſue, is for the Hare to follow

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follow the Hounds; a Chaſe oppoſite to the Order of Nature, and can never be ſucceſsful. A Woman is as ſure of not overtaking the Lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a Lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm reſolved to ſee him. If I reap no other Advantage from it, I ſhall have at leaſt the Pleaſure of thundering my Injuries in his Ear.

Mrs. *Plot.* The uſual Revenge of an injured Miſtreſs. If Nature had not granted us the Benefit of venting our Paſſions at our Tongues and our Eyes, the Injury and Falſhood of Mankind would deſtroy above half our Sex.

SCENE II.

SCENE, *The Street. Millamour, Heartfort, Brazen.*

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough, you could have been directed to none properer for your Purpoſe than this Woman: for tho' her Body will ſcarce go thro' the Door, yet ſhe has Dexterity enough to go through the Key-hole. But let me tell you, that Dexterity muſt be put in motion by Gold, or it will remain in Reſt.

Heart. She ſhall not want that. When my

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Charlotte's at ſtake, Fortune or Life are Trifles to the Adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a ſober grave Man of Senſe, thou art ſomething violent in thy Paſſion. I always thought Love as foreign to a ſpeculative Man, as Religion to an Atheiſt.

Heart. Perhaps it may: for I believe the Atheiſt is as often inſincere in his Contempt of Religion, as the other in his Contempt of Woman. There are Inſtances of Men who have profeſſed themſelves Deſpiſers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their Shrines.

Mil. Thoſe are two things I never intend to trouble my Head about the Theory of—I ſhall content myſelf with the Practice—

Heart. With the Practice of one, I dare ſwear.

Mil. In my Youth, I believe I ſhall; and for being old, I deſire it not. I would have the Fires of Life and Love go out together. What is Life worth without Pleaſure? And what Pleaſure is there out of the Arms of a Miſtreſs? All other Joys are Dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming Girl,—Cheeks bluſhing,—Eyes ſparkling. Give me her, *Heartfort*—

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Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. *Brazen,* you are to conduct me another Way.

Mil. You are too ſoon for Mrs. *Uſeful*'s Appointment.

Heart. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

Mil. Ha! Your Rival. Nay, you have no reaſon to be angry with him: you tell me, he is as averſe to the Match as yourſelf: you cannot expect he ſhould be diſintereſted out of Complaiſance.

Heart. It is for that Reaſon I would avoid him. I am not Maſter enough of my Paſſions; beſides, I hate Lying and Impertinence, I can't bear to hear a Fellow run on with his Intimacy with this Duke and that Lord, whom he has never ſpoke to, and, perhaps, never ſeen.

Mil. A more innocent Vanity at leaſt, than the boaſting of Favours from Women, tho' with Truth, as I have known ſome Men of Senſe do; which is a Vanity indulged at the Expence of another's Reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as deſtructive of Reputation; for I can't ſee why it ſhould more reflect on a Woman, to be great with a Man of Senſe, than

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on a Man of Senſe to be great with a Fool.

Mil. Pſhaw!—thou art as ſerious in thy Criticiſms on Life, as a dull Critic on the *Drama*. I prefer laughing ſometimes at a Farce and a Fool, to being entertained with the moſt regular Performances, or the Converſation of Men of the beſt Senſe.

Heart. In my Opinion, Laughing at Fools is engaging them at their own Weapons; for a Fool always laughs at thoſe who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the Laugh of his Side, becauſe there are in the World Abundance of Fools to one who is otherwiſe. In ſhort, it is dangerous to ridicule Folly any where openly; as to ſpeak againſt *Mahometiſm* in *Turky*, or *Popery* in *Rome*. But he is here—Good-morrow.

SCENE III.

Millamour, Heartfort, Mutable, Brazen.

Mut. Nay, 'foregad, *Heartfort*, you ſhall not run away from me—Pox take your Miſtreſs, I would not loſe a Friend for all the Sluts in Town—Pſhaw! damn them, they are plenty enough—If thou can'ſt perſuade my Father off the Match, I did not care if the Devil had her.

Heart.

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Heart. Hearkee, Sir, on your Life, do not utter a prophane Word of her.

Mut. Well then, I wiſh you had her, or the Devil had her—It's equal to me—'Tis ſo difficult to pleaſe you—I muſt like her, and I muſt not like her.

Mil. Ay, *Mutable*, to content a paſſionate Lover is as difficult as to ſail between *Scylla* and *Charybdis:* you muſt fall into one Extreme or other.

Heart. Tho' I would have *Charlotte* only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her ſlighted by another.

Mil. Well, *Mutable*, doth this early Sally of yours proceed from having been in Bed early, or from not being in Bed at all?

Mut. Not at all, agad—That Lord *Bouncer* is an everlaſting Sitter.

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myſelf, three Lords, two Baronets, four Whores, and a Juſtice of Peace. His Worſhip, indeed, did not ſit late; he was obliged to go home at Three to take a Nap, to be ſober at the Seſſions—

Mil. And puniſh Wickedneſs and Debauchery.

Mut. Millamour, was you ever in Company

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with my Lord *Grig*?—He is the merrieſt Dog—We had ſuch diverſion between him and the Duke of *Fleetſtreet*—Ha! ha! ha! ſays the Duke to me—*Jack Mutable*, ſays he—ha! ha! ha! what do you think of my Lord *Grig*? Why, my Lord Duke, ſays I, what of my Lord *Grig*? Why, ſays my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in love with my Lady *Pidle*.—You know my Lady *Pidle*, *Millamour*—ſhe is a Prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir *John Gubble* told me t'other day at *White's*——

Heart. Death and Damnation! This is inſupportable. Come, Mr. *Brazen*——

SCENE IV.

Millamour, *Mutable*.

Mut. *White's*—Now, I mention *White's*, I muſt ſend an Excuſe to my Lord *Goodland*. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to-day.

Mil. Two days ago!—why, he went into the Country a week ſince.

Mut. Nay, then Sir *Charles Wiſeall* was miſtaken, for he delivered me the Meſſage yeſterday; which is a little ſtrange, methinks.

Mil.

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Mil. Ay, faith, it is very ſtrange; for he has been in *Scotland* this Fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even ſo, I aſſure you.

Mut. Then, as ſure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. Oh! but may I wiſh you Joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you ſo?

Mut. Hum!—that I can't remember. It was either the Dutcheſs of *Holbourn*, or Lady *Chatter*, or Lady *Scramble*, or——

Mil. No, you dreamt it; a ſure Sign it will not happen.

Mut. Heyday! Where's *Heartfort* gone?

Mil. He can't bear a ſucceſsful Rival.

Mut. Poor Devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myſelf; for, I proteſt, I am as ſorry at winning her, as he can be at loſing her.

Mil. But, is there no way of perſuading the old Gentleman off?

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you My Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a Lord to be as infallible as the Pope.

Mil. Ay, is he ſo fond of Quality?

Mut. Oh! moſt paſſionately. You muſt know, he heſitates even at this Match on that

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account; nay, I believe, notwithſtanding her Fortune, he would prefer a Woman of Quality for his Daughter-in-law, tho' ſhe was not worth a Groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a Thought—but mum—he's here.

SCENE V.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Millamour.

O. Mut. Ha! *Jacky*, have I found you out at laſt. It is ſo long ſince I was in Town, I had almoſt loſt myſelf. But, hearkee,—who's that fine Gentleman? hey!

Y. Mut. Oh! one of the Lords I told you I converſe with—an intimate Acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my Father, my Lord—

O. Mut. At your Lordſhip's Service, my Lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to ſee you in Town.

O. Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your Lordſhip—My Lord, I am vaſtly unworthy ſo great an Honour.

Y. Mut. You will excuſe my Father, my Lord: As he has lived in the Country moſt of

of his Time, he does not make quite ſo fine a Bow as we do.

O. Mut. My Son ſays true, my Lord. I have lived moſt of my Time in the Country, the greater my Misfortune, and my Father's Crime, my Lord. But, I thank my Stars, my Son cannot charge me with ſtinting his Education. Alas! my Lord, it muſt be done betimes. A Man can never be ſent into the World too ſoon. What can they learn at Schools or Univerſities?—No, no, I ſent my Boy to Town at Sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the beſt Company. And, I thank my Stars, I have lived to ſee him one of the fineſt Gentlemen of his Age.

Y. Mut. Ah! Dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Mil. It is owing, Sir, to ſuch wiſe Parents as you, that the preſent Age abounds with ſuch fine Gentlemen as it does. Our dull Forefathers were either rough Soldiers, pedantic Scholars, or clowniſh Farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine Gentleman among us then, as it is a true *Briton* among us now.

O. Mut. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my Son in ſuch Company as your Lordſhip's.

Mil.

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Mil. Dear Sir, the Honour is on my ſide, I aſſure you.

O. Mut. 'Sbud! Your Men of Quality are the civileſt ſort of People upon Earth.

Mil. And, I believe, my Siſter is of the ſame Opinion.

Y. Mut. His Siſter! (*aſide*)

O. Mut. I am extremely bound to your good Lordſhip.

Mil. I ſee you are ſhy of ſpeaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the Honour of my Houſe to marry into a worthy Family with a competent Eſtate, though there be no Title.

O. Mut. My Lord!

Mil. And ſince my Siſter has condeſcended to receive the Addreſſes of your Son, I ſhall not oppoſe the Match.

O. Mut. I am ſurprized, my Lord——

Mil. Nay, Sir, you cannot be ſurprized; for certainly Mr. *Mutable* has more Honour, than to have proceeded ſo far without acquainting you.

O. Mut. Oh, Yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me.—Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed---But the Honour was ſo great, that I could ſcarce believe it.

Y. Mut. (*aside*) This is not the first Woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

O. Mut. Oh, fie upon you, *Jacky*, why did you not tell me of this?——I'll go break off the other Match this moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful Sentiments I have of this great Honour, my Lord——

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my House; in the mean time, Mr. *Mutable* may have as free Access to my Sister as he pleases.

Y. Mut. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

O. Mut. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your Goodness; and I hope my Son is as sufficiently sensible as my self.——I will just go do a little Business, and then, *Jacky*, I'll come to this Place, and you shall carry me to wait on his Lordship.——Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you.——In the mean time I am your Lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble Servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

Millamour, Mutable.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old Gentleman finely?——

Y.

Y. Mut. Yes; but, as my Lord *Twitter* ſays, how ſhall we carry it on?

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppoſe I get ſomebody to perſonate my Siſter—I ſee your Father is of a good, eaſy, credulous Diſpoſition, and not altogether ſo inflexible as your Father-in-law——

Y. Mut. No, hang him; he never kept a Reſolution two Minutes in his Life. He is the very Picture of my Lord *Shatterbrain*; and you know my Lord *Shatterbrain* is very famous for breaking his Word. I have made forty Engagements with him, and he never kept one; then, the next time we met,—*Jack Mutable*, ſays he, I know you'll pardon me —I have ſuch a Memory—but there's Sir *George Gooſe* has juſt ſuch another too—but *George* is a comical Dog, that's the truth on't —There was he and I and the Duke——

Mil. Hearkee, I have thought how the thing ſhall be conducted. *Heartfort*'s Houſe ſhall paſs for mine; thither do you bring your Father; you ſhall find a Lady ready to receive you.—But you muſt remember to behave to her as if you were old Acquaintance. I will inſtruct her how to anſwer you. So,

go

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go now and expect your Father, and remember to give me the Title of Lord *Truelove*.

Mil. Agad, I din'd with Sir *John Truelove* about four days ago; and how many Bottle do you think we ſat?

Mil. Twenty Dozen, if you will.

Y. Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own Share tho'; and ſo drunk was my Lord *Puzzle*—ha! ha! ha! and ſo mad——

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thy ſelf, prithee do mind thy Buſineſs; for, if you ſtay one Moment longer, I'll fling up the Affair.

Y. Mut. I go, I go. My Lord *Truelove*, your Servant.—Foregad, Sir *John* is one of the merrieſt Dogs in *Chriſtendom*.

SCENE VII.

Millamour ſolus.

Go thy way, *Guillim* diſplay'd—Thou Catalogue of the Nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the Vanity of ſuch Fools as this, that makes Men proud of a Title, without any other Merit. Now, if I can but match this Spark with my *Northumberland* Couſin, I ſhall hand-

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handsomely be quit of a troublesome Relation.—And, faith, I think the Arms of a rich Fool are a sort of Hospital, proper to every Woman who has worn out her Reputation in the Service.

SCENE VIII.

Mrs. Stedfast's *House.*

Charlotte, *speaking to Mrs.* Useful, *who goes out and returns with* Heartfort.

Well, well, tell the Wretch, I will see him, to give him another final Answer, since he will have it. Poor Creature! how little he suspects who is his Rival!—Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast given this Heart of mine more Sighs in one Week, than it ever yet felt—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my Passion, or how avoid this Match intended for me by my Father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some Reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a Reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better Reason for that Hate than the Violence of my Love.

Char.

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Char. Oh! the best Reason in the World. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real Lover.

Heart. Methinks, Gratitude might produce the highest Affection.

Char. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir—Gratitude!—that implies an Obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole Town.

Heart. Can my Torments make you merry, Madam?

Char. Oh! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd: Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the Wreck: But you would have me take you off in my Arms, like an odious ridiculous Creature, as you are.

Heart. Give me my Reason again; untie me from the Magic Knot you have bound me in; for whilst you hold me fast within your Chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my Freedom.

Char. Chains!—sure being in love is something like being in the Galleys; and a Lover, like

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like other Slaves, is the Subject of no other Paſſion but Pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere Inſects. One gives Being to Thouſands with a Smile, and takes it away again with a Frown. A celebrated Phyſician might as well grieve at the Death of every Patient, as a celebrated Toaſt at the Death of every Lover; and then it would be impoſſible for either of them ever to have dry Eyes.

Heart. Come, come, Madam; the World are not all ſo deaf to Reaſon as I am. There are thoſe who can ſee your Faults, tho' I can't—can weigh Affectation againſt Beauty, and Ill-nature againſt Wit.

Char. They are inſeparable. No one has Beauty without Affectation, nor Wit without Ill-nature. But Lovers, you know, only ſee Perfections. All Things look white to Love, as they do yellow to the Jaundice.

Heart. This cool Inſenſibility is worſe than Rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the Fire. I would extinguiſh your Paſſion, Sir, ſince this is the laſt time it can blaze in public, without Prejudice to my Reputation.

Heart.

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Heart. Sure, you can't reſolve to marry a Fool?

Char. I can reſolve to be dutiful to a Parent, and run any Riſque rather than that of my Fortune. In ſhort, Mr. *Heartfort*, could you have prevailed with my Father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my Father, but not to diſobey him.

Heart. Was that the Affection you had for a Man who would have ſacrificed himſelf and the whole World to you?

SCENE IX.

Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort.

Clar. Fie! *Charlotte*, how can you uſe him ſo barbarouſly? Poor *Heartfort!* I proteſt, I pity you ſincerely.

Char. Indeed, *Clarinda*,—for I ſhall never call you Mother—I am come to an Age, wherein I ſhall not follow your Advice in diſpoſing of myſelf; nor am I more forward to aſk your Opinion, than you was to aſk mine, when you married my Father.

Clar. My dear *Charlotte*, you ſhall never have more cauſe to repent my Marriage, than

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I believe you would have to repent your own with this Gentleman.

Heart. My Life, Madam, is a poor Sacrifice to ſuch Goodneſs.

Char. Dear Creature! if the old Gentleman your Huſband was here, you would make him jealous on his Wedding-Day.—Beſides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a Reſolution to give me to Mr. *Mutable*; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that, when once he hath reſolved on any thing, it is impoſſible to alter him.

SCENE X.

Stedfaſt, Heartfort, Clarinda.

Stedfaſt. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my Houſe. Am I not Maſter of my own Houſe?

Heart. No, Sir, nor ever will, while you have two ſuch fine Ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two Empreſſes in it, my Word ſhould be a Law—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have Blunderbuſſes in it, and Conſtables too, if I ſee you in it any more.

Clar.

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Clar. Nay, pray, my Dear, do not try to ſhock him more; *Charlotte* hath uſed him ill enough already.

Sted. Hearkee, Madam, my Dear, I muſt give you a piece of Advice on our Wedding-Day:—Never offer to interrupt me, nor preſume to give your Opinion in any thing till aſked.—If Nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the Tongue of a Woman. Women were deſigned to be ſeen, and not heard; they were formed only to pleaſe our Eyes.

Char. You will be ſingularly happy, my Dear, with a Huſband who marries to pleaſe no Senſe but his Eyes.

Clar. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I deſire.

Sted. This is another Thing I muſt warn you of—Never to whiſper in my Preſence.—Whiſpering no one uſes but with an ill deſign. I made a Reſolution againſt Whiſpering at Sixteen, and have never whiſpered ſince.

Heart. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a Reſolution to hang yourſelf, others would have been equally obliged to follow the Example.

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Sted. I wiſh you would reſolve to go out of my doors, Sir; or I ſhall take a Reſolution which may not pleaſe you. Madam, if you have not given this Gentleman a final Diſcharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, Sir, what my Father ſays, therefore I deſire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain Death ſhould deter me from obeying your Commands; nor would that Sentence give me equal Pain, pronounced from any other Lips, with this Baniſhment, from yours.

SCENE XI.

Stedfaſt, Clarinda, Charlotte.

Clar. Go thy ways, for a pretty Fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways, for an Hypocrite. We ſhall have that Fellow turn Rake at Forty. The Seeds of Raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a Diſeaſe in the Blood, which every Man is born with; and the ſooner it ſhews it ſelf, the better.

Char. But I hope, Sir, ſince I have complied with your Commands, in diſpatching one

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one Lover, you will comply with my Deſires, in delaying my Alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very eaſy: So you are married to-day, I care not what Hour.

Char. Why to-day, Sir?

Sted. Becauſe I have reſolved it, Madam.

Char. One Day ſure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have ſaid it.

Clar. Let me interceed for ſo ſhort a Reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Conſider, my whole Happineſs is at ſtake.

Sted. If the Happineſs of the World was at ſtake, I would not alter my Reſolution.

[*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, Mr. *Mutable* is below.

Sted. Shew him up. Go you two in—— Daughter, be ſure and make yourſelf ready. I have not yet reſolved the Hour of marrying you, but it ſhall be this Afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our Wedding-Suppers together.

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SCENE XII.

Stedfaſt, Old Mutable.

Sted. Mr. *Mutable*, your Servant. Odſo! where's the Bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young Fellow: The Bride has reaſon to take it amiſs.

O. Mut. Nay, Mr. *Stedfaſt*, if ſhe or you take any thing amiſs, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in Jeſt with thee: She ſhall take nothing amiſs, for I am reſolved on the Match.

O. Mut. Truly, I am ſorry for it.

Sted. Ha! ſorry—for what?

O. Mut. Since it muſt be known, what ſignifies Heſitation?—My Son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

Sted. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

O. Mut. Yes, Sir, to a young Lady of Beauty and Fortune—and, what is more, a Lady of Quality. I aſſure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our Bargain was made; which I am ſorry for, and heartily aſk your Pardon.

Sted.

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Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refuſed ſuch Offers for your Son's ſake?

O. Mut. The Match was none of my own Choice; but if Quality will drop into one's Lap——

Sted. Ay, Quality may drop into your Lap or your Pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great Lady of Quality?

O. Mut. I know nothing more of her, than that ſhe is a Lord's Siſter.

Sted. Hath ſhe no Name then?

O. Mut. Yes, Sir, I ſuppoſe ſhe hath a Name, tho' I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, Sir, what's her Fortune?

O. Mut. I do not know that either.

Sted. Your very humble Servant, Sir—I honour your Profundity: If the Lady's Quality be equal to your Wiſdom, *Goatham* and *Fleetſtreet* will be in ſtrict Alliance—Sir, I admire your Son; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the Bargain, I find he has Senſe enough to outwit his Father; and he may laugh at you, while all the World laughs at him.

O. Mut. What do you mean, Sir?

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Sted. Stay till your Daughter be brought home, ſhe will explain my Meaning, I warrant you—ſhe will bring you both Extremes, my Life on't—Quality in the Kennel, and Fortune in the Air.

O. Mut. Hum! if it ſhould prove ſo—Sir, the Match is not compleated.

Sted. No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we ſee— [*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the Lawyer is come with the Writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleaſes, and hang himſelf when he has done.

O. Mut. Stay, Sir, I am not determin'd in this Affair—

Sted. Nor in any, I am ſure—but I am; and you muſt give up your Pretenſions one way or other this Moment.

O. Mut. Then I ſtand by the ſecureſt—So deſire the Lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. *Stedfaſt*, what's paſt.

Sted. Ay, Sir, more for my own ſake than yours; for had I not reſolved on the Match, I might have taken other Meaſures.

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SCENE XIII.

Old Mutable, Stedfaſt, Prig.

O. Mut. Come Sir, I am ready to ſign Articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. *Squeezepurſe*, your Maſter?

Prig. Sir, my Maſter is buſy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the beſt Judge of that—I have reſolved never to ſign any thing without your Maſter.

Prig. It is the very ſame thing, I aſſure you—The Writings are fully drawn, and any Witneſs may do as well as my Maſter.

Sted. Your Maſter is a negligent Puppy, and uſes me doubly ill—firſt, in ſtaying away, and then in ſending ſuch an impertinent Coxcomb to diſpute with me.

O. Mut. I believe, Mr. *Stedfaſt*, we may do it.

Sted. Excuſe me, Sir, I ſhall not alter my Reſolves—Therefore go to your Maſter, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not ſign without him, that I am reſolv'd.

O. Mut. In the mean while, I'll ſtep juſt by,

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by, and call my Son, that we may meet with no further Interruption. (*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the Taylor hath ſent word, that he cannot finiſh the new Liveries till to-morrow Morning.

Sted. Then, Sir, go and give my humble Service to the Taylor, and tell him to ſend them half done or undone; for I am reſolv'd to have them put on to-day, tho' they are thrown like Blankets over their Shoulders, and my Equipage ſhould look like the Retinue of a *Morocco* Ambaſſador.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Heartfort, Millamour, Mutable.

Heart. THOUGH I fear my Fortune deſperate, yet is my Obligation infinite to you, my dear *Millamour*, for this Trouble.

Mut. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the Hazard of being diſinherited on your account—

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count—As for the Wife, the Loſs is not great; but I have a real Value for the Eſtate.

Mil. Come, Faith, *Heartfort*, thou muſt confeſs thyſelf obliged to him; he hath done what is in his power——

Heart. I thank him—And, in Return, *Mutable*, let me give you a Piece of Advice. Leave off that ridiculous Quality of pretending an Acquaintance with Men of Faſhion, whom thou haſt never ſeen, for two Reaſons: Firſt, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one eſteem you for it; becauſe all the Prize-fighters, Jockeys, Gameſters, Pimps, and Buffoons in *England* have the ſame Honour——

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, this is very merry, very facetious, Faith—Agad, *Millamour*, if I did not know that *Heartfort* keeps the beſt Company, I ſhould think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his Ambition lies quite the oppoſite Way; for I have ſeen him walking at high *Mall* with a Fellow in a dirty Shirt, and a Wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Auh! what a Couple of diſtinguiſhing Qualifications he choſe to appear in the *Mall* with!—

Heart. And the Man he means happens to have

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have Qualifications very ſeldom ſeen in the *Mall*, or any where elſe——

Mut. Ay, prithee what are theſe?

Heart. Virtue, and good Senſe.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, Virtue, and good Senſe; no Powder, and dirty Linen—Four fine Accompliſhments for an old Philoſopher to live upon——

Mil. Ay, or for a modern Philoſopher to ſtarve with—But, mum—Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort, Millamour.

Mil. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you pleaſe, I am ready to wait upon you——

O. Mut. I am unwilling to give your Lordſhip any further Trouble; for I find, my Lord, that Matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your Lordſhip for the Honour you intended me. But the Boy muſt be married to his former Miſtreſs——

Heart. Ha! [*aſide.*]

Mil. What's this, Sir?

O. Mut. In ſhort, my Lord, I have as great

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great an Honour for Quality as any Man; but there are Things to be conſidered—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord, but it does not pay Debts.

Y. Mut. Faith, you are miſtaken there, Father; for it does.

Mil. I little thought this Conſideration would have expos'd my Siſter to an Affront—You are the laſt Commoner I ſhall offer her to, I aſſure you—Perhaps you may repent this Refuſal—

Y. Mut. Dear Sir, conſider—Your Son's Happineſs, Grandeur, Fortune, all are at ſtake.

Mil. Now the Affair is over, Sir, I ſhall tell you, that my Siſter was not only ſecure of a Fortune much larger than Mr. *Stedfaſt*'s Daughter; but as I have reſolved againſt Marriage, my Fortune and Title too muſt have deſcended to your Son.

O. Mut. Hey!—And ſhould I have ſeen my *Jacky* a Lord?—Should I have had a Lord aſk me Bleſſing?—And a Sett of young Lords and Ladies my Grand Grand Children! Should this old Crab-Tree Stock have ſeen ſuch noble grafted Fruit ſpreading on its Branches?—O my good dear Lord, I aſk Pardon

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Pardon on my Knees—Forgive the foolish Caution of a fearful old Man.

Mil. My Honour, my Honour forbids—

O. Mut. Oh dear, sweet, good, my Lord.—Let Pity melt your Honour to Forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Honour must have a Sacrifice, let my Fault be paid by my Punishment. Tread upon my Neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my Son's Way to Happiness.

Mil. The strictest Honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate Punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the Fortune down before Marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

O. Mut. Whenever your Lordship pleases. I will give one thorough Rebuff to Mr. *Stedfast*, and return instantly.—*Jacky* stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his Lordship. My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

Mil. This succeeds to our Wish. I think I'll e'en play the Parson myself, and marry you in Jest.

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Y. Mut. But I ſhall not play the Huſband, I thank you.

Mil. Pſhaw—in Jeſt.

Y. Mut. Hum, I take Matrimony to be no Jeſt.

Mil. And I take it to be the greateſt Jeſt in Nature. When the old Gentleman comes, *Heartfort*, do you take him to your Houſe, which muſt paſs for my Lord *Truelove*'s, thither will I bring the Lady with the utmoſt expedition. But remember to give a particular Order to all your Servants, that your Name is *Truelove*.

Heart. If you would have me ſtay with you, in the mean time I muſt have no Lords. Nay, I will not allow you a Baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but laſt Week, and hath not paid his Fees yet.

Y. Mut. Well, well, you ſhall be humoured, though I am at work for your Service.

SCENE III.

Stedfaſt's Houſe.

Clarinda, Mrs. *Uſeful.*

Clar. To leave my Huſband's Houſe on my Wedding-Day? And viſit a Gallant? I'll never conſent to it—

Uſe.

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Uſe. Then there's a pretty Fellow gone to his Forefathers.

Clar. No, tell the barbarous Man, undone as he is, I would have conſented to any other Portion with him than Diſhonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal Reſolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my firſt Cauſe of marrying; and tell him, in that Hour I gave my Hand to Mr. *Stedfaſt*, I reſolved never to ſee him more.

Uſe. The Devil take me, if I do. You may ſend another Meſſenger. I'll have no hand in his Death. I always had a natural Antipathy to Murder—Poor dear, pretty, handſome young Fellow—Go—you are a cruel Creature!—Oh! had you ſeen how he ſigh'd, and ſobb'd, and groan'd, and kiſs'd your Letter, and call'd you by all the tendereſt, ſofteſt Names; then ſhed ſuch a ſhower of Tears upon the Paper; then kiſs'd it again, and ſwore he had loſt his Soul in you—Oh! it would have melted Rocks, could they have ſeen it.

Clar. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpoſe?

Uſe. It is your own Fault, if it be to no purpoſe.

Clar.

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Clar. What can I do?

Uſe. What can you do?—that any Woman after Eighteen ſhould aſk that Queſtion—What can you do?—Methinks Charity ſhould tell you, if your Heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine, handſome young Fellow is the Beggar, what Woman can want Charity?

Clar. I have no more to give—My all is now my Huſband's; nor can I, without injuring him, beſtow——

Uſe. Your Huſband—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your Huſband—You may as well think you injure your Cheſt when you take the Money out of it—And would you be lock'd up all your Life in that old fuſty Cheſt, the Arms of your Huſband?

Clar. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail againſt my Huſband, who haſt employ'd all thy vile Rhetoric to perſuade me to receive him?

Uſe. To receive him as a Huſband I did,—and I now perſuade you to make a Huſband of him.

Clar. Oh, Villain! What hath urged thee to uſe me as thou doſt? Didſt thou not firſt entice me to leave my Convent, and fly to

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Englaud with that Monſte *Millamour*?—And then didſt thou not, with the ſame Diligence, intreat me to this Marriage? And now——

Uſe. What Allegations are here!—I own I adviſed you to quit a Religion I thought not conſiſtent with the Health of your Soul, and to fly to the Arms of a Man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I adviſed you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I adviſe you to return to him again.

Clar. What! with the Loſs of my Honour!

Uſe. The Loſs of your Honour! No, no—You may keep your Honour ſtill; for every Woman hath it till ſhe is diſcovered.

Clar. Name it to me no more.

Uſe. At leaſt you may ſee him—there's no Diſhonour in that.

Clar. I dare not think of it.

Uſe. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor Man owe the continuing of his Life to my Entreaties.

Clar. Oh! he hath a more powerful Advocate within me.

Uſe. Well—I'll fly with the happy News.

Clar.

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Clar. Stay—I cannot reſolve.

Uſe. That's enough—She that can't reſolve againſt her Lover, always reſolves for him.

Clar. Well—I will take one dear laſt Draught of Ruin from his Eyes—And then bid them Farewell for ever.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Charlotte diſguiſed.

Here am I fairly eſcaped from my Father's Houſe—And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the Poſitiveneſs and Paſſionateneſs of his Temper too well, to leave me any Hopes of avoiding the Match he is reſolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the Conſequences. Suppoſe I find *Millamour* out, and acquaint him with my Paſſion— I'll die ſooner—If *Heartfort* were here this moment, I believe I ſhould not refuſe him any longer—Ah!

SCENE V.

Millamour, Charlotte.

Mil. Pox on my Raſhneſs in diſcharging the good Mother this Morning—I ſhall never be able to find *Lucina*—I muſt get another

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—Ha! What hath Fortune ſent us? A Woman in a Maſque—I ſuppoſe ſhe doth it to hide the Small-pox, or ſome curſed Deformity——But hang it, ſhe may paſs for a Woman of Quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and, if I miſtake not, ſhe expects it. At leaſt ſhe doth not threaten to run away——Madam, your moſt obedient, humble Servant——I preſume by your preſent Poſture, that your Maſque gives you an Advantage over me——That I have the Honour of being known to you——

Clar. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my advantage to cover my Face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a Maſque too.

Mil. I'll excuſe your abuſing my Face, while you abuſe your own—Nor do I believe you in earneſt in either; for I ſee, by your Eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourſelf.

Clar. Indeed, if Mr. *Millamour* is ſo fully perſuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill Opinion of my Modeſty ſuſpect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My Name too——

Char.

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Char. I hope you have not the worſe Opinion of yourſelf from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my Dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkee, Child, I find thou art ſome old Acquaintance of mine; and as thoſe are a Sett of People whom I am always glad to ſerve, I will make thy Fortune.

Charl. Now I fancy you don't think me an old Acquaintance: for, if I was, you muſt be aſſur'd, I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many *Indies* as I would beſtow on your dear Sex, if I had 'em—But, in this Affair, I am not to be the Principal, but only a ſort of Agent—Or, to ſpeak in your own Language, the Bawd.

Char. Well, Sir.

Mil. And if you can but act the Part of a Woman of Quality for one half hour, I believe I ſhall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! Have you a Man of Quality to diſpoſe of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a Man of Quality would be glad to diſpoſe of. I have a great Fortune for you; and that with it which many a Woman of Quality hath to diſpoſe of.

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Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A Fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want Cuſtomers; but you and I, I find, ſhall not agree; for we happen to deal in the ſame Wares.

Mil. But mine is a Man-Fool, Madam.

Char. And ſo is mine, Sir—but let us wave that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The Fortune is what concerns me moſt. Do you know any one in whoſe hands I could place ten thouſand Pounds with Safety?

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle—If you will come with me, and act your Part well, you ſhall be Miſtreſs of four times that Sum within theſe two Hours. You ſhall have a Huſband with thoſe two great matrimonial Qualities, Rich and a Fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his Name?

Mil. What ſignifies his Name? Will you have a rich Fool for a Huſband, Madam, or no? This muſt be ſome very vulgar Slut, by her Heſitation.

Char. No, Sir, I don't want Riches, and I hate a Fool.

Mil. Then, your Servant. I muſt go find ſomebody that will. If I had but Time on my

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my hands, I ſhould find many a Woman of Faſhion would be glad to be Mrs. *Mutable*.

Char. Ha! Stay, Sir, (this may be a lucky Adventure, at leaſt it muſt be a pleaſant one) if I had known Mr. *Mutable* was the Gentleman——

Mil. Well, Mr. *Mutable* is the Gentleman.

Char. Oh, Heavens! My Father. I ſhall be diſcovered.

Mil. Come, Madam, we have not a Moment to loſe. Step to my Lodgings, and receive Inſtructions.

Char. Well, Sir, I have ſo good an Opinion of your Honour, that I will truſt my ſelf with you.

Mil. My Honour is moſt infinitely obliged to your Confidence, dear Madam.

SCENE VI.

Stedfaſt, Old Mutable.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a Man may as well determine which way a Weather-cock ſhall ſtand this Day Fortnight, by its preſent Situation, as he can what you will think an Hour hence, by what you think now. A Windmill, or a Woman's Heart, are firm as Rocks in compariſon of you.

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Mut. I own he did over-perſuade me; but, pardon me this Time, and I will immediately fetch the Boy, and Matters ſhall be diſpatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his Son to a Woman of Quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had reſolved to marry my Daughter to a Cobler, I would not alter my Reſolution, to ſee her a-bed with the Emperor of *Germany*.

Mut. All Men, Mr. *Stedfaſt*, are not ſo firm in their Reſolutions as you are.

Sted. More ſhame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth Year of my Age, and never broke one Reſolution in my Life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am ſome Years older than you are, and never made a Reſolution in my Life yet.

Sted. Well, Sir, I ſee your Son coming: I will prepare my Daughter. But, pray obſerve me. Make one Reſolution. If you change your Mind again before they are married, they ſhall never be married at all, that I am reſolved.

Mut. (*aſide*) This is a bloody poſitive old Fellow.

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Fellow. What a brave, abſolute Prince he'd make? I'll warrant he'd chop off the Heads of two or three thouſand Subjects, ſooner than break his Word. I muſt not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort.

O. Mut. Come, *Jacky*, you muſt along with me: Mr. *Stedfaſt* and I are agreed at laſt.

Y. Mut. And diſappoint his Lordſhip, Sir?

O. Mut. Don't tell me of his Lordſhip. I have taken a Reſolution to ſee you married immediately: And married you ſhall be.

Heart. Confuſion!

Y. Mut. Dear Sir.

O. Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a Reſolution: So follow me, as you expect my Bleſſing.

Y. Mut. Heartfort, for Heaven's ſake ſtop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath! I'll ſtop him, or periſh in the Attempt.

SCENE VIII.

Millamour's Lodgings.

Brazen *alone with an Opera Book in his Hand.*

Well, I cannot come into the Opinion of the

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the Town about this laſt Opera. It is too light for my Goût. Give me your ſolemn, ſublime Muſic. But Pox take their Taſte: I ſcarce know five Footmen in Town, who can diſtinguiſh. The Raſcals have no Ear, no Judgment. I would as ſoon aſk a Sett of Country Squires what they liked. I remember the Time when we ſhould not have ſuffer'd ſuch Stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si Caro* [*ſings.*]

Millamour and *Charlotte* to him.

Mil. Hey-day! Here, you muſical Gentleman, pray, get you down Stairs.

Braz. Yes, Sir. [*ſings the End of the Tune, and Exit.*]

Char. You have a very polite Footman indeed, Sir.

Mil. Yes, Madam. But come, my Dear, as you are now in a Place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more Occaſion for your Maſque.

Char. No, Sir. Before I diſcover more of me, it will be proper to ſet you right in ſome Miſtakes you ſeem to lie under concerning me. In the firſt place know, that I am a Gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a Parſon's Daughter, deſcended from

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from very honeſt and reputable Parents, I dare ſwear. [*aſide.*]

Char. And, what will ſurprize you, one of a very good Family, and very great Fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would ſurprize me indeed. But come, unmaſque, or you will force me to a Violence I would avoid,

Char. You promiſed me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I aſſure you, I am a Woman of Faſhion.

Mil. Well, Madam, if you are a Woman of Faſhion, I am ſure you have too much Good-nature to be angry with me for making a Promiſe, which you have too much Wit to expect I ſhould keep. Beſides, where there is no Breach of Confidence, there is no Breach of Promiſe. And you no more believe us when we ſwear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you ſwear you think us ſo. So, dear ſweet Gentlewoman, unmaſque; for I am in haſte to ſerve my Friend, and yet I find I muſt ſerve myſelf firſt.

Char. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a Procurer.

Mil. But I generally taſte what I procure,

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cure, before I put it into a Friend's hands. Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to reſiſt. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I deſire thee to uncover.

Char. No, Sir, firſt hear my Hiſtory.

Mil. I will firſt ſee the Frontiſpiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a Woman of ſtrict Honour.

Mil. Your Hiſtory hath a very lamentable Beginning.

Char. And in the greateſt Diſtreſs in the World; for I am this day to be married to a Man I deſpiſe. Now if Mr. *Millamour* can find out any Means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous Knight, I don't know how far my Generoſity may reward him. I forgive theſe Suſpicions of me, which the Manner, in which you found me, ſufficiently juſtifies: But, I do aſſure you, this Adventure is the only one which can attack my Reputation; and I am the only Child of a rich old Father, and can make the Fortune of my Huſband.

Mil. Huſband! Oh!

Char. Ay, Huſband. As rich a Man as Mr. *Millamour* would leap at the Name; though I hope you don't think it my Intention

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tion to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to incloſe a Common, that belongs to the whole Sex.

Mil. Ouns! What the Devil can ſhe be?

Char. You have a rare Opinion of your ſelf indeed, that the very ſame Morning in which you have eſcaped the Jaws of a poor Miſtreſs, you ſhould find another with twenty thouſand Pounds in her Pocket.

Mil. Every Circumſtance, [*aſide.*] Who knows what Fortune may have ſent me? What theſe Charms of mine have done?

Char. What are you conſidering, Sir?

Mil. I am conſidering, my Dear, what particular Charm in my Perſon can have made this Conqueſt.

Char. Oh! A Complication, Sir.

Mil. Dear Madam!

Char. For you muſt know, Sir, that I have reſolved never to marry, 'till I have found a Man without one ſingle Fault in my Eye, or a ſingle Virtue in any one's elſe.—For my part, I take Beauty in a Man to be a Sign of Effeminacy; Sobriety, want of Spirit; Gravity, want of Wit; and Conſtancy, want of Conſtitution.

Mil. So that to have no Fault in your Eye, is

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is to be an Impudent, Hatchet-face, Raking, Rattling, Roving, Inconſtant—

Char. All which Perfections are ſo agreeably blended in you, ſweet Sir.

Mil. Your moſt obedient, humble Servant, Madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my Cavalier for this Enterprize, for which there is but one Method. I muſt run into one Danger, to avoid another. I have no way to ſhun my Huſband at home, but by carrying a Huſband home with me. Now, Sir, if you can have the ſame implicit Faith in my Fortune as you had in my Beauty, the Bargain is ſtruck. Send for a Parſon, and you know what follows— [*unmaſques*] You may eaſily ſee my Confuſion. And I would have you imagine you owe this Declaration only to my horrible Apprehenſion of being obliged to take a Man I like leſs than yourſelf.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam. But—

Char. But! Do you heſitate, Sir?

Mil. The Offer of ſo much Beauty and Fortune would admit of no Heſitation, was it not that I muſt wrong a Friend? Conſider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juſter

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juſter Title to them. How happy would this Declaration make *Heartfort*, which you throw away on me.

Char. I find I have thrown it away indeed —Ha! Am I refus'd? I begin to hate him, and deſpiſe myſelf.

Mil. Upon my Soul ſhe is a fine Woman; but can I think of wronging my Friend? The Devil take me if ſhe is not exquiſitely handſome; but he is my Friend—But ſhe hath Twenty thouſand Pounds—But I muſt be a Raſcal to think of her, and as many Millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

Millamour, Charlotte, Brazen.

Braz. Sir, here is a Lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath a Lady!—Fool, Sot, Oaf! How often ſhall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two Ladies at a time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I ſhould have deny'd you to Madam *Clarinda*.

Mil. Clarinda! Oh, tranſporting Name— My Dear, ſhall I beg, for the Safety of your Reputation, you would ſtep into that Cloſet,

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while I discharge the Visit of a troublesome Relation?

Char. Put me any where from the Danger of a female Tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another Ramble while I live again.

Mil. [*Shuts her in the Closet*] There—Now will I find some Way to let *Heartfort* know of her being here. I am transported at the Hope of serving him, even whilst *Clarinda* is at my door.

SCENE X.

Millamour, Clarinda introduced by *Useful.*

Mil. My *Clarinda!* This is a Goodness of that prodigious Nature——

Clar. That it can be equal'd by nothing but thy Falshood.

Mil. Can so unjust an Accusation proceed from so much Sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me——

Clar. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your Falshood have driven me to what I have done.

Mil. By all the——

Clar.

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Clar. Do not damn thyſelf more— I know thy Falſhood; I have ſeen it. Therefore thy Perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this Teſtimony?

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Mil. Lucina's Letter! Curſed Accident! She too hath received *Clarinda*'s! But I muſt ſtand it out. Hear this! My Falſhood! Mine! when there's not a Star in Heaven that hath not ſeen me, like an *Arcadian* of the firſt ſort, ſighing and wiſhing for you; the Turtle is inconſtant, compared to me; the Roſe will change its Seaſon, and bloſſom in Midwinter; the Nightingale will be ſilent, and the Raven ſing; nay, the *Phœnix* will have a Mate, when I have any Mate but you.

Clar. Had this been true, Nature ſhould have ſooner chang'd than I.

Mil. Oh! You know it is: You have known this Heart too long, to think it capable of Inconſtancy.

Clar. Thou haſt a Tongue that might charm the very *Syrens* to their own Deſtruction, 'till they own'd thy Voice more charming, and more falſe than theirs. There is a Softneſs in thy Words equal to the Hardneſs of thy Heart.

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Mil. And there is a Softneſs within that

Clar. Hold, Sir, I conjure you, do not attempt my Honour: But think, however dear you have been to me, my Honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy Honour ſhall be ſafe—Not even the Day, nor Heaven itſelf ſhall witneſs our Pleaſures.

Clar. Think not the Fear of Slander guards my Honour—No, I would not myſelf be a Witneſs of my Shame.

Mil. Thou ſhalt not. We'll ſhut out every prying Ray of Light, and, loſing the Language of our Eyes, find more delicious Ways to interchange our Souls. We'll wind our Senſes to a Height of Rapture, 'till they play us ſuch dear inchanting Tunes of Joy—

Clar. Oh! *Millamour* [*ſighing.*]

Mil. Give that dear Sigh to my warm Boſom. Thence let it thrill into my Heart, and fan thy Image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My Eyes, my Ears, my Thoughts would only ſee, and hear, and think of thee. Thou deareſt, ſweeteſt, tendereſt—Would Heaven form me another Para-

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Paradiſe; Would it give me new Worlds of Bliſs,

To thee alone my Soul I would confine,
Nor wiſh, nor take another World than thine.

END of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Stedfaſt's *Houſe.*

Stedfaſt, with Servants.

Sted. IS every thing in order? Are the New Liveries on all the reſt of my Servants?

Foot. Yes, Sir, they are all on after a manner; one hath no Pockets, and the other no Sleeves. *John* the Coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then deſire *John* the Coachman to drive himſelf out of my Doors. I'll make my Servants know they are dreſs'd to pleaſe my Humour, not their own.

Cook. Sir, it is impoſſible to get Supper ready by Nine.

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Sted. Then let me have it raw. If Supper be not ready at Nine, you ſhall not be in my Houſe at Ten.—Well, what ſay you, will not my Wine be ready?

But. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your Honour hath by Miſtake mark'd a Pipe not half a Year old.

Sted. Muſt I conſult your Palate or my own? Muſt I give you Reaſons for my Actions? Sirrah, I tell you new Wine is propereſt for a Wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent Queſtions.

SCENE II.

Stedfaſt, Squeezepurſe.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurſe*, I am glad you are come. I am ſo peſtered with my Servants.

Squeez. The Laws are too mild—too mild for Servants, Mr. *Stedfaſt.*

Sted. Well, and have you brought the Writings?

Squeez. They are ready. The Parties Hands are only neceſſary. The Settlement is as ſtrong as Words can make it: I have not been ſparing of them.

Sted.

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Sted. I expect Mr. *Mutable* and his Son this Inſtant; and hope, by the Help of you and the Parſon, to have finiſhed all within an Hour. [*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter for your Honour.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurſe*, you will excuſe me. (Reads.) *Sir, I am at length fully determined to marry my Son to the other Lady, ſo deſire all Matters may be cancell'd between us. I was aſhamed to bring you this Refuſal, ſo have ſent it by Letter. Your humble Servant*, Tho. Mutable. Aſhamed! Ay thou may'ſt be aſhamed, indeed.

Squeez. Any thing of moment from the other Party?

Sted. Death and Fury! Go call your Lady here—She was a Witneſs of his Engagements. I'll go to Law with him.

Squeez. The Law is open to any injured Perſon, and is the propereſt Way of ſeeking Reſtitution.

Ser. My Lady, Sir! my Lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My Wife gone out—Ouns, and Peſtilence! run away on her Wedding-Day! where is ſhe gone?

Ser. I don't know, Sir.

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Squeez. I ſaw your Lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a Houſe in the other Street.

Sted. Shew me that Houſe immediately, good Mr. *Squeezepurſe.* I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine Age to marry in, when a Wife cannot ſtay at home on her Wedding-Day.

SCENE III. Millamour's *Lodging.*

Millamour, Clarinda.

Mil. Cruel *Clarinda*—Thus to ſtop ſhort when we were at the Brink of Happineſs: To ſhew my eager Soul a Proſpect of *Elyſium*, and then refuſe it the Poſſeſſion.

Clar. With how much juſter Reaſon may I complain of you! Ah! *Millamour*, didſt thou not, when the very Day of our Marriage was appointed, didſt thou not then forſake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what Reluctancy, nor could any thing but my Fear of your Miſery have compell'd me to it.

Clar. It is a ſtrange Love that makes its Object miſerable, for fear of its becoming ſo. Nor can the Heart that loves, be, in my Opinion, ever miſerable, while in poſſeſſion of what it loves.

Mil

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Mil. Oh! let that plead my Cauſe, and whiſper to thy tender Heart—

SCENE IV.

To him Brazen.

Brazen. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Brazen. Mr. *Stedfaſt*, Sir, is below with another Gentleman—He ſwears his Wife is in the Houſe, and he will have her.

Clar. I ſhall faint.

Mil. What's to be done—There's another Woman in the Cloſet, whom ſhe muſt not ſee. [*Runs to the Cloſet, and returns.*

Braz. Sir, he will be up ſtairs in a moment.

Clar. Ah, Heavens! [*Falls back into a Chair.*]

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand, and aſſiſt me with lying. Her Fright has inſpired me with the only Method to preſerve her. Give me my Gown and Cap inſtantly. Away to your Poſt—Madam, do you pretend yourſelf as ill as poſſible—So! Huſh, huſh, what Noiſe is this?

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SCENE V.

Millamour, Clarinda, Brazen, Stedfaſt, Squeezepurſe.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling Woman? Where are you, Sorcereſs, that are run away from your Huſband's Houſe on your Wedding-Day?

Mil. Hold, Sir, you muſt not diſturb the Lady.

Sted. Muſt not diſturb her, Sir!

Mil. No, Sir.

Sted. Why, pray Sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. *Stedfaſt*, give me leave if you pleaſe. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you ſcarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this Lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the Conſequence of detaining ſuch, without the leave of her Huſband firſt had and obtain'd? Mr. *Stedfaſt*, you have as good an Action againſt the Gentleman as any Man can wiſh to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great Damages in the Affair of Wives.

Mil. Is this Lady your Wife, Sir?

Sted. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great Sorrow.

Mil. Then, Sir, you owe her Life to me; for

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for had not immediate Application been made, the whole College could not have ſaved her.

Sted. To you! Who the Devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy Practiſer of the Art of Phyſick.

Sted. How came ſhe here, in the Devil's Name?

Mil. By a moſt miraculous Accident—She was taken ill juſt at my Door. My Servant too was then by, as great good Luck, ſtanding at it. *Brazen*, give the Gentleman an Account how you brought the Lady in, when you ſaw her drop down at my Door.

Braz. I was ſtanding, Sir, as my Maſter ſays, picking my Teeth at this Door, when the ſick Lady who ſits in the Chair, as my Maſter ſays, and ready to drop down, as my Maſter ſays; and ſo I took her up in my Arms, and brought her up Stairs, and ſet her down in the great Chair, and call'd my Maſter, who, I believe, can cure her if any Doctor in *England* can; for, tho' I ſay it, who am but a poor Servant, he is a moſt able Phyſician in Women's Affairs.

Squeez. I ſaw nothing of this happen when ſhe came in, and this Fellow's a good Evidence, or I am miſtaken.

Clar.

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Clar. Oh, Heavens! where am I?

Sted. Where are you? Not where you ſhould be—at home at your Huſband's.

Clar. My Huſband's Voice! Mr. *Stedfaſt*, where are you?

Mil. Go near her, Sir—Now you may go as near her as you pleaſe.

Sted. What's the matter with you, Madam?

Clar. I cannot tell you, Sir; I was taken in the ſtrangeſt giddy manner, with ſuch a Swimming in my Head, that every thing ſeemed to dance before my Eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourſelf. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, ſwimming, dancing Diſtemper over, pray?

Clar. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *Specificum Baſilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an univerſal *Noſtrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Noſtrum*, by which, I ſuppoſe, you are not a regular bred Phyſician; for thoſe are a Set of People, whom I reſolved, many Years ago, never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any Degree at our Univerſity.

Sted.

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Sted. I like you the better for it.

Mil. You are a Man of Underſtanding, Sir. The Univerſity is the very worſt Place to educate a Phyſician in. A Man, Sir, contracts there a narrow Habit of obſerving the Rules of a Set of ſtupid Ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to ſtrike a bold ſtroke. A Quack, Sir, is the only Man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular Phyſician, like the Court of Chancery, tires a Man's Patience, and conſumes his Subſtance, before he decides the Cauſe between him and the Diſeaſe.

Sted. Come, Madam, I ſuppoſe by this time you are able to walk home, or to a Chair at leaſt.

Mil. Sir, the Air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here ſome time.

Sted. Sir, I am reſolved ſhe ſhall go home, let the Conſequence be what it will. Doctor, here is ſomething for your Trouble. I am much obliged to your Care—Madam, how do you now?

Clar. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A Word with you, Sir; I heard you ſay, this is your Wedding-Day—In your Ear [*whiſpers.*]

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[*whiſpers*] Not as you tender your Wife's future Health, nay, her Life.

Sted. Never fear—come, Child—come, Mr. *Squeezepurſe*. Doctor, your Servant.

Mil. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the Lady to her Chair.

Sted. Pſhaw! I hate Ceremony—pray ſtay behind— [*Puſhes away* Mil. *and* exit *with his Wife and* Squeeze.]

Mil. Soh! we are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, Sir, ſome Thanks to me; for I think I lyed pretty handſomely.

Mil. Well, Sirrah, and are you ſo vain of the Merit? Did not I ſhow you the way?

Char. [*knocks at the Door.*] Doctor! Doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out *Heartfort*, and bring him hither inſtantly. My fair Priſoner, I aſk your pardon for keeping you confined ſo long.

Char. Oh! Sir, no Excuſes; Patients muſt be tended. But, pray, Doctor, have you not ſome little Skill in Caſuiſtry? Will you adviſe me what to do in this Affair, and whether you think it proper I ſhould ſuffer you to paſs with my Father for ſo excellent a Phyſician as you do?

Mil.

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Mil. Oh! Madam, it needs no great Caſuiſt to adviſe a young Lady how to act, which ſhould be always by the Rules of Good-Nature. Beſides, Madam, you ſhall not ſee your Father deceived, for I will merit the ſame Reputation with you, if you will take my Preſcription; for I will engage to recommend you one that ſhall cure you of all Diſtempers.

Char. Ay! pray what is this infallible *Noſtrum?* I am afraid it is ſomething very nauſeous to the Palate.

Mil. No, far otherwiſe: It is taken by a great many Ladies merely for its agreeable Reliſh.

Char. Well, what is it?

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty Fellow of my Acquaintance.

Char. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty Fellow of your Acquaintance like a certain Phyſician of my Acquaintance?

Mil. No, Faith: If he was, you would have taken the *Noſtrum* long ago.

Char. Hum! I queſtion that. I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a Quack in Love as you are in Phyſick, and apt in both to boaſt more Power than you have. Ah! if I thought it

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it worth my while, I would play ſuch Pranks with your wild Worſhip.

SCENE VI.

Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort.

Heart. Oh! *Millamour*, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou haſt been waiting for me, or ſeeking me, I am glad you have found me; for I have a Favour to aſk of you, which you muſt not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the Face: I dare ſwear we ſhall carry our Point.

Char. What Point, Sir?

Mil. In ſhort, Sir, this young Lady hath begg'd me to aſk your Pardon in her Name, and hopes your Forgiveneſs of all her ill Uſage, all her little Airs, which the Folly of Youth, and the Vanity of Beauty together, made her put on; and ſhe does moſt faithfully promiſe, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that, if you are ſo generous to forgive the paſt, ſhe ſhall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable Inſolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable Inſolence, ſhe hopes, knowing the infinite Goodneſs and

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Sweetneſs of your Temper, will be paſt over; and that you will be pleaſed to conſider that a gay, giddy, wild, young Girl could not have Underſtanding enough to ſet a juſt Value on the ſincere Paſſion of a Man of Senſe and Honour.

Char. This is inſupportable!

Mil. Nay, nay, I think ſo too. I muſt condemn the Hardneſs of your Heart, that can be proof againſt ſuch Penitence in an offending Miſtreſs. Tho' ſhe hath been, I own, as bad as poſſible, yet ſure her repenting Tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a Dream; for thou, my Friend, I am ſure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it poſſible for me to preſume to think the Sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thouſand times as great, could touch your Heart?

Char. Hum! I thank my Stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be Miſtreſs of ſuch Goodneſs, to value my little Services ſo infinitely beyond their Merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor ſuffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your Generoſity! Suffer on to Eternity, with all my Soul.

Heart.

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Heart. I deſerve your Pity now a thouſand times more than ever. This Profuſion of Goodneſs overwhelms my Heart.

Mil. Not one bit beyond a juſt Debt; ſhe owes you all.

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my Friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed; I am not aſhamed to own myſelf Mr. *Heartfort's* Debtor.

Mil. Ay!

Char. And tho' you have ſomewhat exceeded your Commiſſion, and ſaid more for me than perhaps the Stubbornneſs of my Temper might have permitted me to ſay, yet this I muſt confeſs, my Behaviour to Mr. *Heartfort* hath no way anſwered his Merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, Madam, you never ſpoke half ſo much Truth in your Life.

SCENE VII.

Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort, Old Mutable, Young Mutable.

O. Mut. My Lord, I have been waiting for your Lordſhip above this Hour: If it had not been for *Jacky* here, I ſhould never have found you.

Mil. A particular Affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

O. Mut.

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O. Mut. Jacky, is not that your former Miſtreſs, Miſs *Stedfaſt?* Odſo! it is ſhe. What can ſhe do here?

Y. Mut. I wiſh ſhe be not come to ſpoil my Match with my Lord's Sifter.

O. Mut. You have hit it, Boy. *Jacky*, you have hit it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord—— [*They talk apart.*

Heart. This is ſuch an Exceſs of Goodneſs! You judge too harſhly indeed of a few ſlight Gaieties. Women with not half your Merit or Beauty daily practiſe more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a Trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what Right had I to that Trial, unleſs I had intended, which I never can, to diſobey my Father?

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I ſhould prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. *Heartfort*, wherefore, pray, did you underſtand all theſe Apologies made, but that after all your Merit, I muſt obey my Father in marrying this young Gentleman?

Heart. Confuſion!

O. Mut. Indeed, Madam, but there are more Fathers to be obeyed than one. My

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Son, Madam, is another Woman's Property; and I believe I have as good a Right to my Son, as Mr. *Stedfaſt* hath to his Daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my Son muſt be ſtolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Y. Mut. Ay, Faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Clar. Indeed!

O. Mut. Why truly, Madam, I am very ſorry it ſhould be any Diſappointment to you; but my Son, Madam, happen'd to be, without my Knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my Lord *Truelove*'s Siſter. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another Woman of her Right.

Char. Sir, if it pleaſe you, honoured Sir, my good Father-in-Law that was to have been, a word with you.

O. Mut. As many as you pleaſe, Madam but no Father in-law.

Char. Tho' in obedience to my Father I had complied to accept your Son for a Huſband, yet I am obliged to your kind Refuſal, becauſe that young Gentleman your Son, Sir, happens

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happens to be a Perſon for whom, ever ſince I had the Honour of his Acquaintance, I have entertain'd the moſt ſurprizing, invincible and infinite Contempt in the World.

Y. Mut. Contempt for me!

O. Mut. Contempt for *Jacky!*

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful, to let ſuch a Benefactor as you be deceived in a Point which ſo nearly concerns him. This Gentleman, Sir, is no Lord, and hath no Eſtate.

O. Mut. How, *Jacky*, no Lord!

Y. Mut. Yes, Sir, I'll be ſworn he is.

Char. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious Son to ſome common Slut of the Town. So I leave you to make up the Match, and am, Gentlemen, your moſt humble Servant.

SCENE VIII.

Millamour, Heartfort, Old and Young Mutable.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the Trouble thou haſt undergone for me; but as the Affair is no longer worth my Purſuit, I will releaſe you from your troubleſome Title,

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and this Gentleman from his Miſtake. So, Sir, your Son is diſengaged, and you may marry him to the young Lady juſt now gone, whenever you pleaſe.

Mil. Faith, Sir, I am ſorry I have no Siſter for your Son, with all my heart.

O. Mut. And are you no Lord?

Mil. No, Sir, to my ſorrow.

O. Mut. Why have I been impoſed upon then? [*To Y. Mut.*] But how came you to join in the Conſpiracy? Would you cheat your Father?

Y. Mut. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was impoſed on as well as you. I took him for a Lord; for I don't know a Lord from another Perſon, but by his Dreſs. You cannot blame me, Sir.

O. Mut. Nay, *Jacky*, I don't deſire to blame you: I know thou art a good Boy, and a fine Gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more Viſit to Mr. *Stedfaſt*, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with Lords? We Country Gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE

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SCENE IX.

Millamour, Heartfort.

Mil. Come, *Heartfort*, be not grave on the matter: I will venture to affirm thy Miſtreſs is thy own.

Heart. Damn her! do not mention her: I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf equal with the Fool juſt departed, could I think myſelf capable of forgiving her: No, believe me, *Millamour*, was ſhe to commence the Lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou ſo incenſed with a few Coquette Airs of Youth and Gaiety, which Girls are taught by their Mothers and their Miſtreſſes, to practiſe on us to try our Love, or rather our Patience, when perhaps their own ſuffers more in the Attempt?

Heart. 'Sdeath! Sir, hath ſhe not uſed me like a Dog?

Mil. Certainly.

Heart. Hath ſhe not trifled with my Paſſion beyond all Sufferance?

Mil. Very true.

Heart. Hath ſhe not taken a particular Delight in making me ridiculous?

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Mil. Too true! and ſince I ſee you can bear it, I will tell you, ſhe hath abuſed you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, *Millamour*, do not accuſe her unjuſtly neither: I cannot ſay ſhe hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her! Think no more of her; It would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can: It would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do; and ſo think no more of her.

Heart. I will not; for it is impoſſible to impute ſo much ill Uſage only to the Coquettiſh Airs of Youth: For could I once be brought to believe that——

Mil. And yet a thouſand Women——

Heart. True, true, dear *Millamour*; A thouſand Women have played worſe Pranks with their Lovers, and afterwards made excellent Wives: It is the Fault of their Education, rather than of their Natures; and a Man muſt be a Churl who would not bear a little of that Behaviour in a Miſtreſs, eſpecially in one ſo very young as *Charlotte* is, and

ſo

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ſo very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may juſtly aſcribe ſeveral Faults to the Number of Flatterers, which Beauty never is without: Beſides, you muſt confeſs, there is a certain Good-humour that attends her Faults, which makes it impoſſible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me ſhe appears to have no Faults but what ariſe from her Beauty, her Youth, or her Good-humour; for which Reaſon I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, eſpecially if ſhe aſked it of you.

Heart. Aſked it of me! Oh! *Millamour*, could I deny any thing ſhe aſked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we ſhall bring her to; or at leaſt to look as if ſhe aſked it of you; and you know Looks are the Language of Love.

Heart. But pray how came ſhe to your Lodgings this Afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: Your ſending for me prevents that, tho' I was never ſo much inclin'd.

Mil. Let us go and take one Bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I muſt be obliged to truſt a Lady's Secret with you,

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(and I could truſt any but your own Miſtreſs's.) Courage, *Heartfort:* What are thy Evils compar'd with mine, who have a Huſband to contend with; a damn'd legal Tyrant, who can raviſh a Woman with the Law on his ſide? All my Hope and Comfort lie in his Age: And yet it vexes me, that my blooming Fruit muſt be mumbled by an old Raſcal, who hath no Teeth to come at the Kernel.

END of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lucina*'s Apartment.

LUCINA *with a Letter.*

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd Man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath ſcornfully ſent back? Perhaps I was too ſevere. Let me reviſe it. Ha! what do I ſee?—A Letter from another Woman. *Clarinda Stedfaſt!* O Villain! doth he think I yet want Teſtimonies of his Falſhood?

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Lucina, Plotwel.

Luc. Oh! *Plotwel,* ſuch new Diſcoveries! The Letter you brought me back was not my own, but a Rival's; a Rival as unhappy as myſelf.

Plot. And now I bring you News of a Rival more happy than yourſelf, if the Poſſeſſion of a Rake be Happineſs. In ſhort, Mr. *Millamour* is to be married to the Daughter of Mr. *Stedfaſt.*

Luc. Ha! that was the Name I heard when at his Lodgings. He hath debauched his Wife, and would marry his Daughter. This is an Opportunity of Revenge I hardly could have wiſh'd. But how, how, dear *Plotwel,* art thou appriſed of this?

Plot. When you ſent me back to *Millamour,* while I was diſputing with his Servant, who denied me Admiſſion, a fine young Lady whip'd by me into a Chair: I then brib'd his Servant with a Guinea, who diſcovered to me, that her Name was *Stedfaſt*; that ſhe was a great Fortune, and to be married to his Maſter; and that ſhe lived in *Groſvenor-Street.*

Luc.

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Luc. Shall I beg you would add one Obligation more to thoſe I have already received from you, and deliver him this Letter? It may prevent the Ruin of a young Creature.

Plot. One of *Millamour*'s Letters to you, I ſuppoſe. But it will have no Effect, unleſs it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an Opportunity of triumphing over a Rival.

Luc. No matter: To caution the unexperienced Traveller from Rocks we ſplit on, is our Duty: If that be ineffectual, his Raſhneſs be his Puniſhment.

Plot. Pray take my Advice, and reſolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a Lover, I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the Cloyſter you ſhall chooſe, and never more have Converſe with that traitorous Sex.

Plot. On Condition you think no more of *Millamour*, I will undertake it, tho' 'tis an ungrateful Office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I encloſe it under Seal, that you may ſecurely affirm you are ignorant of the Contents. Come, my faithful *Plotwel*, believe me I both hate and deſpiſe Mankind; and from this Hour I will entertain no Paſſion but our Friendſhip in my Soul.

Friendſhip

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Friendſhip and Love by Heaven ſeem deſign'd,
That to enoble, this debaſe the Mind.
Friendſhip's pure Joys in Life's laſt Hour remain;
By Love, that cheating Lottery, we gain
A Moment's Bliſs, bought with an Age of Pain.

SCENE III. *A Tavern.*

Millamour, Heartfort.

Mil. And now, dear *George*, I hope I have ſatisfied your Jealouſy.

Heart. I wiſh I could ſay you had as well ſatisfied me with your Behaviour to this young Lady—to *Clarinda*.

Mil. What wouldſt thou have me do?

Heart. Why, faith, to be ſincere; not what thou haſt done: However, ſince that's paſt, all the Reparation now in thy power to make, is to ſee her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty Reparation indeed! and perhaps ſhe would not thank you for giving me that Advice.

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am ſure her Huſband would.

Mil. Her Huſband! Damn the old Raſcal: The teazing ſuch a Cuckold, is half the Pleaſure of making him one. *Heart.*

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Heart. How! what Privilege doſt thou perceive in thyſelf, to invade and deſtroy the Happineſs of another? Beſides, tho' Shame may firſt reach the Huſband, it doth not always end there: The Wife is always liable, and often is involved in the Ruin of the Gallant. The Perſon who deſerves chiefly to be expoſed to Shame, is the only Perſon who eſcapes without it.

Mil. Heyday! thou art not turning Hypocrite, I hope. Thou doſt not pretend to lead a Life equal to this Doctrine.

Heart. My Practice perhaps is not equal to my Theory; but I pretend to ſin with as little Miſchief as I can to others: and this I can lay my Hand on my Heart and affirm, that I never ſeduced a young Woman to her own Ruin, nor a married one to the Miſery of her Huſband. Nay, and I know thee to be ſo good-natur'd a Fellow, that what thou doſt of this kind ariſes from thy not conſidering the Conſequence of thy Actions; and if any Woman can lay her Ruin on thee, thou canſt lay it on Cuſtom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we conſider it in a ſerious way—

Heart. And why ſhould we not? Cuſtom may

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may lead a Man into many Errors, but it juſtifies none; nor are any of its Laws more abſurd and unjuſt, than thoſe relating to the Commerce between the Sexes: For what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for Women to grant what it is honourable for us to ſolicit, nay, to enſnare and almoſt compel them into; to make a Whore a ſcandalous, a Whoremaſter a reputable Appellation? Whereas, in reality, there is no more miſchievous Character than a public Debaucher of Women.

Mil. No more, dear *George*; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

Heart. I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a ſure Sign of no Mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a Woman, who hath no Fault but fooliſhly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou haſt raiſed a Devil in me, that will ſufficiently revenge her Quarrel. Oh! *Heartfort*, how was it poſſible for me to be guilty of ſo much Barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her ſo many Wrongs, without ſeeing them till this Moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no Reparation?

Heart. Reſolve to ſee her no more; that's the beſt in your power. *Mil.*

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Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE IV.

Millamour, Heartfort, Useful.

Use. Oh! Mr. *Millamour*, Oh!

Mil. What News?

Use. Oh! I am dead.

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

Use. Give me a Glass of Wine, for I am quite out of breath.

Mil. Help! *Heartfort*, help!

Use. I am come——Give me another Glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your Breath, for I think you drink two Glasses in the same.

Use. Well then, now I am a little come to my self, I can tell you I have charming News for you: *Clarinda* continues still in the same dangerous way, and her Husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

Use. Well then, her Husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more.

Use.

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Uſe. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriouſly as I ſay—

Uſe. You will never ſee her more!

Mil. Never.

Uſe. You will ſee her no more! [*Paſſionately.*

Mil. No: I have conſider'd it as the only Reparation I can poſſibly make her.

Uſe. Indeed! If that be the only Reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty Fellow. But it is falſe: You are not ſuch a ſort of a Man. If I had not known you to be ſuch a ſort of a Man, the Devil ſhould have had you, before I ſhould have troubled my head about your Affairs.

Mil. My Heart reproaches me with no Action of my Life, equal with my Behaviour to *Clarinda*, and I would do any thing to make her Amends.

Uſe. Could not your Heart have reproached you ſooner, before you had made me acceſſary to the Cheat you intend to put upon her?

Mil. What Cheat?

Uſe. The worſt Cheat can be put upon her. What! Sir, do you think ſhe hath no Expectations from you?

Mil. If ſhe hath, her Huſband will anſwer them.

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Uſe. Her Huſband! her Huſband won't, nor can't anſwer them—

Mil. I am not inclined to jeſt—

Uſe. Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you ſay of a Man, who would ſail to the *Indies*, and when he was juſt come in ſight of his Port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been ſailing ſeveral Years into the Arms of your Miſtreſs, and now ſhe holds them open, you refuſe— What! did you court her only to refuſe in your turn? to refuſe her, when ſhe is expecting, wiſhing, longing—

Mil. And do you really think her as you ſay?

Uſe. What could move her elſe to lay ſuch a Plot as ſhe hath done? To pretend herſelf ſick, that you might be ſent for as her Phyſician? But you would play the Phyſician with her, and make her Diſtemper real.

Mil. If I thought that—

Uſe. What can you think elſe? Can any thing hurt a Woman equal with being refuſed?

Mil. Refuſed! what, giving up her matchleſs Beauty to my longing Arms? 'Sdeath! he is not of Fleſh and Blood who could refuſe. Thou deareſt Woman! and doſt thou think

ſhe

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ſhe will conſent?—Doſt thou think my Happineſs ſo near?

Uſe. I know it muſt be—but—

Mil. But what?

Uſe. You had better make her a Reparation for what's paſt, and ſee her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, ſo I will. All that Love, tranſporting, eager, wanton, raving Love can give her. *Heartfort*, you muſt excuſe me: Buſineſs, Sir, Buſineſs of very great Importance calls me away.

Heart. I can gueſs your Buſineſs by your Company.

Mil. Come, my dear *Uſeful*, convey me, quick as my Deſires, where only they can meet full Satisfaction. Let me enjoy *Clarinda*,—and—then—

Uſe. And then—perhaps you may keep your Word, and never ſee her any more.

[*Exeunt* Uſe. *and* Mill.

Heart. There goes an Inſtance of the great Power our Reaſon hath over our Paſſions. But hold,—Why ſhould I ſeek Inſtances abroad, who have ſo ſufficient an Example in my own Breaſt? Where, had Reaſon the Dominion, I ſhould have long ſince expell'd the little Tyrant, who hath made ſuch Ravage there.

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Of what Uſe is Reaſon then? Why, of the Uſe that a Window is to a Man in Priſon, to let him ſee the Horrours he is confined in; but lends him no Aſſiſtance to his Eſcape.

SCENE V.

SCENE, Stedfaſt's *Houſe.*

Clarinda, Charlotte.

Clar. Oh, *Charlotte!* let no Paſſion prevail on you to throw yourſelf away on a Perſon you deſpiſe. Marriage knows no Releaſe but Death. Had I the World, I would give it to recall mine.

Char. You ſee, *Clarinda*, it is eaſier to give Advice than to take it.

Clar. You are not in my Situation. Think, my *Charlotte*, think, but of the Danger I was in, againſt the daily Solicitations of a Man, who had ſo great a Friend within my Breaſt. My little Fortune ſpent. A friendleſs, helpleſs Orphan. The very Man I lov'd, with whom I muſt at leaſt have ſhared Poverty, refuſing to make me the honourable Partner of his Bed! What could *Charlotte* then have done? Would you have then refuſed a rich, an honourable Lover?

Char.

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Char. Hum! Agad, I don't know what I ſhould have done. Heaven forbid, it ſhould be my Caſe. I ſhould not have taken the old Fellow, I am poſitive.

Clar. Oh, my dear *Charlotte!* never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the Paths of Honour.

Char. And yet, my dear *Clarinda*, you can feign yourſelf ſick to ſee your Lover. Pray, my Dear, how doth a Woman's Honour do, when ſhe is ſick to ſee her Gallant?

Clar. Indeed, you wrong me. The Terror I have of your Father's Bed, put me on the feigning this Sickneſs, which will ſoon be real. For as to *Millamour*, I have determined never to ſee him more.

Char. Nay, I will ſwear, I ſaw *Uſeful* take a Chair and go for him, as your Phyſician, by my Father's Order.

Clar. You ſurprize me! O that wicked Woman, who hath been the Occaſion of all my Misfortunes, and is determined to perſecute me to the laſt Minute.

Char. There is ſomewhat in her which I diſlike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the Freedom ſhe takes.

Clar. O *Charlotte!* in diſtreſs'd Circum-

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ſtances, how eaſily can Impudence get the Aſcendant over us? Beſides, this Woman, of whom I now have your Opinion, can outwardly act a Saint, as well as inwardly a Devil. What Defence hath the Ignorance of Twenty, againſt the experienced Arts of ſuch a Woman? Believe me, I thank Heaven, I have eſcaped ſo well, rather than wonder I have not eſcaped better.

Char. Well, honoured Madam, if your Daughter-in-Law may preſume to adviſe, reſt contented with the Honour you have already attain'd; for if you ſhould be overthrown but in one Battle, there's an end of all your former Conqueſts. But huſh, huſh; to your Chair. My Father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

Stedfaſt, Clarinda, Charlotte.

Sted. Well, Madam, how do you now?

Char. My Mother is extremely ill, Sir.

Sted. I did not aſk you—How do you, Child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. Oh! This is the moſt comfortable Wedding-Day ſure, that ever Man had. Well the Doctor will be here preſently.

Char.

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Char. Sir, the laſt Words my Mamma ſpoke were, ſhe deſired ſhe might not ſee the Doctor.

Sted. Yes, Madam; but the laſt Words I ſpeak are, that ſhe ſhall ſee him.

Clar. No Doctor—No Doctor.

[*Enter* Uſeful *and* Millamour.

Uſeful (*introducing* Millamour) Sir, here's the Doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, Sir: My Wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Phyſicians ſhould make a little more haſte.

Mil. Give me your Hand, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Sted. How do you do, Child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; ſhe is not able to tell you even how ſhe doth.

Uſe. [*Aſide.*] A true Phyſician, faith! He feels for her Pulſe in her Palm.

Sted. How do you find her, Doctor?

Mil. Truly, Sir, I wiſh there may not be more Danger in the Caſe, than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the World ſhall not ſay ſhe died for want of Aſſiſtance. I will go ſend for another.

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Mil. Oh, Sir! there's no Need of that—I can truſt to my own Skill.

Sted. I'm reſolved.

Uſh. Come, Madam; We'll leave the Doctor to his Patient.

SCENE VII.

Clarinda, Millamour.

Mil. Oh, ſpeak to me, *Clarinda*—Whiſper ſomething tender to my Soul, or I ſhall die before thee.

Clar. Thou haſt undone me, *Millamour.*

Mil. Then I have undone myſelf! Myſelf!—What's that to having ruin'd thee! I would be Ages expiring to preſerve thee. My Dear! my only Love! Too late I ſee the Follies of my Life. I ſee the fatal Conſequence of my ungovern'd, lawleſs Paſſion.

Clar. Oh! had thy Eyes but yeſterday been open'd; but now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the Hand of Time. O think it not too late. Oh, coud'ſt thou but recover; thy Marriage could not, ſhould not keep us from being happy.

Clar. Alas, my Diſeaſe is but a poor Pretence,

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tence, to ſee you once again to take this laſt Farewel.

Mil. Thou Angel Softneſs! Thou Fountain of Eternal Sweets! To take a laſt Farewel! Then I will bid farewel to Life, *Clarinda*. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witneſs Heaven, that I could but recall bleſt Yeſterday again, I would not ſlight the Offers of thy virtuous Love, for the whole World of Beauty, or of Wealth! Oh Fool! to trifle with ſo vaſt a Bleſſing, 'till it was ſnatch'd from thee! Yet ſince we cannot be what we wiſh, let us be what we can.

Clar. No, *Millamour*, never with the Forfeit of my Honour. I will loſe my Life: Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that Idol of my Soul, I will loſe you.

SCENE VIII.

Millamour, Clarinda, Charlotte, Uſeful, Stedfaſt, Criſis.

Uſe. Huſh, huſh, to your Poſts, to your Poſts.

Sted. [*introducing* Criſis] Doctor, that is your Patient, and Heaven direct your Judgment.

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Crif. Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that? I obſerved him feel her Pulſe.

Sted. That is a Brother Phyſician, Sir.

Crif. Ay, What is his Name?

Sted. Doctor, Dr. *Criſis* deſires to know your Name.

Mil. My Name! Name—My Name is *Gruel.*

Crif. Gruel, I don't know him, nor do I remember his Name in the College. Some Quack, I ſuppoſe.—Sir, here's your Fee—I'm your humble Servant.

Sted. Stay, ſtay, dear Doctor.

Crif. Sir, I will conſult with no Quacks; Sir, I have not ſtudied Phyſick ſo long, to conſult with a Quack! Wherefore have we a College of Phyſicians, if we are to call Quacks to our Aſſiſtance?

Sted. For Heaven's ſake, Doctor, my Wife will die.

Crif. Sir, I can't help it, if half the World were to die, unleſs that Man were out of the Room I will have nothing to do: And that I am reſolv'd.

Sted. If you come to that, Sir, I am reſolved he ſhall not be ſent out of the Room. I would not ſend him out of the Room to ſave my

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my Wife's Life; No, nor ſcarce to ſave my own Life. So ſee whoſe Reſolution will be broke firſt, your's or mine. — Reſolved, quotha.

Crif. Here, *John*, my Coach! to the Door— Conſult with a Quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my Fee.

Crif. Sir, your humble Servant.

Mil. I hope, Sir, we ſhall not want his Advice. I apprehend the Diſtemper to be now, ſome Moments paſt the Criſis, and in half an Hour, I may poſſibly ſend you the happy News of your Wife's being out of danger. But it is intirely neceſſary ſhe ſhould go to Bed, and then I will go and ſee her.

[*Enter Servant, who whiſpers* Stedfaſt.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuſe me a few Minutes—A Lady wants me below Stairs. [*Exit.*

Mil. Come, Nurſe; you muſt put your Patient to bed, and then I'll viſit her again.

Clar. Never, never, *Millamour*. Never from this Hour will I behold that Face again: That fatal Cauſe of all my Miſery.

Mil. Barbarous *Clarinda!* Can I be knowingly the Cauſe of one Misfortune to you, when I would not purchaſe the World with one Sigh of thine?

Clar.

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Clar. Thy Converſation is dangerous to my Honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worſt of Contagions. Farewel—And think you have loſt a Woman, who durſt not, from her Tenderneſs, ever ſee thee more. [*Exit.*

Mil. Oh Agony! Oh *Clarinda!*

Uſe. Ha, ha, ha—That ever a Man, who knows ſo much of the Sex as Mr. *Millamour*, ſhould deſpair at the very Brink of Victory!

Mil. 'Sdeath—Did ſhe not ſay, ſhe'd never ſee me more?

Uſe. Well, and hath ſhe not ſaid ſo a hundred times; and ſeen you as often! Did ſhe not ſay, ſhe durſt not ſee you more? Women are all Cowards, and dare not do any thing unleſs they are forced to it. I tell you ſhe is wiſhing, ſighing for you. Honour and Love have a Conflict within her Breaſt, and if you ſtand by the little Gentleman, I'll hold a thouſand Pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this Foolery. Thou haſt undone us both: And by Heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expoſe thee to all Mankind, as thy Infamy deſerves, till every wretched Maid ſhall curſe thee, every honeſt Woman deſpiſe thee, and every Boy that meets thee, ſhall hoot thee through the World.

Uſe.

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Uſe. Is this my Reward?

Mil. Reward! There is none in Law or Juſtice equal to thy Deſerts. Thou art a more miſchievous Animal than a Serpent; and the Man or Woman, who admits one of thy deteſtable Character into his Houſe or Acquaintance, acts more fooliſhly than he who admits a Serpent into his Boſom. A publick Mark of Infamy ſhould be ſet on every ſuch Wretch, that we might ſhun them as a Contagion. Never ſee me more; for if thou doſt, I ſhall forego the Dignity of my Sex to puniſh thee. O *Clarinda!* I will purſue thee ſtill: For next to having thee mine, is leaving my Life at thy Feet.

Uſe. Very fine! I have no more to do here at preſent. Such Encouragement will tempt me to grow honeſt, and quit my Employment.

SCENE IX.

Stedfaſt, Plotwel.

Sted. A very pretty reaſonable Gentleman, truly. Would not one Woman content him? Muſt he have my Wife and Daughter too? Would he have my whole Family? Madam, I know not how to return this Obligation, which

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which the great Concern you have ſhewed for my Honour, hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this Face ſomething which might give you a Reaſon for that Concern? Look ſtedfaſtly on me, and tell me if you remember no Mark in theſe Features, which were once known to you?

Sted. There's ſomething in that Voice, that—

Plot. That once was Muſic in your Ears, if ever you ſpoke Truth to *Cleomela*.

Sted. Cleomela!

Plot. Are there then any Horrors in that Name? Age certainly hath left no Furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy Face. Still, if Remembrance of paſt Joys be ſweet, the Name of *Cleomela* ſhould be ſo.

Sted. I am ſo ſurpris'd! I ſcarce have Reaſon left to recollect you.

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any Injuries in your Ears, nor Breach of Promiſe.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own Fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your Religion, you know my Reſolutions were to have married you. And you know my Reſolutions were

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were never to marry you, unleſs you did. You kept your Religion, and I my Reſolution.

Plot. How eaſily Men find Excuſes to avoid what they diſlike! But that is paſt; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, Heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this Letter hath told you before.

Plot. I aſſure you, Sir, the Contents of that Letter I am a Stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no Secret. [Plotwel *takes the Letter, reads, and ſhews much Surpriſe.*]

SCENE X.

Millamour, Stedfaſt, Mrs. *Plotwel.*

Mil. Oh! Sir, the moſt unfortunate News.

Sted. What's the matter?

Mil. Your Lady is relapſed into the moſt violent Fit of Madneſs; and I queſtion much whether ſhe will ever ſpeak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath Hands to write her Mind. Nay, were they cut off too, ſhe would find ſome other Tongue. She would invent as ſtrange Methods to betray the Lewdneſs of her Mind, as *Lavinia* did to diſcover her Injury.

Mil.

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Mil. Hey-day! Your Wife hath infected you with Madneſs.

Sted. Yes, my Wife has infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his Head.*] Harkee, Sir, if there be any infectious thing about my Wife, ſhe will communicate it to more than her Huſband.

Mil. What can be the meaning of this? I am ſorry to ſee this, Sir. Very ſorry to hear this. This is no common Diſtemper.

Sted. No! I thought Cuckoldom the moſt general Diſtemper in the Kingdom.

SCENE XI.

Old Mutable, Stedfaſt, Millamour, Plotwel.

O. Mut. Odſo! Mr. *Stedfaſt*, I am ſorry to hear your Lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be ſorry on the ſame Occaſion.

O. Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impoſſible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis—my dear Lord *Truelove.* I'm your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Sted. My Lord *Truelove!*

O. Mut. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy Lord, Sir, to whoſe Siſter I was to have married my

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my Son, 'till, by good Luck, Sir, I found my Lord *Truelove* to be no Lord, but a certain wild, young Vagabond, who goes by the Name of *Millamour*.

Sted. What's this I hear?

Mil. Ay, 'tis ſo,—the Houſe is infected, and every Man is mad that comes into it.

O. Mut. Mad! You young Dog, you have made a Fool of me, I thank you.

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor *Gruel* be a Cheat.

Plot. Mr. *Millamour!*

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires leſs Impudence to confeſs all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. *Plotwel.* [Millamour *and* Plotwel *talk apart, and then go out together.*]

O. Mut. Mr. *Stedfaſt*, if you pleaſe we'll make no longer Delay of the Wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the Name of Wedding.

O. Mut. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your Reſolution.

Sted. Sir, I ſhall break my Heart. A Man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

O. Mut. Come, come, I'm ſorry for what's paſt, and am willing, to ſhew my Repentance,

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tance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What ſignifies Delays? Let us have the Wedding to-night.——

Sted. Whenever you pleaſe, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Daughter be ready, my Son is.

Sted. I have no Daughter, Sir.

O. Mut. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry Man.

Sted. Look ye, Gentlemen, if one of you will take my Wife, the other ſhall have my Daughter. [*to them* Millamour.]

Mil. Oh, Sir! the luckieſt News: Your Lady is recovered, her Diſtemper left her in a Moment, as by a Miracle, at the ſight of Mrs. *Plotwel.*

Sted. My Diſtemper is not remov'd.

Mil. Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What are you ſick of?

Sted. What you are ſick of too, by this time—my Wife.

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This Inſult, Sir, is worſe than your firſt Injury: but the Law ſhall give me a Reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better Friend to you than the Law. If your Wife be all your Illneſs, ſhe will do what the Law can ſeldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneaſy

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uneaſy you may be for marrying my Miſtreſs; but I am ſure you ought to be ſo for marrying your own Daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them *Clarinda*, *Charlotte*, *Heartfort*.

Plot. Start not at that Word, but thank the watchful Care of Heaven, which hath ſent me here this Day to prevent your Fall, even at the Brink of Ruin—And, with a Joy becoming ſo bleſt an Occaſion, receive your Daughter to your Arms.

Clar. My Father,—I am reſolved to call you by that Name.

Sted. Call me any thing but Huſband.

Plot. She is indeed your Daughter—the Pledge of our Loves—the Witneſs of your Treachery, and my Shame, whom that wicked Woman ſeduced from the Nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in ſafety.

Clar. Sir, I kneel for your Bleſſing, nor will I riſe till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my Child, and be aſſured no Father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy Diſcovery—I have found my Daughter, and I have loſt my Wife.

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Plot. My Child, let me again embrace thee. This is Happineſs indeed!

O. Mut. What, have you more Daughters than one, Mr. *Stedfaſt?*

Sted. Even as you ſee, Sir.

O. Mut. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiſs, that I deſire all further Treaty may ceaſe between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a Daughter of mine into your Family, was your Eſtate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my Reſolution. I ſhould expect, by ſuch a Match, to become Grand-father to a Weather-cock.

O. Mut. Very well, Sir, very well—there's no Harm done—my Son is *in ſtatu quo*, and as fine a Gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your Honour, Sir, is now diſengaged. You will give me Leave once more to mention my Ambition, eſpecially if another Child is to ſhare my *Charlotte*'s Fortune, I may appear at leaſt worthier of her in your Eye.

Sted. Here!—Take her—take her—

Char. I told you, Sir, I would obey my Father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my Huſband.

Heart.

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Heart. When I expect more Obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will puniſh me by Rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deſerved ſo much Conſtancy: but I aſſure you, if I can get Gratitude enough I will pay you; for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleaſed, Sir, this Day to promiſe me, that, on the Recovery of your Lady's Senſes, you would give me whatever I ſhould aſk.

Sted. Ay, Sir, you ſhall have her before you aſk. There ſhe is, ſhe hath given you her Inclinations, and ſo I give you the reſt of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm rid of them both. Stay, here is another Woman ſtill. Will no body have her, and clear my Houſe of them? for it is impoſſible for a Man to keep his Reſolutions, while he hath one Woman in it.

Mil. My *Clarinda*, Oh! tranſporting Extaſy!

Clar. My *Millamour!* my ever loved!

Mil. Heartfort, your Hand. I am now the happieſt of Mankind. I have, on the very point of loſing it, recovered a Jewel of ineſtimable Value. O *Clarinda!* my former Follies may, through an Exceſs of good For-

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tune, prove advantageous to both in our future Happineſs. While I, from the Reflection on the Danger of loſing you, to which the Wildneſs of my Deſires betray'd me, ſhall enjoy the Bliſs with doubled Sweetneſs: And you from thence may derive a tender and a conſtant Huſband.

From my Example let all Rakes be taught,
To ſhun looſe Pleaſure's ſweet, but poiſ-
nous Draught.
Vice, like a ready Harlot, ſtill allures;
Virtue gives ſlow, but what ſhe gives, ſecures.

END of the Fifth ACT.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND, and Spoken by Mrs. *WOFFINGTON.*

THE Trial ended, and the Sentence o'er,
The Criminal ſtands mute, and pleads no more.
Sunk in Deſpair, no diſtant Hope he views,
Unleſs ſome friendly Tongue for Mercy ſues.
So too our Bard (whatever be his Fate)
Hath ſent me here Compaſſion to create:
If damn'd, to blunt the Edge of Critics Laws;
If ſav'd, to beg Continuance of Applauſe.
All this the frighted Author bid me ſay.
—But now for my own Comments on his Play.

This Millamour, *for aught I could diſcover,*
Was no ſuch dang'rous, forward, puſhing Lover:
Upon the Bull I, like Europa, *ventur'd,*
Enter'd his Cloſet—where he never enter'd;
But left me, after all my Kindneſs ſhewn,
In a moſt barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilſt I, with Patience to our Sex not common,
Heard him preſcribing to another Woman:
But,

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EPILOGUE.

But, tho' quite languiſhing and vaſtly ill
She was, I could not find ſhe took one Pill.
Tho' her Diſeaſe was high, tho' fierce th' Attack,
You ſaw he was an unperforming Quack:
But ſoon as Marriage alter'd his Condition,
He cur'd her as a regular Phyſician.

My Father Stedfaſt *took it in his head*
To keep all Reſolutions which he made:
As the great Point of Life, this ſeem'd to ſtrike him:
His Daughter Charlotte's *very much unlike him.*
The only Joys (and let me freely ſpeak them)
I know in Reſolutions, is to break 'em.

I think without much Flatt'ry I may ſay,
There's ſtrict Poetic Juſtice through this Play.
You heard the Fool deſpis'd; the Bawd's juſt Sentence;
Heartfort's *Reward, and* Millamour's *Repentance:*
And ſuch Repentance muſt Forgiveneſs carry;
Sure there's Contrition with it when we marry.

FINIS.

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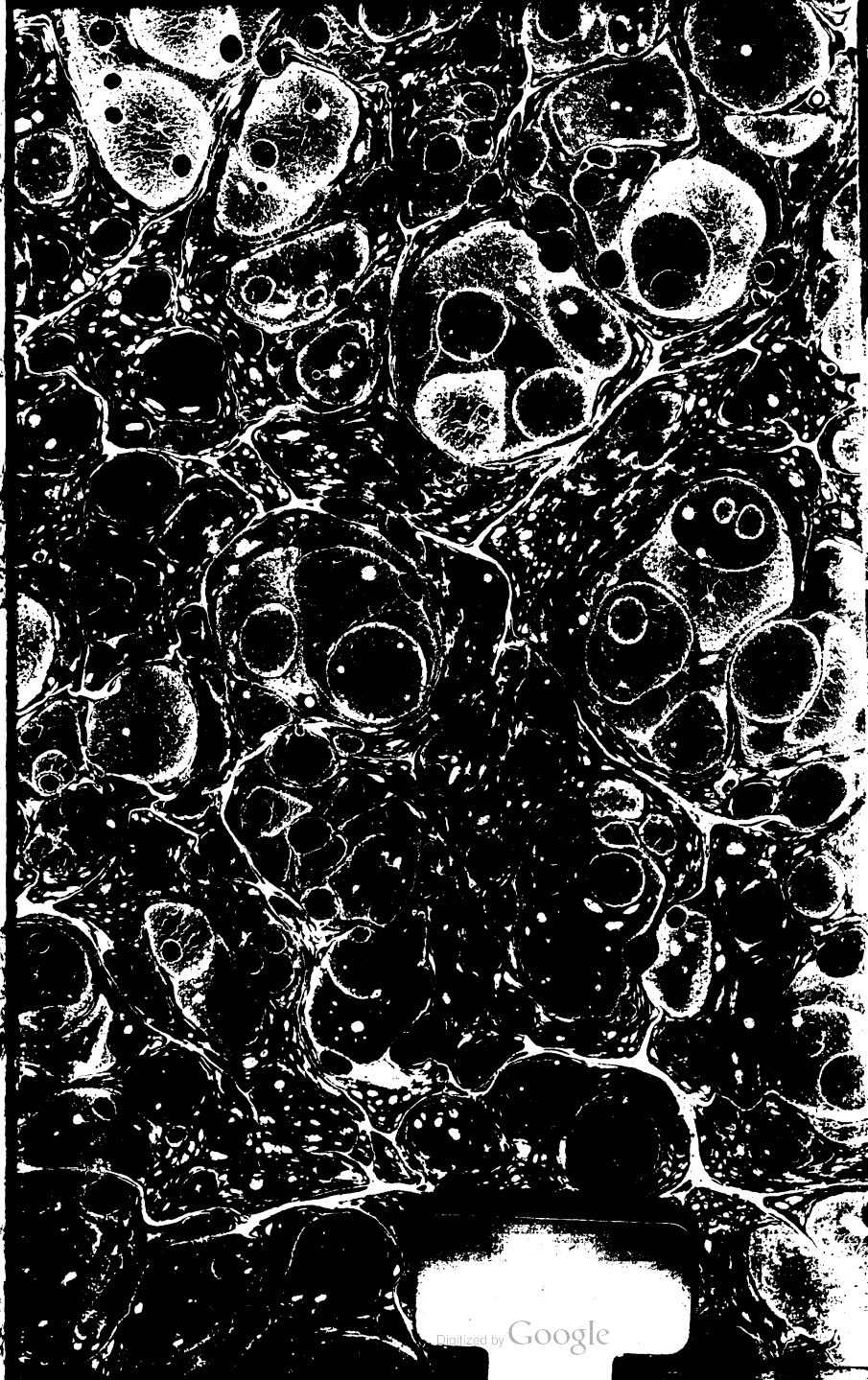
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